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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

October 1, 1958

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Melbourne: Newspaper House, 257 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: 34 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 4810, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

OCTOBER 1, 1958

Vol. 26, No. 17

Our cover

● Princess Margaret, who will visit Belgium to see the Brussels World Fair on September 29, had a warm smile for crowds lining the street when she fulfilled an official engagement recently.

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The Weekly Round

● "When I met Peter Townsend in Algiers at the end of his world journey I challenged the wisdom of his seeing Princess Margaret while the Queen was in Holland, but he was not to be deterred."

THIS is only one of the many formerly unknown details of the Princess Margaret - Peter Townsend romance revealed by Norman Barrymaine in his controversial book, "The Story of Peter Townsend."

We publish "The Story of Peter Townsend" complete in this issue. It is the most factual and revealing account of Princess Margaret's love for and renunciation of a divorced commoner.

The book, the announcement of whose publication raised such a storm in Britain, shows the close friendship between Peter Townsend and Norman Barrymaine.

The author tells how Townsend often consulted him for advice. Barrymaine showed the manuscript of his book to Townsend, who made no comment on his days as an equerry or his relations with Princess Margaret.

The book corrects many inaccuracies. For instance, on Peter Townsend's last visit to Clarence House it was reported that he had stayed six hours, leaving at 12.30 a.m. Townsend actually had left unnoticed by a side door at 7.30 p.m.

There is irony in the latest news of Princess Margaret and Peter Townsend.

On September 29 the Princess is to visit Brussels, where Townsend lived so long in exile. This month Peter Townsend is expected in Melbourne on another world tour.

POSSIBLY the oldest entrant in our 1958 Art Prize is Mrs. Dora Grinstead, of Surfers' Paradise.

Mrs. Grinstead, who is 73, wrote saying she was a "self-taught artist since 1956, when my husband died."

One of her two entries, entitled "Britain's Blitz, 1943," has been selected for hanging in the supplementary exhibition held in Sydney only.

★ ★ ★
THE Australian Family Home Competition sponsored by Taubmans brought some excellent, practical entries.

Prizewinning plans are reproduced in color in this week's issue.

Incidentally, these plans are now on sale at our Home Planning Centres in Sydney, Adelaide, Toowoomba, Brisbane, Melbourne, Geelong, and Canberra.

NEXT WEEK

● A special six-page color section in next week's issue gives you an excellent preview of the latest fashions in beachwear this summer. There is also another all-color section—seven pages in all—on seaside homes and weekenders, and delicious recipes for summer cookery.

See Pages 24/25 for the interesting fashion announcement of a new colour story in 'TERYLENE Blend Fabrics.'

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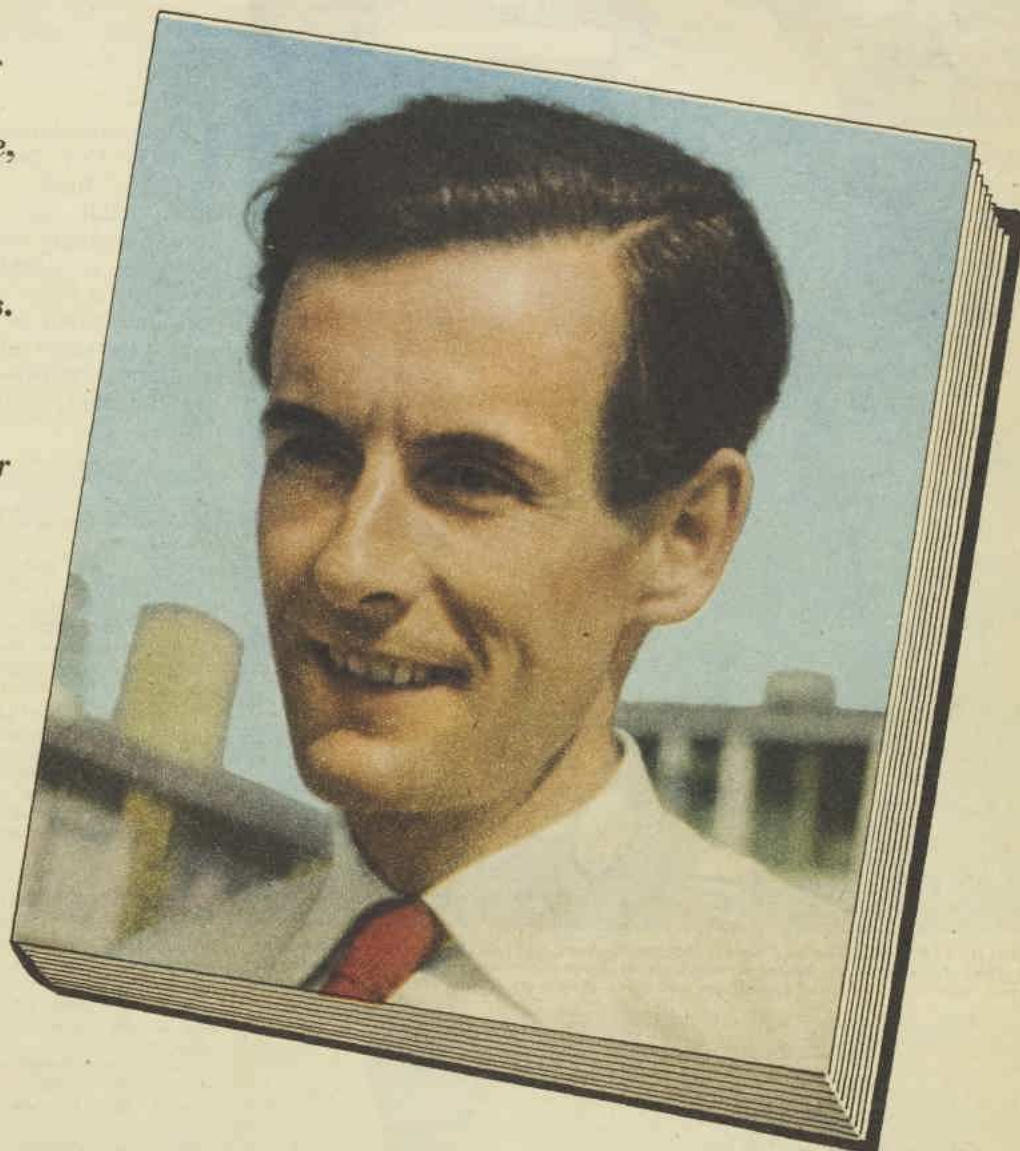
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AUTHORS

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THE STORY OF PETER TOWNSEND

Presenting "The Story of Peter Townsend," by Norman Barrymaine, the controversial book on the most publicised romance of the 1950s. Norman Barrymaine has been a close friend of Group-Captain Peter Townsend, the divorced commoner with whom Princess Margaret fell in love and wanted to marry. He knows all the facts behind the conjecture on what came to be known as the Margaret-Townsend affair.



FOREWORD

IN 1953, the year of Peter Townsend's exile to Belgium, I was working in the Foreign Office in London. One morning in August I had a telephone call from Sir Christopher Warner, British Ambassador in Brussels.

He asked me if I could come over at the weekend to discuss what he described as "a private matter." He said it had nothing to do with my official work.

I had been a friend of Christopher's for 25 years. A year earlier he had been my chief in the Foreign Office. I had been in his confidence for many years.

In the past he had often relied on me for information. As a political journalist I had many influential contacts in London and other world capitals.

I always regarded him as one of the most sage men I have ever met and I mourned his death only a few months after his retirement in 1955. So on that day in 1953 I readily agreed to go and see him.

When I arrived in Brussels, it was to find a rather vexed Christopher. He said he wanted to talk to me about the Margaret-Townsend affair.

He said he was very annoyed because Peter had been posted to his Embassy without the Foreign Office first informing him and while he was on a visit to the Belgian Congo.

He told me that the first he knew of the appointment of his new Air Attache was a paragraph in a Leopoldville newspaper.

I had met Peter only once before, very early in World War II. My real association with him did not begin until early in 1956, when he was planning his

journey round the world. He asked my advice on writing about his experiences.

Much has been written about Peter's romance with the Princess, but the salient facts have never been revealed. I feel it is important that they should be widely known because they involved important constitutional, political, and religious problems.

Princess Margaret's decision in 1955 to renounce Peter Townsend has a place in history. The reasons for reaching that decision are matters of public interest and free for discussion in Britain and Commonwealth countries.

The Princess' decision was not a private matter. It affected every one of her sister's subjects.

I had thought of writing a biography of Peter as long ago as 1941. He and Caesar Hull were tremendous fighter-pilot personalities during the Battle of Britain. Their exploits fascinated me, but I had to put aside the idea because of my work.

When I decided last year to write the Margaret-Townsend Story, I wrote to Peter, who was then driving across the Andes. I received a reply typical of the man.

He said:

● He objected to the book being written on the grounds that it would bring him back into the middle of a controversy about the past.

● He thought the publicity the book would receive might prove an embarrassment to a number of people.

● Finally, he wished at all costs to avoid being party to any special pleading on his behalf to alter the decision of 1955, with which he was unmistakably associated.

Nevertheless, he said, he must be realistic, and he could not stop me writing the book if I had made up my mind to do so. He appreciated my offer to let him see the manuscript before it went to the printers.

This I have done. He has read the book—up to and including the events of 1955—and corrected inaccuracies concerning his family and his life in the Royal Air Force. He has made, however, no comment on his days as an equerry at Buckingham Palace or his relations with Princess Margaret.

When I embarked on this book I knew it was a story Peter would never write himself, and, of course, it couldn't be written by the Princess.

But when Peter said he could not stop me from writing it, he may have known that sooner or later someone with less knowledge of the facts would attempt such a work and, therefore, he might prefer me to be the author.

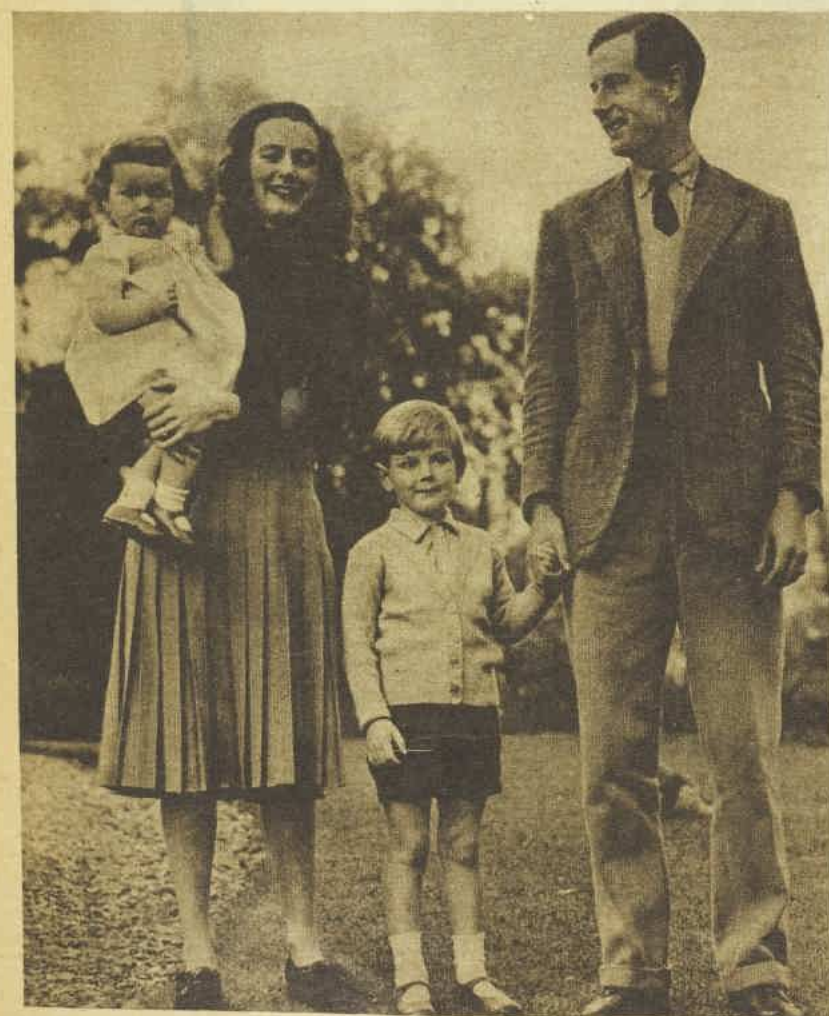
OVERLEAF: Beginning "The Story of Peter Townsend."

THE STORY OF

— The controversial book



WORLD INTEREST followed Princess Margaret's every move in the dramatic days before her 1955 decision not to marry Group-Captain Peter Townsend, shown below with his former wife, Rosemary, and sons Hugo and Giles. Rosemary is now Mrs. John de Lazzlo.



IT happened on Coronation Day, June 2, 1953. Inside the Great Hall of the Annexe to Westminster Abbey — a fabulous foyer with a cerise ceiling illuminated with myriad stars and tapestry-draped walls — it was the hour of high drama.

Queen Elizabeth had been crowned, and from the robing-room she was sharing with the Queen Mother came Princess Margaret.

Anxiously she looked for someone. Intently her eyes roved the Great Hall — the richly robed company absorbed in talk about the impressive ceremony they had seen.

Suddenly her eyes fell on a young Group-Captain in Royal Air Force uniform of sky-blue and aiguillettes — the gold lanyard and tassels worn on the right shoulder only by equerries to the Queen.

PETER TOWNSEND saw the Princess. They moved through the throng towards each other. As they came together, the Princess' white-gloved hands rested for a second on the Group-Captain's chest.

There was a thread of cotton on the breast pocket. Gently the Princess took off the thread, and then, with infinite care, brushed the bemedalled tunic with her gloved hand. For seconds they stood there, not talking, just looking into each other's eyes.

The bells of Westminster Abbey were pealing. Music swelled from the Abbey organ, enveloping the Hall.

Princess Margaret and Group-Captain Townsend were unaware of all this drama. They were alone with their love, and for a few seconds they did not care if the world knew.

This was not the last time they were alone together that day. At night they mingled unnoticed among the thousands who thronged the Mall and massed around the statue of Queen Victoria, calling for their Queen.

The Princess and her Group-Captain had slipped out of a side gate of Buckingham Palace. As they walked under the illuminated triumphal arches they met Princess Alexandra of Kent.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Just looking, the same as you," replied Princess Margaret. "After all, we're the Queen's subjects, too."

A week or two later, Group-Captain Peter Townsend was posted to Brussels as Air Attache at the British Embassy.

Never again have Princess

Margaret and Peter Townsend been lost together in a crowd.

It was more than 12 years before that happy day that a 27-year-old Wing-Commander Peter Townsend called at the home of Brigadier Hanbury Pawle in the little Hertfordshire village of Widford to ask for the hand of his daughter, Rosemary.

Only a few days before Peter had been awarded the D.S.O., his third decoration. He had destroyed at least 11 enemy aircraft in the Battle of Britain.

Brigadier Pawle readily gave his consent and, despite wartime austerity, the wedding of Rosemary and Peter took place with all the splendor of a peacetime ceremony in July, 1941.

The Widford church was too small to accommodate all the guests, so the ceremony was held in the 13th-century church in Much Hadham, two miles away.

There was a guard of honor formed by the men of 85 Squadron. A colleague recalls that during the champagne reception Townsend cornered him and said anxiously: "I hope that the guard of honor has not meant that the servicing of the kites has suffered."

That may over-dramatic that time, and even on his wedding day, Peter could not forget his duty and was understood for it.

In those tense days of almost hourly fighting, many young pilots married, hoping for a few brief moments of stability. Death ended many of those marriages. Many broke down because they were too hasty.

The latter happened to Rosemary and Peter. Their marriage had all the necessary ingredients to make it a lifetime partnership, but they were temperamentally unsuited.

FOR a time Rosemary lived with relatives at Widford. It was a time of separations and sorties: of so much that it is now forgotten except among the people who shared the sharp, sad glory of those days.

Then Peter started to do less flying. He relinquished with great reluctance his command of 85 Squadron.

"I can honestly say that I have never had a better year in my life," he said in a farewell to his men.

One of them remembers: "The moment before a vital decision, he always seemed to hesitate. Once made, however, the decision was almost invariably the right one."

Years later Peter Townsend appeared to hesitate before a vital decision, but who will say it was not the right one?

By the end of 1941 he became Station-Commander at

Drem, in Scotland, and four months later his first son, Giles (now at Eton), was born.

There followed a series of non-active commands until, when he was at the Instructors' Flying Training School at Montrose, Scotland, there came a step that led him into a new and unimagined world.

One thought, one action, can change a man's whole life, and that is what happened in February, 1944, to Peter Townsend. The thought was not his. Nor was the action. They belonged to King George VI.

THE time was the bleak winter of 1943.

The King had a burning admiration for the young fighting men who had almost finished saving their country.

He met them often. He decorated them as they queued at investitures. But on these occasions the young men were straight-backed and stiffly shy in their best uniforms.

The King thought and planned; a plan that was to raise Townsend from the ranks of the anonymously gallant to the forefront of world attention.

For a long time the Services had nominated equerries to wait on the King. They were good men, but for most the hot blood of battle had been di-

White-gloved hand brushed a blue bemedalled tunic

luted by the polish of the courtier.

The King decided he would have about him the men who had fought the ships, the aircraft, the armies of the enemy. He asked the ministries to suggest names; names of men more familiar with an operations-room than a levee.

A despatch-box arrived from the Air Ministry. In it was a secret red file containing the names of three officers and their records. One was Group-Captain Peter Woolridge Townsend, D.S.O., D.F.C., and bar.

He had every right to have his name on that short list. He was one of the very "first of the few."

Why the King should have studied the file and said, "I want Townsend," no one will know. It is true that he had met Townsend before, three times. But those meetings were investitures when Townsend was one of many airmen.

It is true also that on these occasions they had chatted for a brief moment. On the last occasion, when Peter went to Buckingham Palace for his D.S.O., the King had said to him, smiling: "What, you here again!" Perhaps the King had remembered the incident when he read Peter's record.

A signal from the Air Ministry arrived at Montrose. It

PETER TOWNSEND

by NORMAN BARRYMAINE

asked Peter to report to the Chief of the Air Staff, now Lord Portal. There was no indication of the purpose of this surprise interview.

When Peter saw Lord Portal in his room at King Charles Street, the Chief of the Air Staff told him of the King's proposal. Would he like the post of Air Equerry? Peter accepted.

But before taking up his appointment at Buckingham Palace, it was necessary for him to see the King.

It was a chill morning in February when Townsend, now 29, and as impeccable as hours of work by his batman and tailor could make him, was shown into the King's study by a servant in blue battle-dress.

It was a small, sunny room decorated in the King's favorite colors — light green walls and dark green carpet. The interview lasted about half an hour. The King asked many questions, about Peter's life and Peter's family, who for generations had served their country.

So, while the King wanted to reward gallantry rather than further the advantages of birth, Peter Townsend was tailor-made in both respects.

Also, he was married to the right kind of woman.

Peter made a good impression. A few days later the appointment was confirmed. In a month he had started work.

If this story were fiction, it would be a picturesque touch in weaving the threads of a

romance to have Peter meet Princess Margaret on the first day he went to see the King.

This is what happened.

After Peter had left the King's room he was standing in the corridor outside the equerries' room talking to a member of the household. Elizabeth and Margaret came along. Peter was introduced.

To 13-year-old Princess Margaret, Townsend was just one more of that army of Service officers who could be seen in the Palace at any time during those years.

What did Townsend think of her?

The impression she created on everyone at that time was of a leggy, excitable girl with a lot to say and very little time in which to say it. She chattered endlessly in a voice far louder than the usual murmur used by the Royal Family.

That first meeting had only the insignificance of two strangers meeting in a bus queue.

BEING a Court official is a curious profession, usually followed by men and women with whom it is a family tradition. Most of the work is administrative.

They must see that the details of any Royal engagement run smoothly.

They must help with speeches, carry bouquets, encourage the diffident and discourage the over-attentive, and they must stay discreetly in the background.

But most of all it is a personal relationship, and there must be a genuine liking between Royalty and courtier.

At all this, Peter Townsend was a success. From the beginning he got on well with the King, much better than many courtiers who had been in the palace for years.

The King was already a sick man. He was highly strung and inclined to be nervously irritable when he was overtaxed. Peter had handled many weary pilots who behaved the same way.

The King chose for Peter and his family Adelaide Cottage, a grace-and-favor house in Windsor Great Park.

It was the first home Rosemary and Peter had had, but for all its Royal association life was rather wearing.

The cottage had been built for Queen Adelaide, wife of William IV, as a garden house and a hideaway for pregnant ladies of the Court.

Electric cables were laid to the cottage from Windsor Castle, but the current was so weak that all the load it would carry at one time was a vacuum-cleaner and a small electric heater.

The inside of the cottage was gloomy, decorated with Victorian wallpaper, and heavy, ugly Victorian furniture.

I feel that there was some significance in the King choosing a home for his equerry so near the Royal Lodge, Windsor, where he and the Queen and the young



AS A ROYAL EQUERRY, Peter Townsend constantly accompanied Princess Margaret and other members of the Royal Family on their many public engagements. Here he was seated behind Princess Margaret to watch the Farnborough air display in 1950.

Princesses liked to spend weekends.

The King recognised Peter's closeness to his family. They were only walking distance across Windsor Great Park from each other.

Soon Peter was to know the Royal sisters well. They were then living at Windsor Castle.

In 1940 the King was urged to send Elizabeth and Margaret to the safety of Canada. He refused and was supported by the Queen, who said: "I wouldn't let them go without me and I cannot leave the King."

So Princess Margaret, from the age of 10 to 15, stayed in the Lancaster Tower at Windsor Castle. She left London a "little football" — her own description — and returned a teenager to mingle with the crowds in the Mall on VE-Day.

In February, 1945, the second son of Rosemary and Peter was born.

The King, as a mark of his esteem and possibly affection for his aide, was the boy's godfather.

Peter Townsend acted as proxy for the King at the christening ceremony in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, on Sunday, November 3, 1945. The boy was named Hugo, with a second name of George for his godfather.

After the ceremony, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret went to Adelaide Cottage for the christening tea. It was the first of many Sunday visits.

Princess Elizabeth liked to chat with Rosemary, while

Princess Margaret played with the children on the lawn, and Townsend, off-duty, sat back in a deckchair. Sometimes the King and the Queen arrived to collect their daughters, more often Peter drove them home.

Margaret never came to Adelaide Cottage unless she was accompanied by her sister or the Queen.

At one tea-party young Giles stood behind a rhododendron bush and made faces at Margaret. Margaret stuck out her tongue at him.

After they were married, Princess Elizabeth and Philip, who had a weekend house at nearby Sunningdale, sometimes called at the cottage for tea or a drink.

How did the Prince and Townsend get along as individuals?

When he was first married, the Duke was glad of Peter's company. He was a grown-up version of the boy next door.

PETER by then was a confidante of the King. The Duke of Edinburgh could have few close companions, and it was convenient to have someone in the palace with whom to chat and joke.

When the Duke was preoccupied with his ambition to fly, he sought out Townsend, and often they would be seen waving their arms and hands in aerobic mimicry.

But Townsend and the Duke were never close friends. Their temperaments are very different. A friend said: "Philip is all man's man, and Peter isn't."

Also Townsend was a palace

servant; Prince Philip a member of the family.

In fairness to Prince Philip, however, it must be stated that he was not a vigorous opponent of his sister-in-law, Margaret, marrying Townsend. He did not take an active part in the family discussions on the problem.

Except on the visits of the Royal Family to their cottage, the Townsends entertained little. Rosemary was, therefore, often alone with her two children and the servants.

Townsend normally had a two-week tour of duty, during which he worked in the daytime at Buckingham Palace in a high-ceilinged, old-fashioned room on the ground floor.

The office had dark green walls, a marble grate with an open coal fire, an ancient mahogany desk, and long windows overlooking the gardens. At night he slept in a palace bedroom.

If the court was at Balmoral, he slept in a tower room still furnished with Queen Victoria's hideous tartan upholstery and bird's-eye maple. At Sandringham his room was all white paint and chintz.

During his tours of duty Peter did not go home. Then he had six weeks off and was home all the time.

Rosemary was either a "palace widow" or a wife with a husband in constant attendance. The latter situation was as irksome to both as the former were days of boredom to Rosemary.

To page 7



STATE VISIT to Northern Ireland in 1947. Youthful Princess Margaret was again the centre of the official group while Peter Townsend stood at the rear. Townsend was well liked by the late King George VI, who personally chose him as an equerry in 1944.

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Thin, white-faced Princess found Peter indispensable

Continuing: The Story of Peter Townsend
— the book by NORMAN BARRYMAINE

THESE erratic hours put a strain on the marriage. Peter, an active man, became bored when he was not on duty.

To try to solve his problem, he worked in Lloyd's for an underwriter during his periods off duty from the Palace.

As time went on and his relationship with the King and his family became closer, Peter was inevitably more and more away from home. Then Rosemary complained to a friend: "Peter spends more time at his work than in his home."

Slowly the marriage began to break up. It might have withstood the strain of court life if Peter and Rosemary had been better suited temperamentally.

That was not to be. When the war was over, Peter's posting as an equerry was just the work he wanted.

His strong sense of duty was now concentrated on service to the monarchy. His perfectionism and easy manner meant that his service was performed flawlessly and with no apparent effort.

Peter's real test as an equerry came in the spring of 1947, when the Royal Family left England in the battleship Vanguard on their long South African tour.

The tour lasted three months and covered nearly 10,000 miles.

From first to last, Princess Margaret saw quite a lot of Peter Townsend. He often rode with the Royal sisters.

As the tour progressed, he began to notice that Margaret, the thin, white-faced girl of the Royal party, was finding it a nerve-racking experience. Whenever he could he helped her and encouraged her. Soon she began to find him more and more indispensable.

From page 5

It was during this tour that was perhaps the beginning between the Princess and Townsend of an easy, quite unselfconscious relationship based on liking, trust, shared tastes and interests, admiration.

During the South African tour, Peter endeared himself to the King. He made himself indispensable to him, too.

Perhaps his happiest moment was when the King put his hand on his shoulder and said laughingly: "I don't know what we would do without you, Peter."

While her sister's romance with Prince Philip dominated the publicity limelight, Princess Margaret thought a lot about marriage.

Once when discussing the marriage of two of her friends, a marriage of opposites, she said seriously: "I suppose I had better marry someone firm to keep me in order."

WAS she thinking of Peter Townsend? Certainly his firmness and determination appealed to her.

When necessary, he could be quite firm with Princess Margaret.

As he walked along the red-carpeted corridors of Buckingham Palace, he would meet Margaret, trying out a new dress or costume, complete with accessories.

Peter would stop and smile at this one-woman mannequin parade. His opinion would be asked.

Usually he approved of the new outfit. If he didn't he was frank. "It is not you," he would comment. That dress would never be seen again.

It was in these small beginnings that their friendship and affection grew.

At first there was no thought of any deeper emotion than friendship.

Margaret always called him Peter, as did the King and the Queen.

Townsend always addressed her as "Ma'am." If Margaret was the Princess, Townsend was still just as much the Royal servant.

At this time Princess Margaret had her name linked with many alleged suitors.

I think that both the King and the Queen always thought (at least hoped) that their daughter would marry



ROYAL TOUR OF SOUTH AFRICA, 1947. Above, the Royal party, accompanied by Peter Townsend, admiring a scenic beauty spot. Below, the then Princess Elizabeth and her sister, with Peter Townsend in the background.

"Johnnie," as they knew the Earl of Dalkeith.

The only thing wrong with this was that, though fond of each other, they were never in love.

Margaret was already in love with Peter Townsend.

Despite all the reported romances and the gay party-going during her teens and early twenties, Princess Margaret was often desperately lonely in the cavernous rooms of Buckingham Palace.

It was then that debonair Peter Townsend came prominently into the picture.

The King and the Queen encouraged him to "take care" of their daughter. When they were on an official round of duties in Edinburgh, he was asked to keep Elizabeth and Margaret amused. He whisked them off to see a gangster film at the local cinema—in the 2/9 seats.

In August, 1950, the extent of Peter Townsend's popularity was shown when he was appointed Deputy-Master of the Household.

He served directly under Sir Piers Legh, Master of the Household, in the domestic administration of all the Royal homes.

When Princess Margaret celebrated her 21st birthday at Balmoral in the following August, Peter was on duty as equerry-in-waiting.

Townsend was always very happy at Balmoral. He enjoyed the family atmosphere, reminding him of the days he had spent as a boy on holidays in Somerset with his mother.

He looked forward to joining the Royal Family for dinner in the cream-walled, red-carpeted castle dining-room, with its shining candelabra-decorated table, and the pipers in full Highland dress.

Grouse-shooting did not appeal to him, but stalking deer did. He liked the arduous tramp across the highlands in search of the quarry, which

might not be found until nearly sunset.

It is a sport requiring great skill and perseverance. Also you have to be a good shot. Peter is.

Perhaps stalking reminded him of his days as a fighter-pilot during the war. War in the air and stalking have something akin.

When the King and his friends left for the moors in the morning for a day's shooting, Townsend stayed behind to attend to his duties and then, perhaps, went riding with Princess Margaret.

JUST before noon they would join the shooting brakes that took the women in the house party to the grouse moors for a picnic lunch with the men.

Once, arriving at the butts on a blustery afternoon, Townsend joined Margaret and a party of friends.

The Duke of Edinburgh, a persevering shot, was not far away. He does not like women near him when he is shooting, unless, like his wife, they are keen shots.

On this occasion Townsend, Margaret, and a friend were said to be making a noise. After a few moments the Duke turned towards them and shouted: "For goodness' sake, stop that awful racket."

Usually Townsend went to

Balmoral for his "holiday" tour of duty, but when it was over he nearly always stayed on at the invitation of the King and the Queen.

A friend described Peter's position in the Balmoral family circle:

"We motored over for dinner at 7.30. At least three footmen came out of the front door to open the car doors."

"Peter and another member of the court were waiting at the entrance. He showed us into where everybody else was in the drawing-room, having a drink."

"There were 18 or 20 guests to be introduced. On the table was a guest plan. Peter was responsible for working it out with the King and the Queen. Peter was also responsible for seeing that everybody knew where to sit at dinner."

"Timing is an enormously important element in Royal life. Everything has to be arranged on the dot. Peter got us down a long corridor and into the dining-room."

"The King sat in the middle of the table and the Queen opposite. The conversation followed the King. Peter sat in the least important place."

"After dinner Peter showed the guests into the cinema. There was no seating arrangement, but he hovered around until everybody was seated before he sat down."

"The film show over, the guests and neighbors left, but Princess Margaret and the intimate clique began playing guessing games, charades, or canasta. The Royal Family adores games."

"Peter was always on hand to make a fourth. If they decided to dance to the radio-gram he was waiting. He was not mad about dancing, but he had a quick eye for a wallflower and would rush up and ask her to dance."

By the end of the 1940s the King's health was failing. He had had one lumbar operation to improve the circulation of the blood in his legs and relieve intense pain. Later he had to have a lung removed. Townsend was often his close companion.



SIGHTSEEING at Kimberley, South Africa. Peter Townsend, Princess Margaret, the Queen Mother, and the late King George, far right.

Winning entries: £2500 Art Prize

AUSTRALIAN AND OVERSEAS AWARDS

THE four awards in our 1958 Art Prize went to both Australian and overseas artists. For the second year in succession, the prize for the best portrait entered by a woman was awarded to a Czechoslovakian—this year Ivana Vrana, whose charming painting is reproduced on the opposite page. The three Australians are John Rigby, of Brisbane, whose £1000 winning entry is shown at left, Albert Tucker, a Melbourne-born painter now living in England, and Phyl Waterhouse, also of Melbourne, whose entries are shown on the opposite page. Mr. Tucker is 44. He left Australia to live abroad in 1947. Since then he has been acclaimed by European critics as "the most remarkable Australian painter abroad," and as "one of the major painters of his continent." This year the world-famous Museum of Modern Art in New York acquired one of his canvases.

MARGARET
by John Rigby (Brisbane)
£1000 Award for the best
portrait
(Left)

● Other distinguished
entries are reproduced on
page 11



MARKETING GROUP

by Phyl Waterhouse,
Melbourne

£250 Award for the
best subject painting by
a woman
(Above)

THE GIRL WITH THE GOLD HAIR

by Ivana Vrana
(Czechoslovakia)

£250 Award for the
best portrait by a
woman
(Above right)

AUSTRALIAN GOTHIC

by Albert Tucker (Aus-
tralian living in Eng-
land)

£1000 Award for the
best subject painting.
(Right)



Winning portrait was inspired by artist's wife

● The inspiration of his wife, Margaret, was one of the main factors which helped young Brisbane artist John Rigby win the £1000 portrait section of the 1958 Australian Women's Weekly Art Prize.

"SHE is all womankind to me," he said after recovering from the news that his portrait of her, titled "Margaret," had won.

"Even when I use the faces of women in the street, I still turn to Margaret to model the hands or the feet or some body movement to make the portrait really live.

"I love painting Margaret because I know her so well.

"Margaret" was inspired by a memory of her standing among trees on a beach near

Currumbin, on the Queensland Gold Coast.

"She was barefooted, and there was a certain wildness in the setting which suggested the most wonderful feeling of freedom to me."

This tribute came after the first shock had worn off. His first reaction was: "Whew... I just can't believe it... let's have a beer."

Dark-haired Margaret said: "John entered this year's contest hopefully, just as he did before in 1955 and 1957... but winning it was quite beyond our expectations..."

Then John again: "The

£1000 is wonderful news... but for an artist the prestige of the award means even more than the hard cash."

For the Rigbys the jackpot has come just at the right time.

With their four-year-old son, Mark, they returned "flat broke" to Brisbane last January after 18 months studying abroad.

And they're expecting their second child in December.

Brown-eyed and brown-bearded, John Rigby, now in his thirties, began as a commercial artist with a Brisbane advertising firm at the age of 15, after a year's study at the Brisbane Technical School.

His art career was interrupted by five years' war service, mostly as a soldier in New Guinea.

In 1955 John won the Dante Alighieri Scholarship. Given by the Italian Government, it provides a first-class return trip to Italy and 12 months' study there with a living allowance.

As he didn't want to be separated from Margaret and baby Mark, they all made the trip and had a wonderful time "living on a shoestring."

Then they had six months in England before returning to live in a neat, simply furnished war-service home they are buying in Kedron.

Margaret, the daughter of the Rev. John Auld, of Neutral Bay, Sydney, and the late Mrs. Auld, is a niece of well-known artist of the Stretton era, the late James Muir Auld.

Albert Tucker, who won the £1000 prize for the best subject painting with his "Australian Gothic," is a 44-year-old Melbourne who has lived



JOHN RIGBY and his wife, Margaret—subject of his prizewinning portrait—are congratulated by Sydney artist Elaine Haxton (left) at last week's opening of the exhibition.



ALBERT TUCKER, subject-painting winner, was packing gear in his London studio in preparation for a trip to America when told that he had won the £1000 prize.



PHYL WATERHOUSE, in her North Melbourne studio, machining the new dress she made for the 1958 Art Prize opening.

in Europe and England for 11 years.

"This money means I can live in absolute peace for at least six months," he said when told of his win.

"And it's come at the right time, as I'm leaving for a trip to America and Canada next week.

"It's just what I need because I'll be having my most important one-man exhibition in London on my return.

"After that I plan to return to Australia, but until now I did not know how I'd raise the fare.

"I've been invited to give exhibitions in Melbourne and Perth, which I now hope to do late next year."

Acclaimed abroad

Tucker's work has been acclaimed in most of Europe's capitals, and this year New York's Museum of Modern Art bought one of his paintings.

Two years ago Tucker was the only Australian to be invited to exhibit at the Twenty-eighth Biennial of Venice, where critics hailed him as the most remarkable Australian painter abroad.

They said his canvases have a savage strength.

Tucker, aiming at cheap travel and accommodation, is one of the very few people who have built a caravan in a Paris hotel bedroom.

He built it, piece by piece, lowered each section out the window, and assembled them on a quay near Notre-Dame.

There he lived in it for four months before setting out on a tour of Europe.

In Rome he parked it in the famous Piazza del Popolo, where he lived for five weeks while holding an open-air exhibition.

After her first excitement, Phyl Waterhouse, who won £250 for the best subject picture by a woman, had a woman's typical reaction to the news of her success. She began to make a new chemise-line dress to wear to the opening of the exhibition in Sydney.

This is the fourth—and biggest—art prize she has won. The others were the Crouch Memorial Prize for Oils in 1950 and 1951, and the Caselli Richards Memorial Prize, Brisbane, in 1956.

Her paintings hang in the

Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, and Perth National Art Galleries, and she has exhibited with the Royal Academy in London.

When she is not working at her easel in the fascinating North Melbourne studio she shares with fellow artist Charles Bush she is a switchboard operator with broadcasting station 3AW.

Born and bred in Moonee Ponds, a Melbourne suburb, Phyl is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Waterhouse.

"I couldn't take with school," she said, "so I left at 10 and diddle around till I went to the National Gallery Art School when I was 15."

There she studied under McInnes and Wheeler until she had her first show in 1939.

She has packed her studio with her own individuality by way of paintings, Victorian bric-a-brac, and what Phyl frankly calls "junk."

"I'm really the 'junk queen' of all time," she said, "with particular leanings towards Staffordshire and antique glass in my better moments."

Ivana Vrana, winner of the £250 prize for the best portrait by a woman, is a 29-

year-old artist of Czechoslovakia.

Bronzed and tall, she was on a painting holiday in the Orlické Hory Mountains, 100 miles north-east of Prague, when told of her win.

Four years married to Professor Sajdrova, of the Prague University's School of Architecture, they have a nine-month-old daughter, Mandalena.

Undecided what to do with the prizemoney, she said: "We could do with a new car to replace our pre-war model—but we also need money to live."

Ivana said she specialised in figure and portrait painting.

The daughter of an actress, she graduated from the Prague Art Academy four years ago, and a year later won her first international award at a youth festival in Warsaw.

She has her own studio in Prague, and with husband and daughter shares a riverside apartment with her parents.

"My husband sometimes complains that I'm too busy painting to care for him properly," she said, "but he can't object, really, because I've got a perfect mother, who does the housework."



IVANA VRANA, at work in her Prague studio on a painting for her first one-man show, a series inspired by "Pantomimes," a film on the famous French mime Marcel Marceau, which will be seen at the Sydney Film Festival next week.

OUR ART PRIZE

NOTABLE ENTRIES

Reproduced here are three of the distinguished entries in our 1958 Art Prize. The subject painting at right was among the four from which the judges made their final selection in the subject section. The painting, below right, was among the two from which the judges made their final selection in the portrait section. Also reproduced is an entry by Czechoslovakian artist Vilma Kotrbova-Vrbova, who was awarded the prize for the best portrait submitted by a woman in our international art competition last year. She was not among the finalists this year.

"OLD CHINESE—VICTORIA MARKETS,"
by Victor O'Connor
(Melbourne)



"TOMY WITH YELLOW HAT,"
by Vilma Kotrbova-Vrbova
(Czechoslovakia)
(Left)



KATE HODGKINSON,
by Frank Hodgkinson
(Sydney)
(Above)

SILVER CITY FESTIVAL



BROKEN HILL has just celebrated its 75th anniversary in a festival that brought hundreds of visitors to the Silver City. This is a view of the Zinc Corporation mine, one of the big four in the district. The others are North Broken Hill Ltd., Broken Hill South Ltd., and the New Broken Hill Consolidated Mine.

Hundreds of interstate visitors travelled by car and caravan, by plane and train to join Broken Hill's 33,500 inhabitants in the Silver City's 75th anniversary celebrations this month.

The celebrations lasted nine days, and were highlighted by organised picnics, reunions, sports, cultural events, and a Mardi Gras procession through the city.

Symbol of the Silver City Festival was the statuette of a solid silver tree containing 19lb. of the first silver won from Broken Hill.

Standing 2ft. 10in. high, the statuette was made by a German silversmith for Charles Rasp, the boundary rider, who, in 1833, discovered the lode which brought fortune to him and to Australia.

Now owned by Mr. W. Gall, of Langawirra Station, the statuette was lent to the city for the festival, and seen by thousands of visitors and locals.

It shows a silver tree on the summit of the rocky peak known as Broken Hill; Charles Rasp on horseback; grazing sheep; an aborigines' camp; kangaroos, emus, wallabies, and snakes.

For many people the festival

was also a "Back to Broken Hill" week, and fast, modern airliners brought in oldtimers who, years ago, had crossed the country by bullock waggon and camel.

Among them were people who could remember the original Broken Hill—long since cut away for its mineral deposits.

(The line of lode currently being worked almost bisects the city, and from almost every point the poppet heads and dumps of the great mines can be seen.)

Members of the Lord family, pioneers in the district, recalled the days when Broken Hill was "just a rough stony hill, all big boulders, and covered with mulga and acacia, the bush we call 'dead finish'."

Together were James Lord, 85, and Charles Lord, 81, both of Broken Hill, and their sisters, Mrs. Alice Oakes, 83, of Unley, S.A., and Mrs. Ellen Coffey, of Dimboola, Vic., whose 80th birthday occurred during the festival.

Their father worked as a fencing contractor on Mount Gipps station in the 1860s; he knew Charles Rasp, and heard how the first ore samples from Broken Hill were packed in long coffee tins to be sent for assay.

And their mother, who went to the district by camel, witnessed the fabulous euchre game in which Rasp and his six partners gambled their one-seventh shares in the lease that Rasp at first believed contained only tin.

A turn of the cards cost station manager George McCulloch a half-share in the lease, and six years later that half-share was worth £1,250,000.

These seven men formed the first syndicate from which grew the giant Broken Hill Proprietary Company.

B.H.P. no longer has any connection with mining in the Silver City, but Australia's steel industry had its beginnings in the riches of Broken Hill.

And Mount Gipps station

homestead is the site today of the Broken Hill Flying Doctor Service.

As children, the Lords lived at Silverton, an old mining centre 16 miles north of Broken Hill.

Mrs. Ellen Coffey remembered her first sight of Broken Hill at night: "The lights were wonderful . . . with the glowing molten slag running over the hill. You could see it miles away."

It was as exciting to the Lord children as festival-lit Broken Hill, 1958, was to the youngsters who

By

HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

came from miles around to watch the revelry in the streets at night, the Mardi Gras, the fancy dress . . .

"So many changes," said Mrs. Coffey. "Why, in the early days, I've seen people offering pound notes for water, and not getting any."

"I remember digging in the creek bed at Silverton for seepage. And we children had to bathe in the washing-up water."

Fire claimed victims at will in those waterless days of candle-lit homes built of hessian and tin.

Today the Silver City has ample water supplies, from nearby dams and from the pipeline that stretches 70 miles to Menindie, on the Darling River.

And the modern, well-planned garden homes—some with solar-heated hot-water systems—have all the comforts and labor-saving devices of the coastal capitals.

Bright, air-conditioned shops are stocked with fresh fruit, vegetables, and meat. No one today has to dine on "Jerusalem cows"—goats whose flesh and milk were a staple diet in the late 19th century.

Fruit is grown locally—grapefruit, oranges, lemons, limes, shaddock, and man-

darins—in lush orchards near the North Broken Hill Ltd. mine and Zinc Corporation Ltd. mine.

The orchards are irrigated by effluent from the city's sewerage, including water from the baths, where 3000 men each day flush off the dust of the mines in modern shower rooms before going home.

Showers and change rooms . . . it sounded like a dream to James and Charles Lord, who recalled when miners had to walk home in sodden, dirty working clothes.

Alice and Ellen used to carry billies of tea and lunches to their brothers at the mines. Now there are cafeterias and crib rooms.

Hours were long, the pay was small, and conditions generally unpleasant.

No miner today works over the weekend. The pay is good, and there is the lead bonus, set by the market price of lead.

On current rates, every mineworker—from underground man to girl secretary—gets a bonus of £8/15/- a week in addition to wages.

"Sissy" outfit

Electric battery locomotives have replaced toiling ponies below the ground, high-powered tools now tear out the precious rock, underground dust is kept down by water, fans control the temperature, and if it rises above 80 degrees the men work only six hours a day.

Underground workers are equipped with electric cap lamps, helmets, glasses, steel-toed boots, stout clothes, and gloves. Oldtimers would have regarded this as a "sissy" outfit, but today's workers take it for granted.

The lead bonuses and countless amenities supplied by the mining corporations augment the happy miner-management relations.

Strikes are rare and disputes are ironed out at round-table conferences between the



SILVER STATUETTE on loan to the Broken Hill Festival Committee during the celebrations is shown by chief librarian and historian Mr. A. Coulls. The horseman near his hand represents Charles Rasp, who found the original lode.



EARLY PIONEERS in the Broken Hill district are (from left) James Lord, 85, Charles Lord, 81, and their sister, Mrs. Ellen Coffey, of Dimboola, Vic., with Richard Lord, aged 7, grandson of Charles. The two brothers were miners in Broken Hill around the turn of the century, when they worked long hours for small pay.

75th birthday



Barrier Industrial Council and the Broken Hill Mining Managers' Association or, if really serious, at mass meetings.

Behind these happy relations is the memory of the bitter "spud and onions" strike of 1919-20. It lasted 18 months and was so called because most families involved were on near-starvation diets of bread, onions, and potatoes by the time it broke.

From it arose the Barrier Industrial Council with the late Paddy O'Neill as president and uncrowned "King of Broken Hill."

O'Neill was a wise arbitrator and he laid the foundations of today's conference-room settlements.

"So much has changed," said Mrs. Coffey.

Little more than 20 years ago Broken Hill was doomed to be buried under the shifting sands and duststorms of a man-made desert.

For years pastoralists had overstocked their lands, locals had cut down the trees until there was nothing to hold the

sand dunes creeping in from the south and west.

Then, in 1936, Albert Morris, an amateur botanist, financed by the Zinc Corporation, planted the first special grasses and trees to bind the sand drift.

Now there are no duststorms and the city is ringed by protective regeneration areas containing more than 20,000 trees.

Ellen Coffey remembered a Black Friday in 1907 when a duststorm forced them to keep the lights burning all day.

"Two days later the unbleached calico ceiling in our home, sagging with the weight of dust and sand, burst—and emptied its load over the baby's cot."

"I couldn't see to walk home that day," said James Lord. "So I sat down in the street and watched the sand bank over my legs."

There were memories for everyone at the Silver City Festival.

Travelling to Broken Hill in special buses, 21 Adelaide women made a sentimental

journey to the Silver City, where they had been pupils of the Central School.

With name tags and school colors of red and white pinned to their lapels, the group was headed by its president, Mrs. D. Boden.

The secretary, Mrs. L. Williams, and Mrs. F. Dew attended the school when it was founded in 1888.

Another school, Broken Hill North, had its liveliest "Back to School" celebrations ever during the festival.

Women of the Parents and Citizens' Association, all old pupils, dressed as schoolgirls, with hair in Shirley Temple ringlets topped by giant bows, wore white frocks trimmed with blue crepe paper flouncing, white or blue socks, garters, and flat-heeled shoes.

They did a Maypole dance to the music of a life band comprised of "old boys." And musicians wore shorts, shirts, and striped beanie caps.

The "boys" had made-up realistic black eyes and skinned knees, and carried bags of marbles and water-pistols.

Many had strings of quandong seeds round their necks, recalling the childhood game of "bullies."

It resembles the English game of conkers, played with chestnuts. Boys challenge each other, and try to smash each other's quandongs (or bullies) to find which "bully" is the hardest.

Two foundation scholars of



POPULAR game "Bully on a String," played with quandong seeds, was recalled by Col Arnold (left) and Ted Mudie, both of Broken Hill. Each hit wins an extra bully or quandong seed. City streets of the Silver City (above) were decorated with streamers and colored lights for the festival.

1890, Mr. Dave Day and Mr. Drew Johnston (both of Broken Hill), carried flags of the school, which today has 1500 pupils and is third largest in N.S.W.

During the festival the Mayor, Ald. W. F. Riddiford, welcomed the State Governor, Lt.-Gen. Sir Eric Woodward, and members of the Festival Committee and organiser Mr. Andy Dowd arranged entertainment for thousands.

Tragic picnic

On a picnic to Silverton, commemorating the day Charles Rasp applied for his mining lease, Salvation Army Envoy James Crocker recalled a picnic on New Year's Day, 1915.

Two fanatical Turks, who lived in Broken Hill, took up positions on a hill a mile or so from town, hoisted the Turkish flag on an ice-cream cart, and fired on a trainload of picnickers, killing three, wounding others.

At the Silverton picnic, 1958, Mrs. Freda Kappe showed one of the Turks' bullets, which had killed a woman before wounding Mrs. Kappe's mother.

Envoy James Crocker epitomised the city's feelings when he led prayers at a service. "We remember those who blazed the trail that we today might enjoy what we are enjoying . . ."



PICNIC TRAIN with old-time train guards (from left) C. Nalty, W. Smith, G. Gillies, W. Bath, and H. Lehman went to Silverton to commemorate Charles Rasp's application for a mining lease.



MRS. D. BATH, of Silverton, in her grandmother's dress for the picnic — dress hooped with fencing wire, lace petticoat, and black boots—with Mrs. Freda Kappe, who attended the Silverton picnic at which Turks killed three people in 1915 and wounded her mother. Right: Bicycle treasure hunt was organised for children during the festival.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 1, 1958

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



OUR ART PRIZE OPENED IN SYDNEY. Mrs. Gordon Andrews (left), Mrs. Frank Hodgkinson, and country visitor Mrs. Matt Carroll, of Coolah, attended the opening of The Australian Women's Weekly Art Prize at the Art Gallery of N.S.W. They are standing beneath Frank Hodgkinson's portrait of his eight-year-old daughter Kate.



AT RIGHT: Visitors from England Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Jenour were at the opening of The Australian Women's Weekly Art Prize Exhibition. They are in Australia visiting Mrs. Jenour's daughters, Mrs. Allan Campbell, of Young, and Mrs. Paddy Throsby, of Canowindra. While in Sydney they are staying at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.



FILM PREMIERE. Mrs. George Griffith (left), of Toorak, Melbourne, with Mrs. John Glass, of Bellerue Hill, at the premiere of Cinerama which was held at the Plaza Theatre. Proceeds will go to the Naughty 'Nineties 1958 Committee for the Deaf and Blind Children's Appeal.

MORE than 500 spectators packed into Sydney's Art Gallery to see Dame Ninette de Valois, director of the visiting Royal Ballet Company, open the 1958 Australian Women's Weekly Art Prize exhibition.

Speaking of artists and their role in ballet, Dame Ninette said that many world-famous artists had designed sets and costumes for the ballet, and that she would be delighted to see as much Australian art as possible during her visit.

Among the artists who heard Dame Ninette was Elaine Haxton, who has done decor for Borovansky ballets; her portrait "The Sunflower Girl" is included in the Art Prize exhibition which will travel round Australia.

Two of the winners attended the opening, Brisbane artist John Rigby with his wife, Margaret, who was the model for his prize-winning portrait, and Melbourne artist Phyl Waterhouse, who won the

prize for the best subject painting by a woman.

I liked the sprig of boronia worn as a boutonniere by Art Gallery director Hal Missingham in the lapel of his herringbone-tweed suit . . . and Mrs. Gordon Andrews' wonderful abstract silver brooch designed by her husband.

HEAR that Bob and Diana Boyd, who were married at St. Mark's, will make their home in Melbourne. Flight-Lieutenant Boyd is stationed there with the R.A.A.F.

"SERVING and Sharing" is the motto of Soroptimists from all over the State who will take part in the annual State Conference of Soroptimists at the Grand Hotel, Wollongong, on October 11.

JUDY DRYHURST and Tony Pennefather plan their wedding for late January or early February. On Judy's finger is a dazzling star sapphire surrounded by diamonds.

CALLING all graduate nurses of the Dubbo Base Hospital . . . Matron Roche and members of the Hospital Board would like you to be their guests at the Graduate Nurses' Reunion to be held at the hospital on October 4.

ROMANCE seems to be in the air in physiotherapy circles . . . pretty final-year student Rosemary Cottee waited for her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Cottee, to arrive home from the United States before announcing her engagement to dentistry student Noel Hodge . . . fellow physio. Elaine Boyd-Smith, of Lindfield, is also newly engaged, to Peter Cropley, who is studying medicine at Sydney University.



FAMOUS ITALIAN SHOEMAKER Salvatore Ferragamo (right) talking to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pill at the reception given in the Starlight Room of the Australia Hotel to welcome Ferragamo to Sydney. Mr. and Mrs. Pill have just moved from Adelaide to make their home in Sydney.



NEWLYWEDS Mr. and Mrs. Pat McGrath leaving St. Mary's Church, North Sydney, after their wedding. The bride was Jocelyn Crane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Crane, of Pymble, and the bridegroom is the twin son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice McGrath, of Cremorne.



ROYAL BALLET dancers Philip Chatfield and his wife, Rowena Jackson, exchanged ballet for ballroom dancing at the Elizabethan Ball, held at the Trocadero for the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust.



MARRIED AT WAGGA. Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis leaving St. Andrew's Church, Wagga, after their wedding, with (from left) Frank Finkin, Jennifer Lewis, James d'Archi, and Mrs. Patrick Smith. The bride was formerly Ruth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. McEachern, of Humula.

THE PALACE

Dramatic long
second instalment
of our serial

By EDNA
FERBER

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

FROM the time CHRISTINE STORM had been left an orphan, her father and mother killed in tragic accidents, her two grandfathers, Alaskan personalities THOR STORM, the gentle visionary, and CZAR KENNEDY, ruthless man of action, had fought for her control. Christine has managed to love them equally and also be free of them. Her tactful handling of them is aided by BRIDIE BALLANTYNE, who came to Alaska as a young girl and who helped to bring up Christine.

Czar and Thor's rivalry extends to the newspapers they own. Thor fights for Alaskan statehood and justice in his paper, while Czar furthers the cause of big business, most of which is centred outside Alaska. He is working towards

controlling more and more of Alaskan richness with wealthy Seattle businessman DAVE HUSACK and his colleagues. Christine learns about this when Dave arrives with them at Baranof. They are accompanied by Dave's son, BAYARD, whom they are grooming for Alaska's first Governor. Also with them is DINA DRAKE, Dave's protegee, who is ambitious and determined to marry Bayard. The latter has always been attracted to Christine, but she seems drawn to ROSS GULDENSTERN, the airways pilot, part Eskimo, part Danish, although some people say Christine loves Alaska more than she could love any man. At the luncheon in honor of the visitors Thor creates a disturbance by making a violent speech on the cause of Alaskan statehood. NOW READ ON:

FROM the beginning no two men could have been more unlike than Thor Storm and Czar Kennedy. Yet here they were in Baranof, the town to which they had come half a century ago, each bound to the other by unbreakable bonds of love and hate, of hardship shared, of common adventure, of family blood, of tragedy, and—strongest of all—by Christine Storm, their granddaughter. They had planned and worked and fought together, each had been left wifeless and childless in young manhood, neither had remarried, each waged a silent, persistent battle for the welfare—as they saw it—of the girl Christine. Each loved Alaska in his own way.

Thor Storm still lived in a log cabin as he had in his virile twenties. It boasted electricity and plumbing of a sort now, but structurally it was basically unchanged. Baranof and the whole Territory respected him, were baffled by his way of life. Here was a pattern they could not quite understand. Books. Always blating about freedom and democracy.

But Czar Kennedy—there was a man they could understand. A picturesque and romantic figure from youth to old age, he had a quiet word and a smile for everyone. He never read a book.

The two had given Chris all they had. From Thor she had absorbed the habit of reading, a feeling for nature and for history. From him, too, she had learned to use her mind and her muscles, and how to handle a gun.

Czar, in benevolently practical terms, stressed the value of money, of power, of position, of security. To Christine he imparted cynical advice.

"Making friends of people like those will never get you anywhere." He might be speaking of Paul and Addie Barnett, or Ott Decker, or the young halfbreed Eskimo Ross Guldienstern. He might have been tempted to include Thor and Bridie, but he was smart enough not to risk that.

"I don't want them to get me anywhere. I just love them."

"That's a childish way to talk."

"I don't choose friends," she said, very grand, "for what they can do for me."

"You're going to meet people who are people. You know some of them already. Dave Husack and his wife. And Sid Kleet. You'll meet the cream."

Then mildly, almost as an afterthought, "and young people, like Dave's son, Bay."

She laughed then and came over to him and hugged him, her fresh young cheek against the lined one. "You're an old-fashioned darling. You're not trying to marry off your granddaughter to the Seattle rich and mighty, are you?"

"He can have his pick of any girl in Seattle. Or New York or Washington, for that matter. You'll be lucky if he takes you to the drugstore for a malted."

"I don't like malteds," Chris retorted somewhat maliciously.

Every matron in Baranof attempted to have a hand in the girl's upbringing, but it was Bridie who took over.

Occasionally, in her childhood, Chris had burst into rebellion against the three middle-aged guardians of her life. But when she rejected them she had only herself to fall back on—or one of the three against the other two.

Shuttled back and forth from the cushioned comfort of Czar's house to Thor's neat little log cabin—three

months with Czar, three months with Thor—even an adult might have been shredded by this split existence. That Chris survived as a whole human being—though scarred—was miraculous.

Oddly, she was happier in the three-room shack at the water's edge than in Czar's ample house with its bouncy mattresses, its thick carpets, its plate-glass windows. Through the protective panes she could see the splendid panorama of sky and water and mountains, yet here the child never had the feeling of security, of belonging. The world looked unreal and distant, somehow, viewed through all that glass.

At Thor's cabin the mountains and the water and the land were part of her daily life. Together she and Thor trudged the hills, fished the waters, slogged through the tundra gathering the delicate low-growing wildflowers, picking the low-bush wild cranberries for jelly. There were blueberries, too, and salmon berries. Thor held forth in terms of philosophy and economics and history. She was too young to understand it all, but much of this must have stuck in her memory and been preserved in her emotional storehouse. Years later she brought it forth, undimmed, like golden coins retrieved from a buried treasure chest. Not only Thor but often Czar and Bridie spoke to her in adult terms, and though she often was confused by this she thrived on their competitive affection.

With Czar Kennedy she lived in the finest house in Baranof, she wore dresses bought in Seattle, she ate the best the town afforded. On one of his rare trips to Seattle Czar even took Christine with him.

Most Alaskans did not dream of staying at the Olympic Hotel when they visited Seattle, that first Outside stop. It was too grand, too costly. With or without Christine, Czar stayed at the Olympic.

This glimpse of the north-west metropolis had dazzled the child, and puzzled her. Like an Alice in Wonderland she stared, confused and sometimes unbelieving, at the hotel's luxurious appointments, at the wide streets, the amazing hills, the shop windows, the handsome houses.

"Baranof doesn't look like this," the child said. "Why doesn't it?"

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"No money."

"Then why doesn't Seattle give them some money?"

He stared at her, startled. He had been hearing this question lately from other sources. Then he laughed.

"No, that wouldn't do. That's the wrong way round."

Not wishing to leave her alone in the hotel, or on the street, he took her with him when he had a business conference in this office or that, with Dave Husack or Sid Kleet or any one of the half-dozen other north-west nabobs.

Sunk in the depths of a vast leather armchair, a book in her lap, the child was so quiet that the men actually forgot her presence. The child sat quietly, quietly, every object in the luxurious room, every color, storing itself in her memory. She heard every word the men said. It did not interest her, she understood none of it, she merely retained it. They talked quietly, leisurely: one would have thought, from their manner, that their subject was, perhaps, philanthropy.

"Thing to do is put pressure on him, give him the screws."

"Lubbock says he wants to see the situation from every angle before he makes his report."

"Lubbock wouldn't know a salmon from a herring if he ate it."

Sid Kleet's dry, nasal voice: "Gentlemen, I would like you to give me authority to by-pass fisheries commissioners and directors and little stuff like that."

"What have you in mind, Sid?" It was Czar's question, his tone one of mild interrogation. He knew the answer; he wanted it stated in words uttered by the group's legal representative.

"Go over their heads," Kleet barked.

"What'll you do with Lubbock?"

"Same as we did with Diener. Get him!"

"Yeh, but what about old Storm?" Dave Husack demanded. His voice, booming from that barrel chest, had the effect of a bellow in the quiet, almost somnolent room. Czar waved a cautioning hand towards the child.

Very early in her childhood Bridie had impressed upon her the vileness of tattling. "Now, don't you go tattling to Czar about Thor, or Thor about Czar. You got anything about either of your grampas, why, just come and tell me."

"Wouldn't that be tattling?"

"No. I'd be a kind of judge, like Judge Gannon here. I'd think about it, not leaning to one or the other, and then decide about it and try to fix whatever is wrong. I'd do the best I could for all three."

As Chris' keen mind missed practically nothing, and as she had almost total recall, the plums that fell into Bridie's lap were rich and juicy.

This office conference, for example, conveyed quite innocently in Christine's childish terms, sent Bridie scurrying to the office of the "Northern Light." She was discreet, she did not give her source, she merely hinted.

"We'll be able to block that plan," Addie Barnett

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Ross and Christine joined in the Eskimo dance, both moving gracefully to the beat of the drums.

Dunlop

said, "We'll merely print it in full."

"Each one," Paul Barnett observed, "will think the other blabbed. And they'll probably blame old Einar."

Now, in the big, luxurious Seattle office, as Czar cautiously indicated the child at the far end of the room, some atavistic instinct told Christine to shut her eyes. The men saw the golden head, snuggled in the engulfing depths of the vast chair by the window, touchingly cushioned against the plump, tufted leather.

Czar relaxed. "She's asleep." Dave Husack did not relish this cosy interlude in the battle of big business. "You shouldn't have brought her here in the first place."

Czar's tone was mild, paternal. "Never you mind, Dave, about what I should or shouldn't do. Though it's real thoughtful of you towards the child. I make it a rule never to go any place I couldn't bring her to if I was so minded." His eyes were cobalt.

"How's that again about who was it?" old Einar Wendt asked. Czar's father-in-law—he was over eighty now, tough as a tree; he had come to Seattle from Tacoma for this meeting; he wanted to get on with it and go home.

"Storm!" Husack bellowed. "Thor Storm. You know him—the old crackpot who runs that paper."

"What about him?" "He's raising a stink, that's what. Papers outside are copying his stuff; he's been running articles and editorials and so on; he's got a column full of snide remarks about me and Kleet and the whole cannery crowd. He comes right out with names in Washington, right in the Government. It's libel; we could sue him for a million dollars, only the poor old moosehead—"

"No libel suits," Kleet snapped. "There's other ways." "When the lifeblood stops flowing to your heart, what happens?" Kleet asked the group in general.

"I bite," young Mort said, rather contemptuously. "And I'll save time by answering. The heart stops beating and you die. R-r-right?"

Sid Kleet scarcely unclenched his teeth to say, "Right!" He turned his malevolent glance away from the younger man towards the oldsters, a gesture of ignoring a child. "So what is the lifeblood of a newspaper? Advertising. And when the advertising stops, what happens? The newspaper dies. So, gentlemen, if we tactfully convey to the Baranof business men, and so forth, that they'd better quit all advertising in Storm's weekly 'Northern Light' and confine it to the 'Daily Lode,' or else their business might fall off, why, in practically no time that stink you spoke about, Dave, will kind of evaporate away."

"No," said Czar Kennedy mildly. "What's the objection?" "No objection, Sid boy—that is, no objection to the plan as a plan. It's a clever idea, well thought out and workable, I'd say."

"Know what I think?" piped up Czar's father-in-law in a high, thin voice. "I think Czar's a little bit scared of Thor—a little bit scared. And I think he can't get over the feeling that he and Thor used to be partners in a way. And then there's the family—there's Czar's girl married to Thor's boy—or was. You can't loosen ties like that, not so easy. It killed my daughter, marrying into that family, but Czar goes his own way. Nothing can turn him aside; nothing can turn him aside."

Czar wagged his head from side to side as though in admiration for a child—or in sympathy for senility. Dave Husack stood up, a towering figure. "Anyway, that advertising idea is kid stuff." Belligerently he turned his emurpled face towards Sid Kleet. "Tell Baranof businessmen to take their advertising away from Storm and they'll feel he's getting a tough deal, they'll stick by him, that's the way those crazy Alaska people do. There's other ways,

men. "Czar, you sure picked yourself a girl won't break you," Dave Husack shouted. Her hand in Czar's they walked down to the waterfront, and to the color and sound and delicious smells of mingled fruits and vegetables and berries and coffee and crullers and cheese and fish and apple pie and flowers of the Farmers' Market. "I don't like those men," she said. "Why not?"

She opened her eyes, she looked up at him. "Grampa Czar, I'm hungry." "Well, sure. So am I. We'll go back to the hotel and we'll have a fine lunch. Rock crab and ice-cream."

She jumped from the chair, shook herself like a puppy. "I don't want to have lunch at the hotel, I'm tired of the old hotel, I want to have lunch down by the water at that place where the vegetables are all spread out like a garden. And we can eat those little tiny shrimps out of a paper bag."

She was startled by the whoop of laughter from the

Continuing . . . Ice Palace

from page 17

better. When the times comes stop his print paper supply. You can't get out a newspaper without print paper."

Three now were standing. Only Czar remained seated.

"Thor Storm," he said, "has got a young fella there in the 'Northern Light' working for him, he's got a little bit of money in the paper, too. Barnett his name is, Paul Barnett. He's a Harvard boy, no less, but smart, you've got to hand it to him."

"What's that go to do with it?" Sid Kleet snapped.

"Nothing. Maybe nothing. Only when you talk about taking away the 'Northern Light's' advertising and stopping the print paper and so on, why, you don't know Thor and you don't know Barnett. They're no friends of mine, but I'm telling you just in case. And Thor? Boys, Thor would get that weekly out, believe me when I say it, if he had to print it on writing paper with a lead pencil."

He rose leisurely and walked the length of the great room to where the child sat. He placed a hand tenderly on her shoulder. "Christine. Christine child."

She opened her eyes, she looked up at him. "Grampa Czar, I'm hungry."

"Well, sure. So am I. We'll go back to the hotel and we'll have a fine lunch. Rock crab and ice-cream."

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"I don't like those men," she said.

"Why not?"

SOMETHING warned her not to reveal what she had heard. "They aren't like the people in Baranof."

Triumphantly he said, "That's just it. That's why I brought you along with me to Seattle. I want you to get used to the way people act Outside. When you get older you're going to school Outside. Here, maybe. And you'll meet people who are somebody, the way your Grandma Kennedy was, and your mother, too."

"You're going to come into money some day. Big money. People are going to try to take it away from you, but you'll be too smart for them. I want you to know what it's good for and how to handle it."

"I know what it's good for and how to handle it, too," the child announced with pride.

"When I go to the Nugget Drugstore for a chocolate nut bar I give the man ten cents and then he gives me chocolate bar."

"Chocolate bars!" But then he reflected aloud, cannily. "Well, thank heavens everything'll be in trust."

Now the real battle for Christine began. She was seventeen; no longer a child, not yet a woman.

"Washington State University is the place for her," Czar said. "I don't want her to go east to school, the way her

mother did. No good came of that, that's sure. Seattle, I can keep an eye on her, I'll go see her, she can come home holidays. She'll mix with her equals."

"What's wrong with Baranof College!" Thor argued.

Bridie, distracted as a hen whose lone chick is being swooped upon by hawks, now entered the fray. "Why don't you let the child decide for herself? Seventeen years old, she's got a mind of her own."

"She hasn't had the experience to decide a thing as important as this," Czar said.

"But she's experienced enough to live in Seattle alone?"

"She won't be alone. Mrs. Husack and Dave and the Caswells and Kleet and the whole crowd will be looking after her."

"I was afraid of that," Thor said.

Bridie, fuming, burst into the battle again. "You two talk about Chris, you'd think she was an idiot or something. I've always asked her opinion and let her try to decide—so have you, Thor, I'll say that for you—about anything she could. You two aren't thinking of her, you're thinking of yourselves."

Czar turned his wintry gaze upon her. "You don't understand, Bridie."

"Understand! I've understood for seventeen years and more ever since I fed her with a medicine dropper."

Czar shook his head gently. "Hysterical." He turned away from her, he looked only at Thor, it was as though the two men were alone in the room battle-locked. "Christine is going to the university in Seattle; by the time she's finished there she'll be twenty-one, a grown woman, she'll know how to behave in decent society. Louise Husack will be more like a mother than a chaperon, she says her house will be Christine's second home. You might as well know I sent Christine's application to the university three years ago."

Thor stood up now, the

towering frame seemed to take on even greater dimensions, the blue eyes turned strangely dark, but the rosy face was mild, the tone reasoning.

"I'm as much Christine's guardian as you are. You know that. Until she comes of age. After that she'll be on her own."

"She's going to Seattle and civilisation."

"Only if she wants to. And I think Alaska is civilised."

"She's going around with a lot of mongrels here. And people too old for her. Radicals, to put it in flattering terms. That Guildenstern, I hear he's been taking some kind of GI course at Baranof and flying a bush crate."

"That young man," Thor said, "could make a plane singlehanded if he had to out of oil drums and a Model T Ford."

"They're all natural-born mechanics, those monkeys, I'll say that for them, I don't know where they get it and I don't want to know. But that's not saying I'm going to allow my granddaughter to run around with one of them."

Cheerfully Thor chided him. "Now, now, Czar, are you pretending you've forgotten Christine is part Eskimo herself?"

Always ivory pale, Czar's skin now took on a curious clay color like the waxen skin of the dead. His voice was low, monotonous, too controlled, as though it might have risen to a scream if he were to unleash it for only a moment. "I know that my daughter married your son. I suppose he was your son. I wish she had died first."

Bridie flung out her arm then, as though she had been physically struck. "You can't say that in front of me, Czar Kennedy, and go free of it. You're wishing Chris herself dead when you say that or never born at all. Shame to you!"

Czar ignored her. He was looking at Thor as one would stare, remotely, at a stranger. "I don't know who you are. And I'm going to find out. Fifty years and I don't know

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MOTHER KNOWS BEST...

She buys **PROTEX** because it's best for the whole family

Reasons why Mother buys Protex

- * Medicated to guard against skin blemishes.
- * Banishes odour-causing bacteria from the skin
- * Contains a blend of rich antiseptic oils.
- * Mild and gentle for baby's tender skin.



BUY THE BIG BATH SIZE
AND SAVE MONEY

DID YOUR FAMILY PROTEX THEMSELVES THIS MORNING?



Alma turned suddenly as she felt a strong hand grasp her shoulder.

It might knock twice

By
**NANCE
DONKIN**

ILLUSTRATED BY
BARBARA ROBERTSON

THE spaghetti bolognese was good, though no better than that served at any of ten other espresso bars. She wound the last of it on to her fork, ate it, and finished the bread roll, doing it all slowly so that the minute would be postponed when she would have to get up, go outside, and go home.

Then, because it was her birthday, she ordered some Italian ice-cream. As usual, it looked better than it tasted, so she cancelled its disappointment with more coffee and a wedge of luscious cake, which would mean another quarter-hour of sitting there with people.

All about her, in the hot, bright, noisy bar, people were hurrying through food and coffee, intent on getting somewhere on time. Alma had plenty of time; her evenings and weekends were full of enormously heavy gobbets of time that lay over her life like lead, and her problem was always the same one: what to do with it all. In the past fortnight she had been to two plays, two concerts, and three films, foolishly keeping nothing outstanding in reserve as a birthday treat.

The two unmarried aunts who had brought her up had believed in birthdays. Laughter and secrets and surprises for "darling little Alma" had showered in a warm annual rain which conditioned her badly for the blankness of birthdays spent alone in a city. Once she had taken two girls from the office to dinner and a show and they had thanked her, had

given her a scarf and a brooch and forgotten it the next week.

Last year she had set a ceremonial table in the flat, with lace mats, two red candles, wine, and a small chicken from the corner delicatessen. There had been a parcel by her plate and a spray of flowers, and, having pinned the flowers to her dress, she left the parcel unopened and cried all over the chicken because twenty-nine was too old for such pretence.

It was then she had decided to forget her unreasoning hope that birthdays would shine any more than other days and, sitting in the espresso bar, sipping her third coffee, she felt it was as good a place as any to commemorate the thirtieth birthday of Alma Smith, spinster.

In five years of eating out in the city, she had tried all the places, going from "Red Rooster" to "Jolly Roger."

At the moment she preferred espresso bars, because although they all seemed to have been decorated by the same artist, the reds and yellows and harlequin checks of the walls, the brilliance of many lights glittering on chrome, had a gaiety which she enjoyed.

She liked looking at the people who frequented them, too—the pretty business girls with swains in suede shoes, straight-end ties, and big-business vocabularies; bevises of young Italians, incredibly square in shoulder and narrow in grey-striped trousers; girls in a giggling group of monotonously caramel-

colored coats and shoes, and all the solitaires like herself. This sort of place, with its bustling rainbow detachment, might have been designed for the solitaires. When she saw other people eating alone, Alma felt the warmth of belonging to a group.

There was an interesting-looking man at the corner table tonight, reading a solid-looking journal as he ate his ravioli. She had noticed him there several times recently. He had a thin, intelligent face, his hair had begun to shrink a little from his forehead, and she had noted with satisfaction that he had long, well-kept hands and nails. The man looked up, caught her intent eye, and frowned down into his journal.

Quickly Alma picked up her bag and gloves, paid the check, and went out into the street. She looked back at the man intent on his reading. She felt that he had forgotten already that a woman had stared at him while he was eating, yet she knew she would remember for ever the shape of his face and his hands and his instant turning away. Her mind seemed to be packed with visions of people who had looked at her briefly and had seen nothing to make them look longer.

Although it was June, the air was still mild and she let her coat swing open as she stood looking down through the neon-lit canyon of Collins Street to the blackness at the end of

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New Miracle Shampoo

beauty-washes your hair without drying out the natural oils!



Softasilk GOLDEN SHAMPOO

leaves your hair shining-clean, silken-smooth and easy to manage

Whatever your hair type or colour, you will find it softer and brighter after using this new Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Just pick up a bottle of Softasilk and see how the clear golden liquid moves with a slow, oil-rich movement. Its instant foam does not dry out the natural oils... in fact, it encourages the correct proportion. Start to-day with gentle, one-lather shampoo with Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Perfect for all types of hair!



ONE lather gives thorough cleansing

LARGE SIZE, 5'3 • REGULAR, 3'3



Keep your hair gloriously soft and clean wherever you go. Take this handy travel bubble 1'3

U146C

Petrella well knew solving a murder is like dropping a stone into a pool of water—you have to consider each little ripple

The Oyster Catcher

BY MICHAEL GILBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

THE table was the first thing that caught your eye as you came into the room. Its legs were of green-painted angle-iron, bolted to the floor; its top, a block of polished teak. Overhead shone five white fluorescent lights.

On the wide, shadowless, aseptic surface the raincoat looked out of place, like some jolly, seedy old tramp who has strayed into an operating-theatre. A coat is such a personal thing, almost a second skin. As it loses its own shape and takes on the outlines of its wearer, as its pockets become a repository of tobacco flakes and sand and fragments of leaves, and its exterior becomes spotted with more unexpected things than rain, so does it take on an intimate life all of its own.

There was an element of indecency, Petrella thought, in tearing this life from it. The earnest man in rimless glasses and a white laboratory overall had just finished going over the lining with a pocket-sized vacuum-cleaner with a thimble-shaped container. Now he was at work on the exterior. He cut a broad strip of adhesive tape and laid it on the outside of the coat, pressing it firmly down. Then he marked the area with a special pencil, and pulled the tape off. There was nothing visible to the naked eye on the under surface of the tape, but he seemed satisfied.

"We'll make a few micro-slides," he said. "They'll tell us anything we want to know. There's no need for you to hang about if you don't want to."

Sergeant Petrella disliked being told, even indirectly, that he was wasting his time. Let the truth be told, he did not care for Scientific Assistant Worsley at all. Worsley had the very slightly patronising manner of one who has himself been admitted to the inner circles of knowledge and is speaking to unfortunates who are still outside the pale—a habit, Petrella had noticed, that was very marked at the outset of a scientific career, but diminished as a man gained more experience and realised how little certainty there was, even under the eye of the microscope.

"All right," he said. "I'll push off and come back in a couple of hours."

"To do the job completely," said Worsley, "will take about six days." He looked complacently at the neat range of dishes round the table, and the samples he had so far extracted. "Perhaps another three to tabulate the results."

"All the same," said Petrella, "I'll look in this evening and see what you have got for me."

"As long as you appreciate," said Worsley, "that the results I give you will be unchecked."

"I'll take a chance on that."

"That, of course, is for you to decide." His voice contained a reproach. Impetuous people, police officers. Unschooled in the discipline of the laboratory. Jumpers to conclusions. People on whom careful, controlled research was usually wasted. Worsley sighed audibly.

Sergeant Petrella said nothing at all. He had long ago found out that it was a waste of time antagonising people who were in a position to help you.

He consulted his watch, his notebook, and his stomach. He had a call to make in Wandsworth, another in Acton, and a third in South Harrow. Then he would come back to the Forensic Science Laboratory to see what Worsley had got for them. Then he would go back to Highside and report to Superintendent Haxtell. He might have time for lunch between Acton and South Harrow. If not, the prospect of food was remote, for once he reached Highside there was no saying that Haxtell would not have a lot more visits lined up for him.

All this activity—and, indirectly, the coat lying on Worsley's table—stemmed from a discovery made by a milkman at No. 39 Carhow Mansions. Carhow Mansions is a tall block of flats overlooking the southern edge of Helenwood Common.

Miss Martin, who lived alone at No. 39, was a woman of about thirty. Neither beautiful nor clever, nor ugly nor stupid. She was secretary to Dr. Hunter, who had a house and consulting room in Wimpole Street. She did her work well, and was well paid for it.

The flat, which was tucked away on the top story and was smaller than the others in the block, was known as a "single," which means that it had about as little accommodation as one person could actually exist in. A living-room that was also a dining-room; an annexe that served as a bedroom; one cup-

board, called a kitchen, and another called a bathroom. Not that Miss Martin had ever been heard to complain. She had no time to waste on housework and ate most of her meals out. Her interests were Shakespeare and tennis.

Which brings us to the milkman, who, finding Friday's milk bottle still unused outside the door of Flat 39 on Saturday, mentioned the matter to the caretaker.

The caretaker was not immediately worried. Tenants often went away without telling him, although Miss Martin was usually punctilious about such matters. Later in the morning his rounds took him up to No. 39, and he looked at the two milk bottles and found the sight faintly disturbing. Fortunately, he had his pass-key with him.

Which brought Superintendent Haxtell on to the scene in a fast car. And Chief Superintendent Barstow, from District Headquarters. And photographic and fingerprint detachments, and a well-known pathologist, and a crowd on the pavement, and a uniformed policeman to control them. And eventually, since Carhow Mansions was in his area, Sergeant Petrella.

Junior detective-sergeants do not conduct investigations into murders, but they are allowed to help, in much the same way as a junior officer helps to run a war. They are allowed to do the work, while their superiors do the thinking. In this case, there was a lot of work to do.

"I don't like it," said Barstow, in the explosive rumble that was his normal conversational voice. "Here's this girl, as ordinary as apples-and-custard. No one's got a word to say against her. Life's an open book. Then someone comes in and hits her on the head, not once but five or six times."

"Any one of the blows might have caused death," agreed the pathologist. "She's been dead for more than twenty-four hours. Probably killed on Friday morning. And I think there's no doubt that that was the weapon." He indicated a heavy, long-handled screwdriver.

"It could have belonged to her," said Haxtell. "Funny thing to find in a flat, though. More like a piece of workshop equipment."

"All right," said Barstow. "Suppose the murderer brought it with him. Ideal for the job. You could force a front door with a thing like that. Then, if the owner comes out, it's just as handy as a weapon. But it's still"—he boggled over the word and its implications—"it's still mad."

And the further they looked, and the wider they spread their net, the madder it did seem.

Certain facts came to light at once. Haxtell was talking to Doctor Hunter, of Wimpole Street, within the hour. The doctor explained that Miss Martin had not come to work on Friday because he himself had ordered her to stay in bed.

"I think she'd been over-using her eyes," said the doctor. "That gave her a headache, and the headache in turn affected her stomach. It was a form of migraine. What she needed was forty-eight hours on her back, with the blinds down. I told her to take Friday off, and come back on Monday if she felt well enough. She's been with me for nearly ten years now. An excellent secretary, and such a nice girl."

He spoke with so much warmth that Haxtell, who was a cynic, made a mental note of a possible line of inquiry. Nothing came of it. The doctor, it transpired, was very happily married.

"That part of it fits all right," said Haxtell to Chief Superintendent Barstow. "She was in bed when the intruder arrived. He hit her as she was coming out of her bedroom."

"Then you think he was a housebreaker?"

"I'd imagined so, yes," said Haxtell. "The screwdriver looks like the sort of thing a housebreaker would carry. You could force an ordinary mortise lock right off with it. He didn't have to use it in this instance, because she'd got a simple catch-lock that a child of five could open. I don't doubt he slipped it with a piece of talc."

"Why did he choose her flat?"

"Because it was an isolated one, on the top floor. Or because he knew her habits. Just bad luck that she should have been there at all."

"Bad luck for her," agreed Barstow sourly. "Well, we've got the machine working. We may turn something up."

Haxtell was an experienced police officer. He knew that investigating a murder was like dropping a stone into a pool of water. He started two inquiries at once. Everybody within



When Petrella called on Mrs. Taylor, he found her reactions standard. Although apprehensive at first, she later gave him the information he wanted.

a hundred yards of the flat was asked what they had been doing and whether they had noticed anything. And everyone remotely connected with Miss Martin, by ties of blood, friendship, or business, was sought out and questioned.

It is a system that involves an enormous amount of work for a large number of people, and has got only one thing in its favor. It is nearly always successful in the end.

To Sergeant Petrella fell the task of questioning all the other tenants in the block. This involved seven visits. In each case at least one person, it appeared, had been at home all Friday morning. And no one had heard anything, which was disappointing. Had anything unusual happened on Friday morning? The first six people to whom this inquiry was addressed scratched their heads and said that they didn't think anything had. The seventh mentioned the gentleman who had left census papers.

Now Petrella was by then both hot and tired. He was, according to which way you looked at it, either very late for his lunch or rather early for his tea. He was on the point of dismissing the man with the census papers when the instinct that guides all good policemen drove him to persevere with one further inquiry. Had he not the Martin case would probably have remained unsolved.

As he probed, a curious little story emerged. The man had not actually left any papers behind him. He had been making preliminary inquiries as to the number of people on the premises so that arrangements for the census could be put in hand. The papers would be issued later.

Petrella trudged down three flights of stairs—it is only in grave emergency that a policeman is allowed to use a private telephone—and rang up the Municipal Returning Officer from a call box.

After that he revisited the first six flats. The occupants unanimously agreed that a "man from the Council" had called on them that Friday morning. They had not mentioned it because Petrella had asked if anything "unusual" had happened. There was nothing in the least unusual in men from the Council snooping round.

Petrella asked for a description and collated, from his six informants, the following items: The man in question was young, youngish, sort of middle-aged—this was from the teen-aged daughter in No. 37. He was bareheaded and had tousled hair. He was wearing a hat. He had a shifty look—No. 34; a nice smile—teen-aged daughter; couldn't say, didn't really look at him—the remainder. He was about six foot—five foot nine—five foot six—didn't notice. He had an ordinary sort of voice. He was wearing an Old Harrovian tie—gentleman in ground-floor flat No. 34. He seemed to walk with rather a stiff sort of leg, almost a limp—four out of six informants.

Petrella hurried back to Highside Police Station, where he found Haxtell and Barstow in conference.

"There doesn't seem to be much doubt," he reported, "that it was a sneak thief. Posing as a Council employee. I've checked with them and they are certain that he couldn't have been genuine. His plan would be to knock once or twice. If he got no answer he'd either slip the lock or force it. He drew a blank at the other seven. Someone answered the door in each of them. When he got to No. 39, I expect Miss Martin didn't hear him. The migraine must have made her pretty blind and deaf."

"That's right," said Barstow. "And then she came out and caught him at it, and he hit her."

"The descriptions aren't a lot of good," said Haxtell, "but we'll get all the pictures from the C.R.O. of people known to go in for this sort of lark. They may sort someone out for us."

"Don't forget the most important item," said Barstow. "The limp."

Petrella said, "It did occur to me to wonder whether we ought to place much reliance on the limp, sir."

He received a glare that would have daunted a less self-confident man.

"He would have to have somewhere to hide that big screw-driver. It was almost two foot long. The natural place would be a pocket inside his trouser leg. That might account for the appearance of a stiff leg."

Haxtell avoided Barstow's eye. "It's an idea," he said. "Now just get along and start checking on this list of Miss Martin's known relations."

"There was one other thing—"

"Do you know," observed Chief Superintendent Barstow unkindly, "why young policemen have two feet but only one head?"

Petrella accepted the hint and departed.

Nevertheless, the idea persisted; and later that day, when he was alone with Superintendent Haxtell, he voiced it to him.

"Do you remember," he said, "about six months ago I think it was, we had an outbreak of this sort of thing in the Cholderton Road, Park Branch area? A man cleared out three or four blocks of flats, and we never caught him. He was posing as a pools salesman then."

"The man who left his coat behind."

"That's right," said Petrella. "With Colonel Wing."

Colonel Wing was nearly ninety and rather deaf, but still spry. He had fought in the Afghan campaign, and one Zulu war, and the walls of his top-floor living-room in Cholderton Mansions were adorned with a fine selection of assegais, yataghans, and knopkieries. Six months before this story opens he had had an experience that might have unnerved a less seasoned warrior.

Pottering out of his bedroom one fine morning at about eleven o'clock—he was not an early riser—he had observed a man kneeling in front of his sideboard and quietly sorting

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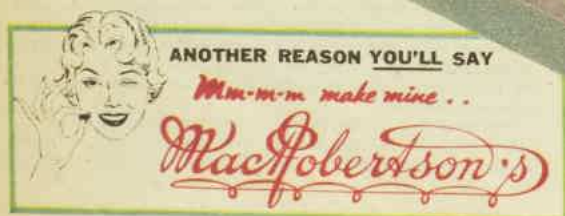
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 1, 1958



RENDEZVOUS

A short short story
By **ROBERT O'BRIEN**

YOUNG Mrs. Kimberly walked eagerly down the street towards the hotel. A sidewalk photographer framed her briefly in his finder as she advanced towards him with that lithe stride, with that beautiful expectant smile on her face. He was about to trip the shutter. But then he shrugged. Why bother? She didn't even know he was there.

Mrs. Kimberly didn't hear the traffic noises either or see the people in the street. She was lost in another spring afternoon — a far-off care-free afternoon back beyond the years of her marriage and her senior year at the university.

She was remembering rolling hills, a sky unspeakably soft and blue, and the warm smell of grass, sunlight glinting on the lovely green bottle that had held the chilled picnic wine.

She had looked at him and said, "I wonder where we'll be five years from now—this very instant?"

He smiled. "What's wrong with right here — like this?"

Her finger traced a tender arabesque across his cheek. "Nice," she said, "but impractical."

"Okay, let's be romantic. What about under the clock at the St. Francis at" — he swung his wrist-watch up — "two minutes past five, five years from today, September 20, 1958?"

"You'll forget," she said.

"I'll be there," he said softly, and brushed her lips with his.

Suddenly this was important. She drew back, searching his face, his eyes, to make sure of the truth. "No matter what happens?"

"Darling, from the ends of the earth."

They clung to each other. A lark down the meadow dropped five silver notes into the lazy waning light . . .

Whenever she had felt weary and plain and humdrum, Mrs. Kimberly had dreamed of this moment, and now at five o'clock, with all the days of those five years behind her, she stood at the top of the hotel steps, trying to still her pounding heart. An attendant opened the door. She stepped inside.

Dark pillars soared to the lofty ceiling. Incoming house guests milled before the desk. Some had come from Hawaii and filled the air with the sweet scent of their pikaki leis. A mezzanine ensemble wove the sound of violins into the confusion and bustle.

Mrs. Kimberly made her way to the tall grandfather clock on the far side of the lobby. Beside it stood a stout man in a black homburg smoking a cigar. The massive brass weights hung immobile in their glass case. The hands of the clock said exactly 5.02.

Under the homburg's brim, one

dark eyebrow lifted in bland interest.

"You Miss Watson?"

"No," she murmured, "I'm not Miss Watson."

She found an empty chair and sat down. He'll remember. He said he'd be here. I mustn't let myself think he isn't coming . . .

She forced herself to concentrate on something else — the details of the past few hours — putting on her smartest black dress, leaving the apartment, driving Kevin, her three-year-old, to her mother's ("You'd better plan on having him overnight," she said), the long ride downtown, her mounting excitement. But she couldn't take her eyes off the faces of the crowd.

All at once she saw a tall, erect figure edging sideways through the throng before the elevators. She went a little weak inside and stood up. Then he broke free, turned her way. Mrs. Kimberly sank back. He was a stranger.

Slowly, inexorably, the hands of the big grandfather clock swung past 5.20, past 5.25 . . .

"Why, Constance Kimberly!"

Mrs. Kimberly looked around. She managed a smile. The florid face, the furs, feathers, tinkling

bangles, and assorted bundles of her mother's girlhood friend Madge Thomas collapsed into the opposite chair.

"Connie, my dear, you don't know how glad I am to see you. How is your dear mother? And your sweet little boy? And your dear husband, Bruce. Is he still in insurance? I want to know all about them —"

Mrs. Thomas bent over, fumbling through her handbag. "Tell me, are you meeting Bruce? Or" — she leaned over intimately, eyes narrowing in mock conspiracy — "are you keeping a tryst with some dark, passionate lover?"

The hands on the clock said 5.41.

"Connie, dear, I've lost my cigarettes."

Mrs. Kimberly stood up. "Stay right here, Mrs. Thomas. I'll get you some."

Head high and cheeks burning, Mrs. Kimberly crossed the lobby, passed the cigarette counter, the news-stand, the bright bouquet of the flower shop. She ran swiftly up carpeted steps, pushed through a door, and walked blindly down the street, alone in the crowd and the tender evening light.

The apartment, as she let herself

in, seemed haunted. There, in the hall where she had told him a hundred times never to leave it, was Kevin's tricycle. Over the back of a living-room chair was the coat to the suit Bruce had worn to work yesterday.

She went to the bedroom. She wanted to lock herself in, turn out the lights, and lie down in the dark. But she undressed and mechanically put her clothes away. She zipped on a printed housedress and went into the kitchen.

Stacked in the sink were the dishes of the late, hasty lunch she and Kevin had eaten. She washed them, and made herself some supper. For once, she didn't care when Bruce got home. She would eat and go to bed. After all, she thought bitterly, we housewives and other drudges need our sleep; it's the only drug we can afford . . .

She heard a key in the lock, and the front door opened and closed, and she looked up from the kitchen table over her sandwich and milk and empty soup bowl, and there was Bruce.

"You look as if you'd just come from a funeral," Connie said crisply.

Bruce dropped into a chair beside the table. "I think I have. Where's Kev?"

"At Mother's—for the night."

"That's good." He leaned his elbows on the table and lowered his head to his hands and slowly ran his fingers through his short brown hair.

Mrs. Kimberly felt trapped as the older woman sitting in the chair opposite talked on incessantly.

"I want to be with you. Just with you."

Part of her wanted to stay hard and cold forever. But another part of her melted and wanted to take him in her arms.

"What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all," he said harshly. "I just lost out on the Union shipyard policy, that's all."

She reached out, touched his hand. "But Bruce — after all that work? All those conferences?"

"Don't ask me how it happened. I went over there and talked and begged and threatened and argued, trying to make them go through with it. But they just froze me out. They're getting it through another office and another company." He laid his forehead on her hand. "It was a long drive home, Connie. I didn't want to get here. I didn't want to have to tell you and Kev."

Neither of them said anything. The refrigerator broke the silence with its busy, familiar whirr.

"Your hand's cool and soft and it feels so good, Connie."

She went on her knees beside him. She felt him grope to her, needing her, and suddenly she was crying.

It doesn't matter that you forgot, darling. You'll never know, and I'll never tell, and it doesn't matter any more . . .

They held each other very tightly and were closer than they had ever been before, and she felt that somehow their life together was really just beginning.

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Page 23

Tery

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colour
in 'Terylene'
and wool

This Spring you must change your ideas about colour! Because, thanks to the new partnership of wool and 'Terylene' vibrant colours and even the palest pastels have become commonsense, every-day choice for men and women. 'Terylene' has extended the 'easy-clothes-care' life into high-fashion with, for the first time, wonderful colours in summerweight blends of 'Terylene' and wool.

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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

THIS is a letter, or rather, a plea, from a mother of two boys—one a normal nine-year-old and one a subnormal 11-year-old. We have all just come back from a holiday made very unhappy for my younger boy. Most nights he cried at bedtime because of the way most of the other kiddies treated him. He was asked every time he appeared, "Where's your loony brother?" and the like. How can a sensitive nine-year-old hit back or try to defend his older brother? My plea is made to other mothers—not the children—please help us by instructing your "normal" children about kindness to others less fortunate.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Edna Foy, 105 Awaba Street, Mosman, N.S.W.

WHY don't primary schools teach ballroom dancing to their older pupils instead of folk dancing? Soon I will be allowed to go to dances, but won't know anything about ballroom deportment or dancing.

10/6 to Miss D. Dutton, M/S 373, Landsborough, Qld.

WHY can't women, especially young women, be more sparing in the use of perfume and fragrant powder? Often when one passes a pretty girl in the street the smell is overpowering. The use of perfume is the heritage of femininity, but let it be used only in the smallest quantities so that it haunts a man like a half-remembered dream, as it should.

10/6 to Peter Thompson, 70 Hobbs Ave., Dalkeith, W.A.

I THINK the fines imposed for cruel treatment of animals are ridiculously small compared with fines for other offences. A person who wilfully injures an animal often is fined no more than a car-driver who exceeds the speed limit. Can't something be done to give poor, dumb animals more protection from cruel and thoughtless humans?

10/6 to Miss Myrtle Wilson, "Ayrhill," Beaconsfield, Vic.

I HAVE a good tip for many people who have trouble removing the scales from fish. If you put the fish in hot water for a few minutes you can get the skin and scales off without trouble.

10/6 to Mr. K. A. Bremers, 43 Grants St., North Cottesloe, W.A.

PARENTS who expect their married children to spend the entire Christmas Day—dinner and tea—with them are thoroughly selfish. Young people have their own circle of friends and acquaintances and often wish to entertain them or go visiting. If they do not fall in with their parents' wishes the parents are offended. If sons and daughters pay a visit to their parents over the Christmas period and send a gift, that is all that should be expected of them.

10/6 to Mrs. C. Murphy, Houghton, S.A.

I HAVE noticed, with annoyance, that already we are being reminded of the number of weeks to Christmas and urged to lay-by our gifts now. Christmas comes but once a year and much of its joy is in spontaneous giving. Surely it is contrary to its spirit to be straining one's resources for half the year in order to buy expensive presents? A small gift given with goodwill is more appropriate to the season than something lavish that one can ill afford.

10/6 to Miss Norma Scully, 73 Hutton Street, Thornbury, Vic.

EARLY last June a letter of mine appealing for wool for charities appeared on this page. The response was wonderful. I acknowledged over 60 parcels from readers from nearly every State, and now would like to thank the many anonymous donors.

Sent in by E. M. Higgins, Mackerel Beach, via Palm Beach, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

A HEALTH display I saw recently, showing the effect of light on milk, led me to wonder why brown or dark-colored glass is not used in the manufacture of milk bottles. I have often seen milk on the front steps of homes in the full glare of morning sunlight. Many of the necessary and valuable vitamins that are lost in this way would be preserved by the use of dark bottles.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Muller, 18 Swain Street, Holland Park, Brisbane.

HAVING just celebrated Dad's Day with much gift-giving and pretty sentiments, I couldn't help but think of another member of the family sadly neglected. Why not a Maiden Aunt Day? She is one of the bulwarks of family life—she comes in time of stress, to baby sit, to do a spot of sewing, to care for elderly parents.

10/6 to "Emma" (name supplied), Malabar, N.S.W.

Equal Pay

QUITE a few people will disagree with Else Homer (27/8/58), who said that when a woman's family has grown up "she wants and needs a job more than anything else." Considering there are many men unemployed in Australia today there should be no need for a woman to take a paid job. As for filling in time, there are dozens of organisations crying out for voluntary helpers in all kinds of charitable work. Having had a family of four, I can speak from experience. The days are now too short for me to fit in all the things I want to do.

10/6 to "Mrs. E.H." (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

WE have all read many "fors" and "against" on equal pay for women, for example, Else Homer's letter (27/8/58), but no one has pointed out the good that equal pay will do morally. Too many girls live on their own, struggling to make ends meet. The high rents, cost of food do not take into account women's lower wages. Consequently we are breeding a race of good-time girls who rely on meeting men to take them out to dinner three or four times a week. Women should be safeguarded from the wolves who prey on girls living in rooms, and there is only one way to do this—make them independent.

10/6 to G. Norman, 27 Bucknell St., Newtown, N.S.W.

Family affairs

MY small boy of five is quite able to wash and dress himself in the morning, but I found he sometimes forgot to put on a vest, or pants, and often wore thick winter pants and a thin summer shirt. He put on red socks, green shirt, etc., and generally got all mixed up. So now, when I am ironing his clothes I put them in sets of vest and pants, shirt, knickers, and socks, all to match, in large plastic bags, and put these in his drawer. All he has to do is to take out a bag and put on everything in it to be correctly dressed for the time of year.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. G. Mackinlay, "Montanna," Mofflin Avenue, Darlington, W.A.

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

• Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was On Me. Every week we award £2/2/- each to the two best entries.

EXPECTING my first baby, I rather flattered myself on how well I was concealing the fact. However, I confided my secret to an old fellow living alone next door, saying how busy I would be after my baby came in November.

"November!" he exclaimed. "Oh, I thought it must be due any day now." £2/2/- to "Kidding Myself" (name supplied), Annerley, Brisbane.

I WAS doing the dishes happily in the kitchen and singing at the same time. Then my brother came in from the garden, and, with a surprised look on his face, said:

"Gee, I thought it was the wireless."

I thanked him, but he went on: "I came in specially to turn it off."

£2/2/- to Miss J. Opie, 9 McCulloch Ave., Klemzig, S.A.

• Send your entries to THE LAUGH WAS ON ME, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Ross Campbell,
whose feature
appears here
each week, is
on holidays.

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"I AM 14 years old. I am very worried as I have hardly any bust. All the other girls I know who are about my size have fully developed. Last year I began to grow quite normally like most girls of 13. Half-way through last year I just suddenly stopped growing, and now I am 14. My bust grew to a certain extent, that is, it is just raised from my chest, and has stayed like that for nearly 14 years. My mother says that the reason I have not developed is due to different sicknesses which I have had during the past years. I have a few close girl-friends, and they agree with me that I have just stopped growing. Could there be something wrong with me? I don't know why I haven't developed properly as I have been having my periods for over a year. I was told that exercising would help to strengthen and stretch the muscles around the bust. Please advise me."

"Worried," N.S.W.

You haven't stopped growing. The difference between you and your girl-friends is simply that their rate of development is different.

No two girls develop physically at the same rate. One girl may start at 10 or 11 and develop so rapidly that by 12 she has rounded hips and a full bosom, and menstruates regularly. Her best friend may have a much slower rate and not begin to round out until she is 14 or 15. Both girls are perfectly normal.

Your own growth rate, as well as the size you will ultimately reach, is something you can do little about. It is largely hereditary.

Breast tissue consists of glands and fat, surrounded by supporting muscle tissue. A general weight gain would add a small proportion of fat to your breast tissue. But you should know that, normally, as your bosom develops, the amount of fat underlying and immediately surrounding this area increases from the onset of development (in your case 18 months ago) until you achieve the "mature breast" stage. This takes three years, sometimes more. You won't reach full mature development before your late teens.

But there are some bosom secrets every girl should know, for it is natural and normal for any girl to want to have a pretty bosom profile. One of the most important secrets is posture. Round shoulders and heads held down and out like a turtle make your bosom slide down into unbecoming curves.

Perfect posture will actually lift your bosom and give it its most beautiful contours. Hold your shoulders back, your stomach in, tuck your tail under, and hold your head high. Learn to do this automatically, to walk this way.

Another good bosom exercise is hair-brushing. Sit on the floor against a wall with your legs crossed like a tailor, hairbrush in hand. Brush your hair one hundred times. Hold your head up and back a bit, and brush the front of your hair upwards, 50 times. Sitting the same way, drop your head forward and brush your hair up and over

from the nape of the neck to the forehead. Use alternate hands.

Do this night and morning and your hair will shine like silk, the muscles that support your bosom will be strengthened, your back will be straighter, your carriage improved, and your bosom will be a prettier shape.

"WE are two girls of 16 and like two brothers of 18. By their actions we presume they like us, too. What can we do to attract them to us, as we don't know what to say when we meet them? Shall we just be natural or will we make it look as if we want to attract them?"

"Muddled Teenagers," Vic.

Just be natural. Let the boys do the chasing.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

I'M developing a "thing" about LP covers.

A few weeks ago I saw one with a tree that was growing violins instead of fruit, and now I've found another. This has a background of moonlit waves, and in the foreground a grand piano with sea shells scattered around its feet. An object slumped across the piano looks like a polar bear, but it turns out to be Winifred Atwell's famous white furs. Possibly Winnie abandoned them after making this recording of Gershwin's "Rhapsody In Blue" (LKA.4214), knowing that this disc would be such a money-spinner that she'll be able to buy new furs for every day of the week.

Sometimes, I forget that Winnie has a classical background and studied under the finest teachers. In recent years she has returned to her first love, the concert platform, and she has always wanted to record "Rhapsody In Blue." It's an exciting performance, provided you aren't heartily sick of the music as I am. And since she is backed by Ted Heath's band the accent is more jazzy than on the classical side.

The 34-year-old "Rhapsody" occupies one side of the disc. On the other we find Winnie in quite another mood as she plays really delightfully seven Gershwin favorites. Rhythm is supplied discreetly by guitar and drums. Among the tunes are "Nice Work If You Can Get It," "Someone To Watch Over Me," "Love Walked In," and "Let's Call The Whole Thing Off."

I do wish someone would make a recording of Richard Rodgers' little-known songs, or even his flop songs for that matter. "Andy Williams Sings Rodgers and Hammerstein" (HAA.7510) is not very adventurous in its contents. You'll hear "Some Enchanted Evening," "If I Loved You," "Surrey With The Fringe On Top," "We Kiss In A Shadow," and eight others from "South Pacific," "Carousel," "Oklahoma!" and "King and I." Andy, who is well known on American TV and the nightclub circuits, treats most of them in an intimate, leisurely paced manner, and if you're romantically inclined you'll probably like him very much.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



A word from Debbie . . .

It's a rare girl who doesn't turn the family bathroom into a water-garden with a plip, plip, plop soundtrack as her undies and stockings drip dry. Undies and stockings drying don't improve the look of any bathroom as they sway

along the shower rail. Why not invest in a few plastic hangers and hang your washing behind the shower curtain? It will send your family popularity rating up.

Washing know-how doubles the life of your nylons and party accessories like flimsy blouses and fragile lace collars. Before you wash your nylons, take off all rings and run the emery board round your fingernails. Rubber gloves are the complete insurance against washing snags.

If you have some super-sheer nylons to wash or those fragile pretties I mentioned before, wash them in a jar. Get a large screw-top jar, half fill it with warm water and your favorite dirt remover, pop your stockings in, put the lid on and shake the jar like a cocktail-shaker. Rinse the same way.



years
ahead...



**Wilkins
Servis**

so fast...

so efficient...

so wonderful to own!

Once again Wilkins Servis has come top in the latest series of Washing Machine tests conducted by Kay Seton. Top for speed . . . top for efficiency . . . top for ease! Again and again Wilkins Servis proves itself the finest Washing Machine in Australia on all points.



Mrs. Kay Seton, noted Home Laundry Adviser, reports:

"Of all brands tested, Wilkins Servis scored most for ease of control, speed and efficiency. It is the only washer that eliminates stooping by giving waist-high control of every action . . . filling, washing, wringing and emptying. Tests revealed Wilkins Servis gets the ideal family load of 9 lb. of washing out on the line in only 12 minutes!"

Wilkins Servis is filled with "years ahead" features. Wide-sweep agitation that washes even whiter than copper boiling—fast and gently. Automatic wringing with big-capacity 12-inch rollers. A Calorific Thermal Jacket that speeds boiling—keeps water hot through the longest wash. Even a handy storage cupboard for Rinso, pegs and other items!

Choose Wilkins Servis in plain or "gay-tone" colours. At all stores—99 gns. to 114 gns. or terms of a few shillings a week.

5 YEAR GUARANTEE

(12 months' free service)

Plus Complete

Lifetime Service Plan

Gives you free labour and parts for the entire life of your Wilkins Servis Washing Machine. (Service Plan available in Capital Cities only.)

Sold all over the world—on superiority.



**CLEANS
YOUR HAIR
LIKE MAGIC!**

... leaves it shining,
silken-soft and lovely!

**RICHARD HUDNUT
egg creme
SHAMPOO**

for NORMAL, DRY
or OILY hair

**Soapless!
Concentrated!**

This wonderful, soapless shampoo contains the natural, beneficial protein of egg formula. And egg is a natural beautifier of hair. Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleanses your hair like magic—yet it's gentle, non-drying. It leaves no dulling, "soapy" film and it keeps your hair shining clean.

Dull, dry hair, limp, oily hair gain new silken beauty; hidden subtleties of tone are revealed. Every permanent "takes" better. Best of all, Egg Creme Shampoo is concentrated—costs no more to use than ordinary shampoos. Made in two types to care for all kinds of hair.



**Economical
Bottles
5/6 & 9/6**

**Bubbles ...
1/3**



ECS21-143

FATHER



"Relax. They're very good here about notifying you promptly whether it's a boy or girl."

MOTHER



"Look Mum! It says here: You MUST make this delicious pineapple marshmallow strawberry sundae for dinner TO-NIGHT!"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

UP till the time of writing, spring hasn't deserved a mention.

It is possible that residents of the suburbs are cheered by their gardens or something.

But where I live any signs of the season have been strictly confined to the windows of dress shops and florists.

One has to fall back on theoretic evidences of spring, such as recent news that fashion extends not only to clothes and hair but to facial expression.

The tomboy grin appropriate to the Italian Boy haircut is out, one learns.

For the new, fringed, Edwardian hairstyles the eyes should look wide and innocent; the expression should combine a half-pout and a half-smile.

Have you ever tried to combine a half-pout and a half-smile? Practise it in the mirror, as a cheer-up. But close the door first.

THE P.M.G.'s current blitz on unlicensed radio and TV sets reminds me of when I bought my first radio.

It was secondhand, even then obsolete, of a kind described as portable, though it weighed all of 25lb.

A few weeks after I bought it an inspector called and discovered I hadn't a licence.

"How long have you had the set?" he asked, looking suspiciously at its battered exterior. "About a fortnight," I told him, cutting a couple of weeks off for luck.

"Have you a receipt?"

"No," I said truthfully.

"Where did you buy it?"

"From a friend of a friend," I explained, also truthfully. "This girl told me she knew a man who wanted to sell one. I think," I added helpfully, "that his first name was Terry."

The inspector looked baffled. "You run along and buy a licence today," he said in a fatherly way, and departed.

That, of course, was quite a while ago. There comes a time when one is unlikely to excite fatherly qualities in P.M.G. inspectors, and nowadays I keep my licences up to date.

TRADE magazines are among my favorite reading. They provide an insight into the strategy of those with goods or services to sell.

One I like particularly is an Australian publication devoted to the retail grocery trade. Its columns discuss the best way of luring the cash from the customer's handbag. Did you know, for instance, that the latest modern layout in self-service stores is designed to make you stay in the shop as long as possible?

The current issue contains an interesting hint for shopkeepers.

One had asked how to keep out dogs without offending owners.

The solution: "Put electric fans on both sides of the door, about 18 inches above the ground and pointing directly across (but not through) the entrance."

"You then have a cross-blast of air. The doggies don't see it and won't come in."

SLICE of life, early morning variety (Dialogue reproduced by courtesy of one of the participants):

Wife (making up her face for the day and thinking how dreary she looked): "Oh, I forgot to tell you; I have an admirer. A woman down at the shop told someone that I have a scintillating personality."

Husband (sighing): "Yes, you CAN put yourself out when you want to."

Long pause.

Husband (earnestly): "I

didn't mean that as a backhander. I meant it as a compliment. I have noticed that you make an effort and put on a show when you don't feel like it. I can't. I can't force myself."

Longer pause.

Wife (with deadead of deadpan): "Oh, I don't know. So many people tell me how charming you are."

LET me preface the following complaint by saying that I appreciate good manners in men.

I like nearly all the little attentions which imply that women are fragile (instead of, as in fact, tough as barbed wire).

But there's one hangover from more gracious days that drives me nutty. It's the way that men stand jamming a lift door waiting for the little women at the back to get out first.

It looks civil, but it causes delay and discomfort. And, sad to say, many of the characters who behave so politely in a lift wouldn't deign to pluck you out of a river if you were drowning.

IN passing a home plan this month Kuring-gai Council (Sydney) rejected a proposal to put a clothes hoist at the front of the house. A dissenting alderman said: "One should not be ashamed of one's washing."

Ashamed? Oh no. I'm sensitive. Are you? Or is your washing an impressive sight? What color are your sheets? Yellow? Too blue?

Or, always, like your neighbor's, snowy white?

If little Johnnie's pants are never torn, And, if you own no faded underwear, Close watching of your clothesline can be borne.

Whether in front of house or at the rear.

Washing's a task that hardly rates as fun, And yet the satisfaction is immense.

I like to see it hanging in the sun, But, for my choice, behind a ten-foot fence.

Mink Contest — progress prizes

HOW TO ENTER

- 1 Send us your favorite money-saving hint or hints.
- 2 Write, type, or print your hint or hints on one side of the paper only. Add, in no more than 100 words, why and how the hint is economical.
- 3 Write or print your name clearly at the top of each sheet of paper as well as on the coupon below.
- 4 Attach your hint or hints to the completed coupon. Remember you may send as many entries as you like.
- 5 Mark the envelope containing your entry "Mink Coat Contest" and address it to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

CONTEST RULES

- Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.
- Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges, and no correspondence will be entered into about the decision.
- All entries become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.
- Throughout the contest, progress prizes of £1 will be awarded. These entries also will be eligible for the big prize.
- Closing date of the contest is October 29. Entries received after that date will not be eligible.

• A Tasmanian reader and another from a country town in New South Wales have won the first two progress prizes of £1 each in our economy hint contest.

THESE two readers will still be eligible to win the magnificent £2000 full-length mink coat which The Australian Women's Weekly is offering as first prize in the contest.

The two £1 winners are:
Mrs. Lucan Cope, Bass Highway, Penguin, Tas.

Mrs. A. M. Dunlop, Bendee Street, Barellan, N.S.W.

Here is Mrs. Cope's hint:
Every week, on Thursday, my husband gives me his wages. But every week I open the packet a day later. One week will be on a Thursday, the next week on a Friday, and so on. Then, seven weeks later, I have two wage packets to open.

In seven weeks I can save a whole week's salary and I certainly don't feel the pinch in making the housekeeping money last another day. It's a fascinating "game" to play also.

(If I don't win the competition I can save the money for a mink coat in 40 YEARS.)

This is Mrs. Dunlop's hint:
Sew small pieces of foam rubber inside the knee part of babies' overalls to protect the knees when crawling. It also lengthens the life of the overalls.

ALL you have to do to win the superb mink and a weekly £1 progress prize is to send us a hint which saves money and has given satisfaction.

Tell us (in not more than 100 words) WHY and HOW the hint is economical.

Men can enter the contest. If a man wins, he can nominate the woman to whom he wishes the coat to be awarded.

Your hint can apply to any aspect of your budget — a cookery tip or one for saving a furnishing or household maintenance expense.

It may be for a makeshift toy or an economical dress-making or beauty hint.

Remember, the AMOUNT of money you save is not important. As long as it is really economical, it's the hint that counts.

The coat is a Dior-designed "classic mink." The restrained simplicity of its line gives a high degree of wearability and elegance.

It will be made of black diamond (dark brown) mink. The aim of the rancher who breeds dark mink is to achieve the darkest possible color, and black diamond is the ultimate.

We have chosen dark brown because it is a traditional choice. It never dates, never goes out of style.

The prize-winning coat will be made specially to fit the winner.

Because of the intricate shaping and sewing of each pelt, 10 miles of stitching go into the making of a full-length mink coat.

Such careful stitching and shaping produces the undisturbed "flow" of each pelt from top to hemline that is essential for a luxury coat.

There is no entry fee for the contest. You may send as many entries as you like.

Just fill in the coupon on this page and attach it to your entries.

Progress prizes will be awarded throughout the contest. Entries which receive these awards will still be eligible to win the mink coat.

The contest closes on October 29.

£2000 ENTRY COUPON £2000

The Australian Women's Weekly MINK COAT CONTEST

Name
(Mr., Mrs., Miss)

Address

State

No. of entries

I agree to abide by the contest rules published in The Australian Women's Weekly.



FULL-LENGTH coat in black diamond mink which will be made to fit the winner of our £2000 Mink Coat Contest. Its elegant, classic lines will never date.

A YOUNG Fulbright scholar in Town Planning, Pamela Read Jewett, who is 24 and looks like a tall edition of film star Pier Angeli, is here to ask Australians how they want to live.

Pamela calls her project a "livability study."

"It's a way of tackling town planning from the people's angle," she said. "Instead of architects and engineers deciding how and where they think people should live, a questionnaire is put to the people themselves so that they can tell us where and how they wish to live."

"The project will try to find out whether people live where they do because of necessity or by choice."

Pamela, who is living at Sydney University's Women's College, has been here less than a month, but has already found that many Australians are "anti-flat."

"Most of them seem to want to have their own homes and gardens," she said.

"This means that cities spread enormously into far-out suburbs, creating plumbing and electricity problems and increasing the cost of transport."

"In America there tends to be this pattern of living: a flat for young married couples in town; then out to the suburbs into a house with garden for children; later, with

Worth Reporting

children grown up, back to a city flat again."

Pamela took her Master's degree in Town Planning at the University of North Carolina, where the study of town planning emphasises social science, economics, political science, and administration.

Most other Town Planning courses, including those in Australia, are set up under Schools of Architecture and Engineering.

Dolls' clothes for Boy Scouts

WE had a phone call from a proud husband the other day—Mr. Victor Watch, of Ryde, N.S.W.

Mr. Watch told us about a collection of dolls' clothes made by his wife. "If they were in a window in a city store," said Mr. Watch, "I guarantee they would stop the traffic."

Mrs. Watch made the clothes to help the Ryde Boy Scouts raise money at their recent fete.

"I made them in my spare time—which isn't much," she said. "Dresses, pyjamas, jeans, shirts, pinafores, sunsuits, bonnets, beanies . . . about 80 garments altogether."

Gossip is good for you!

GOSSIPING women have a defender at last. And it's a man!

"Gossiping keeps women young," announces the Institute for Labor Psychology at the Indiana University in a report by Professor Harold Distels.

"Don't despise women who gossip," says Dr. Distels.

"Gossiping means: (a) a beneficial change in the monotony of everyday routine; (b) relaxation from the pressure of housework; (c) mental relief and laughter; (d) increase of social, inter-human relationship."

The professor made the report after six years' study on why women have a longer life expectancy than men.

He believes that women have greater vitality than men and that—perhaps unconsciously—they have developed a clever way of dividing their day into periods of standing and sitting, exertion and relaxation.

That clever way, girls, is gossip. So talk away!

ONE girl who isn't worried about her age and who is just longing to become a grandmother is Princess Iva Fuenstenburg, whose fairytale Venetian wedding took place when she was 15.

Now expecting her second child, the 18-year-old Princess hopes it will be a girl to join her baby son, Prince Christopher. "If she marries as young as I, then I could be a grandmother at 34," said the delighted Princess.

Dame Sybil climbs cliffs

THAT grand old dame of English theatre Dame Sybil Thorndike is making everyone forget her age — 76 — while working on a new film.

Filming in the wilds of Scotland, she climbed cliffs, was rescued from a leaking boat in a very rough sea.

"And I also have to drink pints of beer, so my Australian drinking days have got me in practice," she said.

With Dame Sybil, who plays one of three women who escape from a rest home and have hazardous adventures, are Estelle Winwood and Kathleen Harrison. Their ages total 211 years. Title of the film—"Alive and Kicking."



"Who won?"

WE'VE just been told of a millionaire's problem that we didn't know existed, but we were interested in how he solved it.

Greek shipping tycoon Stavros Niarchos, holidaying in his 25-room house at the chic Swiss ski-ing resort of St. Moritz, announced that he'd had to buy another 10-room house just 500 yards away. "Champagne corks popping and music kept the children awake at night," he explained, as the two young children and their nanny moved house.

At 22, an artist in metal

TALL, dark, and exotic Darani Lewers is soon to hold her first one-man exhibition, which is news because

Darani has just turned 22, making her Sydney's youngest-ever exhibitor at David Jones' Art Gallery.

After two years studying metal craftsmanship, she now produces unusual jewellery in silver, copper, and gold.

She wears her own jewellery, often makes sales on the spot when women ask her where they can get earrings, bracelets, or rings like her own.

At the opening of her show, late in October, will be her sculptor father, Gerry Lewers, now in Melbourne designing a huge fountain for the new I.C.I. building, and her artist mother, Margot Lewers, now visiting China and Japan.

Next January Darani will take off herself for England to show her "Work in Silver" exhibition in London.

Exhibition gardens at Mt. Wilson



BEBEAH, owned by Miss M. Sloan, is one of the original homes on Mt. Wilson. Azaleas and rhododendrons make a brilliant picture. A pink dogwood is in front of the deodar.

Spring is the time for flower inspections all over Australia—when gardens are at their best.

Here are the gardens of six homes at Mt. Wilson, N.S.W.,

which will be opened on October 25 and 26, in aid of local charities.

Only the garden at Koonawarra was planted after 1880.



KOONAWARRA, the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Armitage, is framed by the Japanese cherry, *Kanzan*. This is one of the newer gardens.



DENNARQUE, the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Austin, is one of the original homes. The name is an aboriginal word for treefern.



NOOROO is also one of the original homes built at Mt. Wilson and, like the others, is set among a group of huge old trees. Daffodils carpet the ground at Nooroo, home of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Valder.



WYNNSTAY, settled in 1870, is the home of Col. and Mrs. R. O. Wynne. Here are azaleas, rhododendrons, and Japanese maples.

YENGO, built in 1880, is the home of Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Thomas. This corner of the garden has an orange mollis azalea near an Italian cypress.

SERVE SPAGHETTI

IT'S SIMPLY DELICIOUS
— DELIGHTFULLY SIMPLE

Here are two really appetizing recipes—easy to prepare, tasty and satisfying—try them for lunch or T.V. supper snack.

Biddy's SPAGHETTI MINCE RING

1 16-oz. can Biddy's Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce with Cheese, 1 lb. minced steak, 1 Snack Pack (4½ ozs.) Raleigh Creme of Tomato Soup, 1 Snack Pack Raleigh Creme of Mushroom Soup, 1 onion (chopped finely),

1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce, salt and pepper.

Place all ingredients, except spaghetti, in medium sized saucepan—stir gently and bring to boil. Simmer for 35 minutes. 10 minutes before serving time, heat Biddy's Spaghetti as per instructions on can.

Serve the minced steak in the centre of a large dish, ring with the spaghetti, and top with tomato halves—garnish with chopped parsley.



Biddy's SPAGHETTI SURPRISE

1 16-oz. can Biddy's Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce with Cheese, 4 hard-boiled eggs, grated cheese and tomato halves, parsley to garnish.

Place sliced hard-boiled eggs in oven-proof dish. Cover with Biddy's Spaghetti. Sprinkle with grated cheese over the top and decorate with tomato halves. Place in moderate oven until cheese is melted and browned slightly. Garnish with parsley and serve.

CUT THESE SUGGESTIONS FOR YOUR
'WOMEN'S WEEKLY' INDEX FILE

Quick to Serve—Sure to Please

BIDDY'S BAKED BEANS
IN TOMATO SAUCE

BIDDY'S
SPAGHETTI
IN TOMATO SAUCE
WITH CHEESE

BIDDY'S
MINT PEAS



SAY **Biddy's** PLEASE
Packed by
RALEIGH PRESERVING CO., LTD. SGBP.2540



DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● A three-piece sun-cum-beach ensemble consisting of matched shorts, top, and skirt is a good fashion for a holiday by the sea.

THE news item above answers a reader's query. Here is the letter and my reply:

"I am seeking your advice about a beach outfit to make for my annual holiday at Christmas. I have a floral cotton with a nice full skirt for evenings, so the outfit I am needing is for the beach. I am 23 years old and take an SSW fitting."

My suggestion for your beach holiday is a three-piece ensemble made in spotted cotton. The design illustrated here consists of shorts, a bloused, sleeveless top, and gathered skirt. It requires 6½ yds. of 36in. material. A paper pattern for the design is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Far right are further details and how to order.

"WOULD you please suggest a design for some white crepe. I want the frock to be something very smart and new, and, if possible, to feature an all-round pleated skirt. My age is 19, and the frock is to wear to a mixed party; the boys are not wearing tuxedos. I can only wear very tailored designs. We will be dancing during the evening."

I suggest a Charleston dress, meaning a design that combines a long unfitted torso and brief pleated skirt. The dress should be close-fitted at the hipline, and accented by a band of self-material. Have the top sleeveless, and the neckline high and square back and front. The dress will look attractive on a dance floor.

"I WANT a really unusual frock suitable for dancing. My material is a floral. I am thin enough to wear the chemise line if you think it looks attractive."

For dancing, a flounced chemise is prettier than the strictly tailored type. Design suggestion: a double rippled self-flounce to finish a straight-cut semi-fitted chemise. Have a self-material bow with long streamers attached to the shoulder strap or a low-back-and-front, oval neckline.

"WHAT silhouette would be now for a taffeta coat to wear after dark?"

A line that arcs gently from a small shoulder yoke (at back), is widest around hip-line level, then narrows at the hemline is currently popular. The front of the coat should be single-breasted and straight.

"I OFTEN read your answers to other readers, and now am seeking advice for myself. I would like an idea for a plain sheath frock that can be dressed up for formal occasions."

An attractive addition for a tailored sheath dress would be flying skirt panels. The panels could be attached to a detachable self-material belt.

"COULD you tell me the newest shades for a woollen frock to suit a girl with dark hair and eyes?"

Apricot, fiery-red, rose-pink, and all shades of blue are new Paris spring-summer colors you might consider.

"MY problem is the right length for a summer frock. I will be wearing the style for dancing, and if you think it correct I would like to wear a sack or chemise."

The short hemline is now well established for day and evening, and a chemise-type dress would be a good choice. Numbers of chemise dresses for dancing are enlivened by pleats, flouncing, or ruffles. About the length: 17in. from the floor is general, but 20in. from the floor was quite usual in the Paris spring collections.

"WOULD you help me by suggesting a fashionable design for some spotted rayon linen? I am in my twenties and like anything new in fashion, but have never liked the sack. The frock is to wear for best."

I suggest a trapeze-line dress. The trapeze is one of the youngest, freshest silhouettes in spring fashions—and becoming, too. Definition of the silhouette narrow-shouldered bodice-top, indented under the bosom with the line bellling to the hem.

"WOULD you please tell me if blue will be a fashionable color for summer wear?"

Yes, it will. Newest shades include royal, aqua, turquoise, and sky.

"I HAVE a yellow straw bucket-brimmed hat I wear with a yellow silk afternoon frock, and would like advice about a floral trimming for the hat. The crown is very deep and fits well on to the head."

Trim the hat with a dark green ribbon band and then circle the crown with a wreath of yellow daisies.

DS329. Shorts, blouse, and skirt—sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Ensemble design requires 6½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9. Patterns are obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I WANT a shortie dressing gown design made in a floral cotton for my trousseau, and would like a new idea for the style. I am 23 and have a 36in. bust."

The trapeze-style duster offers a new fashion theme for housecoats and dressing gowns. The theme is often interpreted with black pleats or fullness from a shoulder yoke. The front of the gown should be slightly indented under the bosom and buttoned from neck to hemline.

"WHAT summer styles other than chemise and trapeze will be worn for summer? I must say I think women out of their teens and early twenties are badly done by in fashion this season."

An unfitted silhouette is quite definitely the newest summer look, but fitted clothes are still in fashion. For instance, a one-piece dress with a marked waistline, the top belted at the natural waist is high on the list of current designs. So is the chemise with a marked waistline, the waist often marked by small self bows. And don't forget separates consisting of a skirt and overblouse. The latter is quite often seen belted from the side seams and tied at centre-front.



Beauty in brief:

GIVE UP TENSE LIVING

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Wooing serenity is easier said than done, but it's a must to erase haggard looks caused by tenseness and continual rushing about.

REALLY let yourself go when relaxing. Take off shoes, stockings, girdle, and any other tight-fitting garment. Put your feet on a pillow and think of floating. Keep legs straight and let your arms lie limply at the sides; close your eyes, and breathe deeply.

Ten minutes of this treatment once a day is like a holiday in miniature. Housewives who lack energy probably need to organise their work. Do the

daily chores briskly, using only the necessary muscles and movements.

Saving time and motion is a basic in conserving energy.

The woman who does not organise her time and effort makes everyday chores exhausting.

The simple act of breathing deeply is another good way to that relaxed feeling. While walking, try to take deep breaths of air right down into the lungs.

New... for you!

Silvikrin *double beauty Shampoo

the most
perfected shampoo
of them all . . .

*double beauty because

Silvikrin makes your hair lovelier
Silvikrin keeps your hair healthier

Red head, blonde, brunette . . . dry hair or oily . . .
Silvikrin Double Beauty Shampoo is now here to make
your hair lovelier, to give it a new sheen with the vitality
of perfect health.

People really notice your hair when it's Silvikrin shampooed. Deep,
thorough cleansing with just one application leaves it silky soft — yet
so manageable. There's no dryness, no lankness, no "difficult" stage,
as each strand "sets right" from the moment it's dry.

Because only Silvikrin Shampoo is enriched with Pure Silvikrin, the hair's natural food,
it feeds beauty right down to the hair roots, bringing new life, new lustre, new glamour
to your hair. All the gleaming highlights of really healthy hair are yours after using
this most perfected of all shampoos.

Silvikrin Double Beauty Shampoo is available from all chemists, hairdressers and stores
in sachets at 1/3d. or elegant large size bottles at 5/6d.

For lovely healthy hair!

SACHETS 1/3
BOTTLE PACKS 5/6

ENGLAND'S TOP-SELLING SHAMPOO



NOT A
WHISPER OF
BAD BREATH
WITH IPANA

...its distinct taste reassures you

- Ipana tooth paste with WD-9 gives you long protection from unpleasant breath by removing the bacteria which cause it. Ipana's distinct taste and refreshing after-taste give you a clean, fresh mouth all day long.

- Ipana with WD-9 actually has twice the decay-germ killing power of any other leading tooth paste. United States research shows that using Ipana can reduce tooth decay by up to 60%.



A product of Bristol-Myers— obtainable only from your Chemist.



Look for
the BIG, EASY-ON,
EASY-OFF,
CAN'T-LOSE CAP.

8 out of 10 dentists recommend IPANA

According to independent surveys, eight out of ten dentists recommending a tooth paste, recommend Ipana above any other brand.

Tyrant henpecked by a devoted wife

● At home Captain William Bligh, tyrant of the South Seas, scourge of New South Wales, was a loving and loved, if somewhat henpecked, husband.

HIS ambitious wife used her rich friends and relations for her husband's advancement only to see him sail into strife and trouble every time.

But for the woman he loved with an ardor few would expect in such a turbulent spirit, Bligh would never have met Fletcher Christian and Peter Heywood, who turned him adrift in an open boat in the *Bounty* Mutiny.

He came to New South Wales, then the equivalent of exile, merely to win some affluence for his "dear, dear Betsy" and their daughters, who alternately pampered and dominated him when he was at home.

Bligh's letters to Betsy contain flashes of devotion worthy of a poet. "I love you dearer than ever a woman was loved," he wrote her. "You are never out of my mind. Every joy and blessing attend you."

The woman who won the undying devotion of the toughest tyrant in the toughest navy was Elizabeth Betham, daughter of Richard Betham, scholar and Collector of Customs at Douglas, Isle of Man.

Elizabeth was 26, gay, high-spirited when young Warrant Officer Bligh arrived at Douglas on holiday.

Another world-famous love story

By WILLIAM JOY

He had just returned from the South Seas, where he helped fight back the savages who killed his chief, Captain Cook the navigator, on an Hawaiian beach.

The tough young sailor fell headlong in love with the vivacious Betsy. He wooed her impetuously, and within weeks—on February 4, 1781—they were married by licence in the little church at Conchan, Douglas.

Took charge

From then Betsy Betham took complete charge of Bligh. She hurried him to London, where her uncle, Duncan Campbell, owned a fleet of merchantmen trading with the East and with the family plantations in Jamaica.

Campbell, Betsy knew, had power with the Government and particularly the Navy. They often chartered his ships. He had the contract to maintain and supervise the convict hulks on the Thames.

Between voyages Betsy and her "Dear Mr. Bligh" enjoyed love in a cottage at eight guineas a year while she marshalled all the influence she could behind him.

She fostered the friendship of the great Sir Joseph Banks and so impressed Uncle Duncan with Bligh's merits as a navigator that he gave him command of some of his newest merchantmen between naval appointments.

Their first children, twin boys, died a day after birth, but six daughters were born in succeeding years.

When the planters of Jamaica suggested that breadfruit should be brought from Tahiti to feed their native workers, Uncle Duncan obligingly sold the *Bethia*, renamed the *Bounty*, to the Government for the purpose and hinted that the best man for the job was his niece's husband.

Betsy, at least, was not surprised when Bligh got the job, with the promise of a captaincy on his return.

Nor was she filled with forebodings when he appointed Fletcher Christian and Peter Heywood, friends of hers from the Isle of Man, to his crew.

The jubilant Betsy, confident he would return famous, went to Portsmouth to see the *Bounty* leave. Bligh went



Captain Bligh and his wife, Betsy, who remained devoted to each other for 31 years despite their many long separations.



"absent without leave" to spend a few days with her. Lord Hood kindly winked an eye at his absence.

Betsy did not hear from him again before the mutiny of Fletcher Christian caused him to curse in his log "the day he ever saw a Manxman."

His first letter from Coupang after his 3600-mile voyage in an open boat brought renewals of enduring devotion to ease her distress.

"To you, my love," he wrote, "I give all that an affectionate husband can give—love, respect, and all that is or ever will be in my power."

Bligh felt even more the parting from her when he left on his second breadfruit voyage. Into his first letter from Santiago he poured all his fears and love.

"I am confident it is ordained for us once more to meet," he assured her. "Cherish your dear little girls in that happy hope."

Reassurances came in 1792, when, nearing the end of the voyage, he wrote: "Next June, my dear Betsy, I hope you will see me home to protect you myself. I love you dearer than ever a woman was loved."

Short reunion

It was but a short reunion before he left to fight in the Battle of Camperdown under Nelson at Copenhagen.

By then Bligh was 55, and worrying about providing for his Betsy and six daughters, one of whom was epileptic.

In this mood he received a letter from Sir Joseph Banks offering him the Governorship of New South Wales, dangling before him a salary of £2000, a pension of £1000, promotion, and the certainty of rich husbands for his daughters.

But Bligh hesitated. Betsy was not well. She could not go. He hated the idea of leaving her again.

Betsy, however, was a woman of spirit. She called

her daughters round her and they decided Bligh should be allowed to go to win "a little affluence."

They delegated daughter Mary, married to Lieut. Putland, to go with him to see to his comfort and make sure he did not get into mischief.

Mary fulfilled her instructions to the letter, even defying the rum mutineers with her parasol when they came to arrest him.

As news filtered back of mutiny in New South Wales, Betsy fought spiritedly for the honor of her beloved.

She attacked the Lords of the Admiralty for allowing stab-in-the-back rumors to circulate.

She bombarded her friend Sir Joseph Banks to protect Bligh from his enemies.

Bligh returned, but they were not together long. Betsy had the joy of seeing him promoted Vice-Admiral of the Blue before she died on April 15, 1812.

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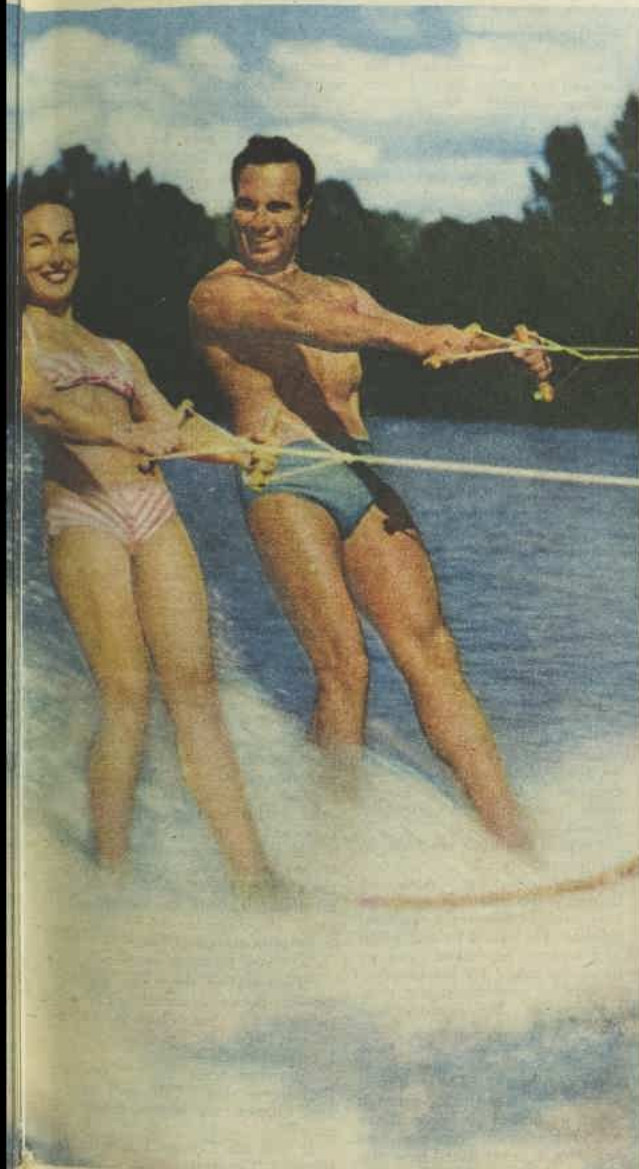
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out the silver. It was difficult to say who had been more taken aback. The man had jumped and run from the room. Colonel Wing had regretfully dismissed the idea of trying to spear him with an assegai from the balcony as he left the front door of the flats, and had rung up the police. They had made one curious discovery.

Hanging in the hall was a strange raincoat.

"Never seen it before in my life," said Colonel Wing. "D'you mean to say the damn feller had the cheek to hang his coat up before starting work? Wonder he didn't help himself to a whisky-and-soda while he was about it?"

Haxtell said that he had known housebreakers to do just that. He talked to the Colonel at length about the habits of criminals; and removed the coat for examination. Since the crime was only an attempted robbery, it was not thought worth while wasting too much time on it. A superficial examination produced no results in the way of name tabs or tailors' marks; the coat was carefully placed in a cellophane bag and stored.

"I'd better have a word with him," Petrella said.

He found the Colonel engaged in writing a letter to the "United Services Journal" on the comparative fighting qualities of Zulus and Russians. He listened to the descriptions of the intruder, and said that, as far as one could tell, they sounded like the same man. His intruder had been on the young side of middle age, of medium height, and strongly built.

"There's one thing," said the Colonel. "I saw him in a good light, and I may be deaf, but I've got excellent eyesight. There's a tiny spot on his left eye. A little red spot, like a fire opal. You couldn't mistake it. If you catch him, I'll identify him for you fast enough."

"The trouble is," said Petrella, "that it looks as if he's never been through our hands. Almost the only real lead we've got is that coat he left behind him at your place. We're going over it again now, much more thoroughly."

Thus had the coat grown in importance. It had improved its status. It had become a possible exhibit in a murder case.

"Give it everything," said Haxtell to the scientists. And the scientists prepared to oblige.

That evening, after a weary afternoon spent interrogating Miss Martin's father's relatives in Acton and South Harrow,

Petrella found himself back on the Embankment. The Forensic Science Laboratory observes civilised hours, and Mr. Worsley was on the point of removing his long white overall and replacing it with a rather deplorable green tweed coat with matching leather patches on the elbows.

"I've finished my preliminary work on the right-hand pocket," he said. "We have isolated arrowroot starch, pipe tobacco, and a quantity of common silver sand."

"Splendid," said Petrella. "Splendid. All I have got to do now is to find a housewife who smokes a pipe and has recently been to the seaside and we shall be home and dry."

"What use you make of the data we provide must be entirely a matter for you," said Mr. Worsley coldly. He was already late for a meeting of the South Wimbledon Medico-Legal Society, to whom he had promised a paper entitled "The Part of the Laboratory in Modern Crime Detection."

Petrella went back to High-side.

There he found a note from Superintendent Haxtell that ran: "A friend of Miss Martin has suggested that some or other of these were, or might have been, boy-friends of the deceased. I am seeing ones marked with crosses. Would you tackle the others?"

He looked at his watch. It was half-past seven. With any luck he could knock off a few of them before midnight.

In the ensuing days the ripples spread wider and wider, diminishing in size and importance as they became more distant from the centre of the disturbance.

Petrella worked his way from near relatives and close friends, who said, "How terrible! Who ever would have thought of anything like that happening to Marjorie!" through more distant connections, who said, "Miss Martin? Yes, I know her. I haven't seen her for a long time," right out to the circumference where there were people who simply looked bewildered and said, "Miss Martin—I'm sorry, I don't think I remember anyone of that name," and on being reminded that they had danced with her at a tennis-club dance two years before said, "If you say so, I expect it's right, but I'm dashed if I can remember what she looked like."

It was in the course of the third day that Petrella called at a nice little house in Herne Hill. The name was Taylor. Mr. Taylor was not at home, but the door was opened by his wife, a cheerful redhead, who banished her two children

Continuing

The Oyster Catcher

from page 21

to the kitchen when she understood what Petrella was after.

Her reactions were the standard ones. Apprehension, followed, as soon as she understood that what Petrella wanted was nothing to do with her, by a cheerful communicativeness. Miss Martin was, she believed, her husband's cousin. That is to say not his cousin, but his second cousin, or something like that. So far as she knew they had only met her once, and that was quite by chance, six months before, at the funeral of Miss Martin's mother, who was a sister to her husband's uncle by marriage.

Petrella disentangled this complicated relationship without difficulty. He was already a considerable expert on the Martin family tree. Unfortunately, Mrs. Taylor could tell him nothing. Her acquaintance with Miss Martin was confined to this single occasion and she had not set eyes on her since.

Her husband, who was a commercial traveller for Joblox, the London paint firm, was unlikely to be back until very late. He was on a tour in the Midlands and it depended on the traffic when he got home. Petrella said he quite understood. The interview remained in his memory chiefly because it was on his way back from it that he picked up his copy of the laboratory report on the coat.

The scientists had done themselves proud. No inch of its surface, interior or exterior, had escaped their microscopic gaze. Petrella cast his eye desperately over the eight closely typed foolscap pages. Stains on the exterior had been isolated and chemically tested and proved beyond reasonable doubt to be in two cases ink, in one case rabbit blood, and in one case varnish. A quantity of sisal-hemp fluff had been recovered from the seam of the left-hand cuff, and some marmalade from the right-hand one.

A sliver of soft wood, originally identified as ordinary pinus sylvestris was now believed to be chamaecyparis lawsoniana. In the right-hand pocket had been discovered a number of fragments of oyster shell and a stain of oil shown by quantitative analysis to be a thick oil of a sort much used in marine engineering.

Petrella read the report in the underground between Charing Cross and Highside. When he reached the Police Station

he found Haxtell in the C.I.D. room. He had in front of him the reports of all visits so far made. There were two hundred and thirty of them. Petrella added the five he had completed that afternoon, and was about to retire when he remembered the laboratory report and cautiously added that, too, to the pile. He was conscious of thunder in the air.

"Don't bother," said Haxtell. "I've had a copy." His eyes were red-rimmed from lack of proper sleep. "So has the Chief Superintendent. He's just been here. He wants us to take some action on it."

"Action, sir?"

"He suggests," said Haxtell in ominously quiet tones, "that we re-examine all persons interviewed so far—" his hand flickered for a moment over the pile of paper on the table—"to ascertain whether they have ever been interested in the oyster-fishing industry. He feels that the coincidence of oyster shell and marine oil must have some significance."

"I see, sir," said Petrella. "When do we start?"

Haxtell stopped himself within an ace of saying something that would have been both indiscreet and insubordinate. Then, to his eternal credit, he laughed instead. "We are both," he said, "going to get one good night's rest first. We'll start tomorrow morning."

"I wonder if I could borrow the reports until then," said Petrella, wondering at himself as he did so.

"Do what you like with them," said Haxtell. "I've got three days' routine work to catch up with."

Petrella took them back with him to Mrs. Catt's, where that worthy widow had prepared a high tea for him, his first leisure meal for three days. Sustained by a mountainous dish of sausages and eggs and refreshed by his third cup of strong tea, he started on the task of proving to himself the theory that had come to him.

Each paper was skimmed and put on one side. Every now and then he would stop, extract one, and add it to a much smaller pile beside his plate. At the end of an hour, Petrella looked at the results of his work with satisfaction. In the small pile were six papers, six summaries of interviews with friends or relations of the murdered girl. If his idea was right, he had thus, at a stroke, reduced the possibilities from two hundred and thirty-five to six. And of those six possible only one, he knew in his heart of hearts, was a probable.

There came back into his mind the visit that he had made that afternoon. There it was, in that place and no other, that the answer lay. There he had glimpsed, without realising it, the end of the scarlet thread that led to the heart of this untidy, rambling labyrinth. He thought of a nice redheaded girl and two redheaded children and unexpectedly he found himself shivering.

It was dusk before he got back to Herne Hill. The lights were on in the nice little house, upstairs and downstairs, and a muddy car stood in the gravel run-in in front of the garage. Sounds suggested that the redheaded children were being put to bed by both their parents and were enjoying it.

One hour went by, and then a second. Petrella had found an empty house opposite and he was squatting in the garden, his back propped against a tree. The night was warm and he was quite comfortable and his head was nodding on his chest when the front door of the house opposite opened and Mr. Taylor appeared.

He stood for a moment outlined against the light from the hall, saying something to his wife. He was too far off for Petrella to make out the words. Then he came down the path. He ignored the car, and made for the front gate, for which Petrella was thankful. He had made certain arrangements to cope with the contingency that Mr. Taylor might use his car, but it was much easier if he remained on foot.

A short walk took them both, pursuer and pursued, to the door of the King of France public-house. Mr. Taylor went into the saloon. Petrella himself chose the private bar. Like most private bars, it had nothing to recommend it save its privacy, being narrow, bare, and quite empty. But it had the advantage of looking straight across the serving-counter into the saloon.

Petrella let his man order first. He was evidently a well-known character in the King of France. He called the landlord Sam, and the landlord called him Mr. Taylor.

Petrella drank his own beer slowly. Ten minutes later the moment for which he had been waiting arrived. Mr. Taylor picked up a couple of glasses and strolled across with them to the counter. Petrella also rose casually to his feet. For a moment they faced each other, a bare two paces apart, under the bright bar lights.

Petrella saw in front of him a man of early middle age, with a nondescript face and neutral-colored, tousled hair, perhaps five foot nine in height, and wearing some sort of old school-tie.

As if aware that he was being looked at, Mr. Taylor raised his head; and Petrella observed, in the left eye, a tiny red spot. It was, as the Colonel had said, exactly the color of a fire opal.

"We showed his photograph to everyone in the block," said Haxtell with satisfaction, "and they all of them picked it out straight away out of a set of six. Also the Colonel."

"Good enough," said Chief Superintendent Barstow. "Any background?"

"We made a very cautious inquiry at Joblox. Taylor certainly works for them. But he's what they call an outside commission man. He sells in his spare time, and gets a percentage on sales. Last year he made just under a hundred pounds."

"Which wouldn't keep him in his present style."

"Definitely not. And, of course, a job like that would be very useful cover for a criminal sideline. He would be out when and where he liked, and no questions asked by his family."

Barstow considered the matter slowly. The decision was his.

"Pull him in," he said. "Charge him with the job at Colonel Wing's. The rest will sort itself out quick enough when we search his house. Take a search-warrant with you. By the way, I never asked how you got on to him. Has he some connection with the oyster trade?"

Petrella said cautiously, "Well . . . no, sir. As a matter of fact, he hadn't. But the report was very useful corroborative evidence."

"Clever chaps, these scientists," said Barstow.

"Come clean," said Haxtell, when the Chief Superintendent had departed. "It was nothing to do with that coat, was it?"

"Nothing at all," said Petrella. "What occurred to me was that it was a very curious murder. Presuming it was the same man both times. Take Colonel Wing—he's full of beans, but when all's said and done, he's a frail old man, over ninety. He saw the intruder in a clear light, and the man simply turned tail and bolted. Then he bumps into Miss Martin, who's a girl, but a muscular

young tennis player, but he kills her, coldly and deliberately."

"From which you deduced that Miss Martin knew him, and he was prepared to kill to preserve the secret of his identity. Particularly as he had never been in the hands of the police."

"There was a bit more to it than that," said Petrella. "It had to be someone who knew Miss Martin, but so casually that he would have no idea where she lived. Mightn't even remember her name. If he'd had any idea that it was the flat of someone who knew him he wouldn't have touched it with a barge pole. What I was looking for was someone who was distantly connected with Miss Martin, but happened to have renewed his acquaintance with her recently."

"He had to be a very distant connection, you see. But they had to know each other by sight. There were half a dozen who could have filled the bill. I had this one in my mind because I'd interviewed Mrs. Taylor only that afternoon. Of course, I'd have tried all the others afterwards. Only it wasn't necessary."

There was neither pleasure nor satisfaction in his voice. He was seeing nothing but a nice redheaded girl and two redheaded children.

It was perhaps six months later that Petrella ran across Colonel Wing again. The Taylor case was now only an uncomfortable memory, for Mr. Taylor had taken his own life in his cell, and the redheaded girl was now a widow. Petrella was on his way home, and he might not have noticed him, but the Colonel came right across the road to greet him, narrowly missing death in the traffic.

"Good evening, Sergeant," the old man said. "How are you keeping?"

"Very well, thank you, Colonel," said Petrella. "And how are you?"

"I'm not getting any younger," said the Colonel. Petrella suddenly perceived to his surprise that the old man was covered with embarrassment. He waited patiently for him to speak.

"I wonder—" said the old man at last, "it's an awkward thing to have to ask, but could you get that coat back—you remember?"

"Get it back?" said Petrella. "I don't know. I suppose so."

"If it was mine, I wouldn't bother. But it isn't. I find it's my cousin Tom's. I'd forgotten all about it, until he reminded me."

Petrella stared at him.

"Do you mean to say—"

"Tom stayed the night with me—he does that sometimes between trips. Just drops in. Of course, when he reminded me I remembered—"

"Between trips . . ." said Petrella weakly. "He isn't by any chance an oyster fisherman?"

It was the Colonel's turn to stare. "Certainly not," he said. "He's one of the best-known breeders of budgerigars in the country."

"Budgerigars?"

"Very well known for them. I believe I'm right in saying he introduced the foreign system of burnishing their feathers with oil. It's funny you should mention oysters, though. That's a thing he's very keen on. Powdered oyster shell in the feed. It improves their high notes."

Petrella removed his hat in a figurative but belated salute to the Forensic Science Laboratory.

"Certainly you shall have your coat back," he said. "It'll need a thorough clean and a little stitching, but I am delighted to think that it is going to be of use to someone at last."

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the city. People pushed her, trams rattled and throbbed, and a hundred cars passed before she walked to the corner and stood again, watching the gaudy cinema lights flash on and off.

The Town Hall clock showed eight and the main stream of people flowing to their Saturday night entertainments slowed to an ebb tide of window-shoppers and train-catchers. Alma decided to walk home. She had a flat off St. Kilda Road. It was only about thirty minutes away, and she enjoyed walking down the wide, well-lit, busy road full of monuments in stone to vanished courage and monuments to vanished glory in the vast old mansion houses.

The city, vibrant with noise and light, hummed behind her as she leaned on the rail at Princes Bridge and watched the oily, languid river drowning the shadows of trees under flashing serpents of electric signs. Loneliness became more apparent when you looked at water than at any other time, Alma thought. Even a muddy river seemed to reflect the immensity of your empty years. She leaned farther over the rail to watch a paper swirl and vanish beneath a sudden ribbon of froth, and was startled to feel a hand grasp her shoulder.

"I hope you do not think to be foolish," a voice said, and she turned to look into the concerned face of the man she had watched at the espresso bar.

"Foolish? Oh, you mean throw myself in. Good heavens, no! Even when I feel sorriest for myself I'd never do anything like that."

She wondered if he might have been following her, and the thought that he had noticed her before and found her attractive enough to pursue was not unpleasing. His next words erased that idea.

"I am sorry then. I have been standing down there on the other side of the bridge looking at the river, and I have noticed you stand to do the same. Then suddenly you have bent over, and I thought that perhaps you might climb across. It has happened to people I have known."

Alma smiled. "I'm sorry if I frightened you. I wasn't thinking of anything in particular, just watching the water, you know, and wishing something would happen. I guess something has."

He gave her a funny little formal bow.

"I hope you do not think that I am making an approach. It is not so. I have truly thought you might jump. I have known this to happen, you understand. I am sorry to bother you. Good-night."

He turned to walk on, and Alma, feeling silence close about her again, grabbed a little courage from the air and said, "You didn't bother me at all, and I didn't really think you were trying to pick me up. That sort of thing just doesn't happen to me."

He smiled at her. "I cannot believe that you would enjoy this to happen. Would you?"

"I don't suppose so. Apparently it happens to some women all the time. It's interesting to imagine occasionally just how I would react. I might scream and faint or I might run straight to a policeman. I might knock him down, or I might say why not?"

"I think you would not do any of these. You look a nice girl and very sensible."

"Oh, I'm nice all right," Alma said, "and you just couldn't imagine anybody more sensible. But those aren't the qualities that impress people or make things happen for you."

They were walking down the road past the dark bulk of the Gardens and the man asked, "Would you scream and faint now if I say I am picking you up and please will you walk in the park with me?"

Alma grinned at him. "No.

Continuing . . . It Might Knock Twice

[from page 19]

And I wouldn't run for a policeman, either. I might knock you down, of course. I'm afraid you'd be sorry. I've had quite a lot of lessons in ju-jitsu."

"Why is that?"

"Oh, for lots of reasons. I've had lessons in all kinds of things because it's something to do every night, and you meet people when you go to classes. Then I'm not very big, and I do walk about the city quite a bit at night. It seemed a good idea to be able to defend myself if necessary. Why are you laughing?"

"Because I like the way you talk and because I have to disappoint you about your great and wonderful strength. You see, I am just one man you would not be able to throw down, because I do not only know ju-jitsu very well, but I am teaching it for some years myself. However, I am not meaning to prove this to you."

"Well, that's a relief! I certainly have met the wrong man to try my strength against," Alma said. "Are you teaching that sort of stuff here?"

"No. I am a civil engineer. Just now I work as a draughtsman, but later I shall get much better job, or more responsibility and satisfaction."

ALMA smiled. "You speak English very well," she said. "What part of Europe do you come from?"

"I am Polish, and my name is Stefan White. Of course, it is not White, but mine is such a long, difficult name for people to say that I have made myself a new short name. May I know your name?"

"You won't find mine at all difficult. It's Smith, Alma Smith."

The lights and the traffic and the night slid past them as they walked on and on, pausing at a statue while she told him about the great man there in stone, passing the velvet lawns at the Shrine, and going on by the mansions become flats and offices.

They came to Alma's corner, and she neither paused nor mentioned it. They did not stop until the lights of the Junction flared across their eyes. Then he turned and asked, "Down there near the beach is the place to go dancing. Miss Alma Smith, would you come dancing with me to-night?"

She did not even stop to think. "Yes, Mr. Stefan White. Although I am not really dressed for it, I would like to come dancing with you."

Alma had been to the big dance hall several times when she first came to the city, going with girls from the hostel where she was staying then or with an office group. Each time the night had dwindled away into disappointment and resolve not to come again.

Now, looking around at the girls of all ages who sat waiting, hopeful of being chosen this time, determinedly vivacious when not, she was glad she had given up this sort of endeavor years ago. As she moved about the floor with Stefan White, she looked with loathing on the males who lounged by the railing or were grouped by the pillars. The floor was good, the music was good, there were dozens of girls waiting to dance, aching to dance, and yet the possible partners stood about in droves looking on.

Stefan commented on it. "It is a strange thing to me. It is the same when I have come here before. I have come here twice to dance, so I have danced. It is not possible that all these young men have paid to come in just to stand and look. This kind of thing I do not think good."

Alma agreed. "It doesn't seem possible or logical or sensible, but it seems to be a

good old Australian custom. You dance very well."

"You are too kind. My dancing is rusty, but with you as partner, Miss Alma Smith, I shall remember all the steps again. Do you go dancing often?"

"Practically never. That's why I'm enjoying myself so much now."

After several more dances they left and walked in friendly silence to look at the sea and to watch the screaming hump-backed monster of the switch-back shoot across the Luna Park skyline.

"You could be good friend to me, Alma," Stefan said. "I have not had a woman for a true friend since my wife."

There would have to be a wife, of course, he was so nice! Alma swallowed hard before she asked, "Is your wife out here with you?"

"No. My wife has died in Siberia many years ago. It is a story you people here have heard too many times. My parents are killed, my sister vanishes, my wife and I are taken to Siberia. It was only beginning in the war, too many people, not enough food, very, very cold, she dies and the baby dies with her. It is so long ago, yet all this time I have been lonely. I think you have been lonely, too, Alma."

"Oh, I certainly have. Nothing big or tragic has ever happened to me, except the death of my two aunts who were the only people who loved me. I've been lonely, yet I've never really known why. I like people and I like doing things, but I never seem to belong anywhere. I've tried all the things people on their own are supposed to try, joining clubs and social service, and being a wonderful listener, but every time I feel I can begin to put out roots, the soil just seems to dry up."

Over coffee, their talk was less personal. He saw that Alma, animated with happiness in her eyes instead of disappointment, with her mouth shaped to laughter and confidences, her prim hair-do disarranged by the wind on the sea-front, was a good-looking woman. She noticed, with the same pleasure she had felt in the espresso bar, what an interesting, intelligent face he had, and how well shaped were his thin brown hands.

He stopped in the middle of a sentence to look puzzled and say, "But surely I have seen you before, not very long ago. It seems to me that your face is familiar, Alma."

She laughed. "We have seen each other before, very recently indeed, but I'll leave it to you to remember."

They had put on their coats to go, when a commotion occurred in the street outside. A fire engine flashed by with screaming siren, then another, and a third. They were pushed from the cafe into the street and caught up in the middle of a curious, hurrying crowd. Stefan laughed and put a hand on her arm.

"I had better hold on to you, or we might lose each other, and that would not be good."

The picture theatre had just emptied, and the noise made by two more fire engines was a magnet to the crowd. People poured out from the dance hall, flats and cafes, and the fun fairs came to a standstill as the pleasure-seekers left abruptly. The neon flames of the sky were swamped with real color as the word "Fire" swept the crowds along on one gigantic impulse.

Alma felt Stefan's arm pushed away from her by a new rush of people from a doorway, which carried her along like a leaf. She heard him call out, "Alma, I shall . . ." and then

she was a hundred yards farther on. The crowd swept her across the street, around a corner, over a park, and on to the place where the sky and the street and the world seemed to be in flames.

Frantically she tried to push people away, to get back, but whole streets were now solid with people. She had never known anything like this, and it was almost an hour later before she was able to walk on the fringe of the crowd. The streets behind were empty except for an odd excited spectator hurrying to the big drama. There was no sign, of course, of Stefan. He might be anywhere, in the middle of that solid mass, or across on the other side.

He might just have shrugged, said, "Well, that's that," and gone home. She had no idea where he lived, and she had not told him her address. She had not even told him where she worked, but had laughed and said, "Oh, I'm just somebody's secretary, very efficient and all that, but not terribly important."

She walked slowly across to a tram and got in. Somewhere behind her a voice said, "I said to him, well, they say opportunity only knocks once, you know," and the sentence stung her mind and rattled round and round with the wheels of the tram. . . . "It only knocks once, only knocks once, knocks once, knocks once." It was a refrain which she carried to bed with her, and it stayed with her all the next day.

In her mind, she put the problem to all the professional answerers to worried correspondents: "Dear Auntie So-and-So: Last night I met a man in the street, and spent several hours in his company. He is thirty-nine, intelligent, nice-looking, and I liked him very much. I was thirty yesterday. I can cook and sew, and am tolerable as to looks. What I want more than anything else is to belong to somebody, to have a husband and family and home. This man is Polish, and has been married before, when he was very young. His wife died. He is lonely, and so am I, and he would like a home, too."

"He has enough money to buy a house when he really wants to. We got on very well together. We liked the same things. I am not saying we fell in love, because that would be foolish, but we might well fall in love if we have the chance."

"I know his name, and nothing else, he knows my name and that is all. We lost each other in a crowd at a fire and how can I find him again in a city of more than one million people? Does opportunity only knock once? Or does it sometimes knock twice?"

Over and over again the letter revolved in her mind as she worked late at the office, clearing up rush correspondence, waiting for an interstate telephone call. It was six-thirty when she left and turned towards the city.

"If only I had told him where we saw each other before, in that new espresso bar," she thought. "He's been there twice before just recently. I'm sure it was him. Of course, he might go to the Bridge and wait, and he might just have dismissed our nice evening together as just one of those things. But please, please, Providence and Jove and all the gods who handle lost opportunities, let this once come again!"

At the door of the espresso bar she faltered, almost turned away, then took a deep breath and went in. The table in the corner was, at the moment, vacant. She walked across, sat down and with hands tight in her lap, waited.

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anything about you. Nobody in Alaska does."

"There's nothing to know, Czar."

"Uh-huh. That's why you've kept your life a secret? With your books and your wanderings and always yelling about freedom, and living in a log cabin like a pauper. I'll tell you what I think. You're a criminal. I've thought so ever since I first saw you. You'll have no rights to Christine, I'm sure of that. You'll be on your way out of Alaska — let alone Baranof. I'll spend all the money it takes. I'll make it my business to find out."

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, Czar."

"I bet you wouldn't. Everybody knows me, knows where I came from, and my father's name and my mother's, and their fathers' and mothers' names like any decent American family. Time I'm through I'll bet I'll find out Christine has got a double taint on her, father and grandfather."

"Know what I think?" Bridie said crisply. "I think you ain't well, Czar. Putting it politely, that is."

He stared at Bridie with a cold and baleful eye. "Keep out of this. You've got nothing to do with this. This is between Thor and me."

"That's right," Bridie agreed with awful affability. "I only brought the child up and kept her alive when —"

"Let's go now, Bridie," Thor suggested, quietly.

"Running out, eh? Scared?" Czar sat down now; he seemed suddenly relaxed as though his suspicions were at last justified. "I'm just doing this to protect Christine. You must have taken me for a poor fool all this time. Why, years ago, when we first got here, they'd take pictures of the crowd of us somewhere, one of the boys had struck it rich, maybe, or there was a jamboree of some kind, citizens of Baranof, and so on. You always slunk away before the camera snapped. No man hides out unless he's got a good reason for not wanting his face where it can be seen and traced."

"And let me tell you," Thor remarked cheerfully, "slunking and hiding is a difficult feat for a man who is six feet four."

Bridie giggled at this. A greyish film seemed to come down over Czar Kennedy's eyes.

"I'll get detectives. Private detectives. They'll trace you right back if it takes years."

The ruddy giant shook his head sadly. "I wish I could make you understand why you want to destroy me. I know. Your hatred is understandable to me."

"I don't hate you. I only know you're not a fit person to have any guidance of my granddaughter. Bridie, here, that's different. I know about her. I went to the trouble of looking up her past, she was a decent enough girl, her family in Ireland were decent people, she trained and nursed in a hospital in England, like she said, she nursed in Seattle, she came here and took care of those girls with the small-pox."

Mildly, Thor said, "Why this sudden change, Czar? We've shared Christine's upbringing, with Bridie as ballast, all through her childhood."

"It doesn't matter so much what you tell a child. A child's way of life isn't so important, but I'm sick of you and your talk, Storm. Now I'm going to make it impossible for you to have anything to say about my daughter's child. I've been getting a line on you, they got as far as Minnesota and then it quit. But they're working on it. No matter how far and how long and how much money it takes."

Thor nodded reminiscently as though surveying with pleasure a serene past. "Yes, I came to Minnesota and I worked in the wheatfields and

in the woods, lumbering, with all the other Swenskys, as they called us — Norwegians like myself, and Danes and Swedes. Then I heard about this new Alaska land. Alaska was what I wanted, a new world not yet begun or scarcely. That's how we met. And well met, Czar, no matter what you say. It brought us Christine."

"I know all that."

"It must have been disappointing. Just another big Swensky in a place full of big Swenskys."

Suddenly Czar, the low-voiced, the self-contained, began to shout. "You leave my grandchild alone, Storm. I'm warning you. Next week I've got a man going over to Norway, he'll track you, fifty years is nothing to him."

Bridie, the erstwhile nurse, looked at him and saw danger in the face, now flushed, that habitually was so colorless.

"Now, Czar, you'll be sick, a man of your age. A stroke if you're not careful."

He glared at her. "Get out of this, Bridie. This is between the two of us."

Thor had been silent, his clear blue eyes fixed on Czar speculatively. "I'll make a bargain with you, Czar. If I tell you the truth about myself — and you can prove it easily — will you credit ten thousand dollars to Christine's account in the Miners' National Bank?"

"Take me for a fool!"

"It costs money to send men to Copenhagen and Stockholm and Oslo. Much cheaper to give it to Christine and let me tell you now."

"How will I know you're telling the truth?"

"You will know. From past experience." He laughed then as at a little private joke. "But I warn you it will sound ridiculous."

"How do you mean — ridiculous?" He was suspicious at once.

"I'll make it brief as possible. You'll write a cheque now made out to Christine for ten thousand dollars. Bridie will hold it until I've said what I have to say. If either one of you — or both of you — feels that I'm a possible disgrace to Christine —"

"—then I'll be sole guardian," Czar finished for him.

Thor considered this a moment in silence. "Yes. With this second provision: Neither of you will ever speak of what I'm going to tell you to Christine or to anyone else." He smiled genially at the palpitating Bridie. "That's going to be harder for you than for Czar here." He waited a moment. "Promise."

"I promise." She raised her right hand dramatically.

Czar had taken a slim little cheque book from an inner pocket, his pen from another. He wrote swiftly, he tore out the cheque. He looked at Thor. "I'll promise, but it's for Christine."

"The truth is, Czar," Thor said. "I come of a stock and class that would be called old-fashioned now, here in modern American Alaska. I come of the Scandinavian nobility — Norwegian as you know — but the Norwegian royal family is all mixed up in its history and its politics with the Swedish nobility, and the Danish especially."

"Nobility?" Czar repeated the word, dully, as though not quite hearing.

"I was nowhere in line for the crown, I don't mean that. But I was a student, I wanted only to study and know. Everyone knew that Oscar would resign in time —"

"Oscar?" Czar said, almost feebly.

"The King. But of course he wasn't a Norwegian, he was a Dane, and then when he gave up the crown in 1906, Haakon came in — another Dane — he had been Prince Charles of Denmark, as you know — and his wife, Queen Maud, was English, the youngest daughter

Continuing . . . Ice Palace

from page 18

ter of Edward of England. By that time I had gone, and well out of it. I was to have married a Danish —

"—princess!" Bridie yelled.

"I don't believe a word of it," Czar said, slowly.

Simply, Thor said, "My papers are in the bank box in Seattle. They've been there for years and years, since the day you and I met on that boat that brought us here. You can see them. I want you to." Smiling, he turned to Bridie.

"No, Bridie, my dear, she wasn't a princess, though she's a princess now, if she's still alive, which I think she isn't."

"That girl — what became of that girl you didn't marry?" Bridie, the romantic.

"She married someone else."

Almost — but not quite — defeated, Czar put a last question, foolishly. "If it's true — and I don't swallow it by a long sight — what do you want here? What have you got out of it?"

"I've lived the life I wanted to live. I've earned my living as you know, fishing in the summer season, trapping in the winter. I've read and learned. And I started the little weekly paper. And I've written. I've seen this great icy treasure

names and get practical. It was Chris' schooling started this, so let's go back to it." She eyed Czar craftily. "I'm holding this cheque for ten thousand, made out to Chris. I guess you don't think what Thor's been telling us is a disgrace, exactly. Well, then?"

"Let's have her in," Thor said, "and done with it. It's her education, it's her life."

"Where is she?" Czar demanded, irritably.

Bridie, very brisk now, was already at the telephone.

"Down at the 'Northern Light'."

"Get her," Czar said. "I want this settled now. Today."

"No," Bridie was saying, at the telephone. "No, nobody's sick. I tell you, Chris. You get yourself over here, your Grandpas say."

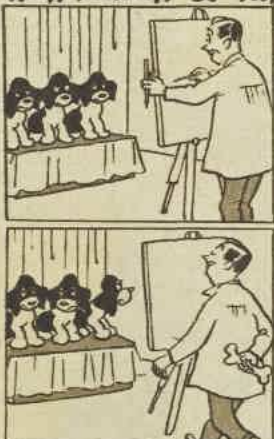
Bridie hung up. "She's coming." She held at arm's length the cheque in her hand. "What you boys want to do with this? One of you put it in the bank, for Chris? Or what?"

"You do it," Czar snapped. "But it's not to be used till she's twenty-one. Interest till then. And she's not to know."

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



land plundered and almost wrecked by men like you, Czar. It's an anachronism in this day and age, it's like a story you've read out of the past. But I've put it all down, day after day, year after year, everything, all of it. The Eskimos, the Russians, the traders, the Hudson's Bay crowd, the New England shipowners. And the plunderers, the robbers with their lobbies in Washington. I've got it all down now — or almost all. Maybe no one will ever read it."

Czar stood up, his hands in his pockets, he began to pace the room. Suddenly, "Christine know this? Any of it?"

"No, no! I told you that. That's the bargain."

"What would her — uh — her title be?"

"Nothing."

"She's the daughter of a fella whose father is supposed to be a — well, anyway, was —"

"You see how foolish it sounds! Counts are passe and barons and kings and queens and princesses. Even bogus kings like you and that great noisy Husack and little Kleet who is like a jackal — even you are passing."

But Czar was not listening. Almost wistfully he mused aloud. "I'd have liked Christine to be a — what was it? —"

"She isn't. If you repeat any of this I'll deny it. What a snob you are, Czar! You build banks and movie houses and high buildings. You pretend to be plain and simple. You love power and position."

"You two," Bridie commanded, emerging from her daze, "stop calling each other

When the girl came in with a rush she looked apprehensively from one to the other. "What's the matter! What happened?"

"Well," Czar began, sheepishly, "we felt the time has come to decide about your education. The three of us, that is. We —"

Chris cut in like a whip-lash. "And you've brought me here, scared numb, to talk about education. I've decided about my education long ago. I'm going to Baranof two years and then to Washington State two years. I put in my applications long ago. Ross told me you have to, with all those GI rights —"

"Learn you, I hope," Bridie said to the two silent men. "She's grown up."

It was June. Three months of Arctic summer, three months of daylight twenty-four hours around the clock before the wintry autumn came. The rapier rays of the constant sun forced every growing thing into fabulous maturity.

Christine Storm, too, in those blindingly brilliant months, emerged from the chrysalis of girlhood into womanhood.

"In a way, then," Thor had said that first week in June, "these next two years belong to me, so far as Chris' education is concerned. In a way."

The two men were conferring warily in Czar's little private apartment on the top floor of the Lode Building.

"In a way?" Czar repeated Thor's words.

Quietly, patiently, Thor reviewed the facts.

"We know she's going to be at Baranof College for two years."

"Now, during the summers —"

"I'm glad you brought that up, Czar. I was just coming to it. Christine will spend her summer vacations with me, and the winter ones, too. We'll travel, vacation times. She's going to see Alaska, and hear Alaska. For two years she's going to eat and drink Alaska. She's going to love it, and hate it, like all good Alaskans. But when she's finished she'll be ready for your Outside crowd. Ready. Armed. Prepared to make her own choice. And that's what you'll have to agree to let her do."

A strange pair — the massive old man and the lovely young girl — as they travelled the next two years up and down this glittering almost mythical world of the Arctic. Sometimes Bridie joined the two, a vivacious and gallant third in her modish clothes that defied cold, discomfort, and occasional danger.

And so Chris was stuffed with Alaska lore like a Strasbourg goose with grain. They travelled by plane — single, twin, and four engine planes. They travelled by dog-sled. They even used trains once or twice.

Every pilot of every plane, whether single, twin, or four engine, seemed to know Thor Storm. This rather surprised Chris. The plane stewardesses knew him, too — those pioneer girls weaving across the continent in the modern covered waggon.

Chris began to feel more stable in the air than on the ground. She had had her first flying lessons, though she never had flown solo. Not old enough, they said. Besides, Czar Kennedy had forbidden it.

By now flying had become almost routine. They were taking off for the Suwot Cannery and the salmon-fishing grounds. There at the airport was the usual twin-engine DC-3, somewhat shabby but still gallant, though vintage. There, too, was the plane stewardess, Gerda Lindstrom, a Baranof girl.

"Someday," Chris said to Thor beside her, "I'm going to have my own little plane."

"Why not?" Thor said, companionably. "Why not?"

They were up, they were levelling off, Gerda Lindstrom was making her announcement in a losing struggle against the noise of the engines. "Welcome you aboard . . . Miss Lindstrom . . . your pilot . . . Guildenstern . . . hope you . . ."

Christine's heart gave a little lurch. When later, the blue-uniformed figure came through the forward doorway, as always on these trips, he, too, repeated the formula. "Nice to have you aboard, Mr. Storm. Hi, Miss Storm."

Then he, too, was looking ardently down at her, unaware that he was looking ardent. "Would you like to come up forward and have a look around? In about half an hour we'll be due over Anaktuvuk, it's one of the most primitive villages in the region, of course you won't see much from up here."

"They don't build those doorways high enough for me," Thor said. "I always bump my head. You run along, Christine."

The co-pilot relinquished his seat to her, she noticed that he was the older, Ross Guildenstern the younger.

"You're a captain now, aren't you?"

"Yes. I don't fly the freight crates any more."

"I should hope not! After all, a man who flew in the war."

"Are you comfortable now? I think you don't get the real feel of a plane anywhere but up here."

"Yes," she said, demurely.

"Perhaps you'd like to know a little bit about it. I don't mean I'm going to bore you with a lot of mechanical details. Now this — his hand indicated the board — "is the instrument panel. In the old days they called it the dashboard, like a car. Of course the big new jobs — I mean, this is a dated plane, but I like it. Of course it would be great to fly one of the big Pan Am planes, but I'd never get a captaincy there. You ever been up to Point Barrow?"

"No."

"You ought to go. It's rugged, but it's really Alaska."

"That's what Grampa says. We're planning to go."

"When?"

"I don't know. Grampa says July is about the best time."

"I get that run occasionally. Oogruk and Barrow. I was born in Oogruk. Look, do you know the date?"

"Grampa does."

"Because sometimes, up there, if it's a fair day and nobody's in a hurry, and if there's Brass on board, or a VIP like your Grandpa, I ask them if they want to have a look at the Diomedes. You know about the Diomedes?"

"A little bit. They're two islands off the coast of Siberia, aren't they? And the Big Diomedes is Russia and the Little Diomedes is United States. And never the twain shall meet."

"Good girl!"

"I'm talking too much," he said quickly.

"Oh, no."

"Do you know why? Because I've hoped you'd get on one of my planes. And today you did. And now I'm shock-happy. Look, do you want to take the controls for a minute? Nothing can happen, I'm right here, you might get a kick out of it."

Momentarily embarrassed, she stared at him, and in the next moment a look of awful realisation darkened the brilliance of his vivid face. He covered his eyes with his hand. "I just remembered. I heard. You've logged about a billion miles and they'll give you your licence next year when you're out of diapers. And you didn't even stop me."

"I was interested, really."

"You were enjoying it."

"But I haven't seen the Diomedes, and I do want to see them, and it's fun to talk to you again."

"And you let me sit there blabbing. Oh," he muttered, "this is the instrument panel it used to be called the dashboard. Do you enjoy flying, Miss Storm. You get the real feel of a plane up here. Pardon me while I break the window and bail out."

They began to laugh then in a whoop of exuberance. He reached over, and for a moment covered her hand with his.

"How long are you going to be in Suwot?"

"Just a day and a night, I think. Two days at the most. Grandpa has to load up for the trip to the fishing grounds."

"Look, when are you taking off for Oogruk? Maybe I can wangle the flight if I know the date."

"It may not be this summer at all."

"Do you mind if I ask him? That is, if you."

"I don't mind." Primly, "Especially if you'll throw in another travel talk."

"My Oogruk talk," he said, earnestly, "is illustrated with lantern slides."

Seated again beside Thor Storm she said, "I wonder what makes their eyes so clear."

"Whose eyes?"

"Pilots. I mean Ross Guildenstern's, and — uh — Gerda's are, too. The whites of their eyes are blue-white, like a

To page 46

Kraftburgers

delicious with **KRAFT CHEDDAR**—BEST CHEESE FOR COOKING



Hamburgers inside a bun— topped with golden **KRAFT CHEDDAR**

Like hamburgers? You'll love Kraftburgers — burgers nestling in crisp bread rolls, and topped off with slices of mellow Kraft Cheddar.

Here's what you'll need: 6 round bread rolls; 2 dessertspoons finely chopped onion; 1 teaspoon salt; 1-lb. rissole steak; pinch pepper; 6 slices Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

Here's how to make them: Scoop out the centres of the bread rolls, leaving the crusts intact. Crumble the bread you have removed, and mix well with the meat, onion, salt and pepper. Fill the rolls with this mixture, and place on a baking sheet in a moderately hot oven. After 30 minutes remove the rolls from the oven, put a slice of Kraft Cheddar on each, and

pop them back into the oven until the cheese has melted. (About 10 minutes.)

Clever tip from the Kraft Kitchen: Wrap each roll in aluminium foil before baking to give your Kraftburgers extra juiciness and flavour. Turn back the foil before adding the Kraft Cheddar slices and serve each Kraftburger on its own foil as shown in the photograph.

Kraftburgers are a pleasure to make and eat. They're good for you, too — because it takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

P.S. Do you prefer a stronger flavoured packet cheese? Then choose Kraft Old English.

Kraft Cheddar is best for cooking . . . for slicing, grilling and shredding, too.

- Kraft Cheddar is a careful blend of selected cheddar cheeses each at the peak of its goodness.
- Pasteurised for purity.
- Slices easily; never crumbles.
- No rind; no waste; wrapped in foil.
- Melts and cooks to perfection — never goes stringy.



Get Kraft Cheddar in the blue 8-oz. packet, handy 1-oz. portions, the family-size 2-lb. pack, or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.

K Cheese is a wonderful food and **KRAFT** makes wonderful cheeses.

DELECTABLE HOME-MADE SWEETS

SWEET-MAKING is not necessarily expensive, so don't be put off by the apparent richness of some of the delicious confections in the picture below.

There is a sweet here to delight every member of the family — toffee apples and honeycomb for children, nougats and caramels for the menfolk, and fondants, coconut ice, and chocolate confections for the women.

Successful sweet-making depends largely on correct cooking temperatures, so anyone intending to do much of it is wise to invest in a sweets thermometer.

If a thermometer is not available, here are the required cooking temperatures, together with some simple tests that give an approximate idea of correct heat.

Soft Ball: 236deg. F. to 240deg. F. Drop a little of the syrup into cold water. Mixture should be able to be moulded into a soft ball with the fingers.

Stiff or Firm Ball: 250deg. F. to 260deg. F. Test in the same way as for soft ball, but syrup should be able to be rolled into a firm, stiff ball.

Hard Crack or Brittle: 280deg. F. to 300deg. F. Syrup is light brown in color and snaps and crackles when dropped into cold water.

Here are some general hints to remember:

Glucose and cream of tartar help to prevent crystallisation, but are not infallible.

Do not allow the mixture to boil until all the sugar has dissolved.

Do not stir the mixture after it has boiled. If possible, avoid stirring at all.

Heat the sweets thermometer in a pan of hot water before placing it in syrup, and replace it in hot water after use. This prevents the glass bulb from smashing because of temperature extremes.

Melt the sugar from the sides of the saucepan by putting on the lid for a few minutes during boiling.

Wet and humid weather is not the best for sweet-making. Candies are inclined to become sticky or "sweat" and do not set satisfactorily.

All spoon measurements are level.

TOFFEE APPLES

Six to 8 small apples, wooden skewers, 1oz. butter or margarine, 2 cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 teaspoon vinegar or pinch cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon glucose, red food coloring.

Wash and dry apples well, pierce through centre with a skewer. Prepare a thickly greased tray or sheet of greased paper. Combine sugar, water, vinegar, and glucose in a saucepan. Bring to boil slowly and cook until thermometer reaches 290deg. F. Remove from heat, add coloring and butter, and dip in apples to coat. Place apples on to greased tray and leave to set.

If desired, chopped nuts or desiccated coconut can be sprinkled on the toffee before setting.

FRENCH NOUGATS

Two cups sugar, $\frac{1}{3}$ rd cup glucose, 1 cup honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4 egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup chopped mixed cherries and nuts.

Combine sugar, glucose, honey, and water, bring slowly to boil and cook to 260deg. F. Whip egg-whites and salt until stiff and, while still beating briskly, gradually add the syrup mixture. Add vanilla and continue beating until mixture thickens and beating becomes labored. Fold in fruit and nuts and pour into well-oiled shallow tins. Stand overnight to set, then cut into rectangular pieces approximately $\frac{3}{4}$ in. x 1in. Wrap in pieces of colored transparent or waxed paper.

● *Making sweets at home can be lots of fun for the housewife who has the time to do it and the foresight to keep to simple recipes like those given on this page.*



COLORFUL home-made sweets like those shown above are not too difficult for the housewife to make nor as expensive as they might appear at first glance. Recipes are given for fondants, marshmallows, toffee apples, jellies, caramels, nougats, honeycomb, coconut ice, and chocolate sweets.

CARAMELS

One pound loaf sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 1oz. butter, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 2 tablespoons glucose, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Place the first four ingredients into a large pan and heat slowly. Bring to boil, add glucose, and cook to 250deg. F. Remove pan from heat, add vanilla, and pour into a greased slab-tin. Set and cut into squares.

CHOCOLATE NUT BALLS

Four and a half cups popped corn, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped salted peanuts, 8oz. solid white shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted icing sugar, 5 to 6 tablespoons cocoa.

Combine icing sugar, peanuts, corn, and cocoa in basin. Melt shortening over low heat, pour over ingredients in basin, mix thoroughly. Mould into paper patty containers. Allow to set.

HONEYCOMB

Two cups sugar, pinch cream of tartar, 3 tablespoons golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 teaspoons warm water.

Combine sugar, cream of tartar, golden syrup, and water in a large saucepan and heat slowly until sugar has dissolved. Boil until mixture reaches 310deg. F. and remove from heat. Mix bicarbonate of soda with the warm water and add to boiling toffee. Stir carefully and pour at once into a greased slab-tin to set.

QUICK AND EASY FONDANT

Two-thirds cup sweetened condensed milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted icing sugar.

Blend together the condensed milk and vanilla. Gradually work in sufficient icing sugar until mixture becomes thick and creamy. Use as given in recipe for fondant.

FONDANT

Two pounds sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 1 tablespoon glucose, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Place all ingredients into saucepan, stir over very low heat until sugar dissolves. Stop stirring, increase heat and boil to 240deg. F. Pour into a basin, and when slightly cooled beat until thick and creamy. Knead with the hands until smooth and workable. Press small pieces of fondant into fancy rubber sweets moulds that have been lightly dusted with equal quantities of icing sugar and cornflour; allow to set and harden.

Variations: Fruit rolls: Work any desired flavoring and coloring into fondant while kneading, press out flat on waxed paper. Spread with a mixture of finely chopped dates, raisins, figs, cherries, and nuts; shape into a roll, then cut into slices.

Almond Cream: Color fondant, flavor as desired. Shape into small balls and press an almond on either side.

Date or Prune Creams: Form dates or prunes into boat shapes after removing stones. Fill with a shaped piece of flavored fondant.

COCONUT ICE

Three pounds sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon glucose, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups coconut, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pink coloring.

Place sugar, milk, cream of tartar, and glucose into a saucepan and bring slowly to boiling point, stirring occasionally. When boiling, place the lid on saucepan for 1 minute. Boil to 240 deg. F. Remove from heat, divide into two basins, and add half the coconut and vanilla to each one. Color one portion pale pink. Beat until very thick and creamy, press into a greased tin, and press second portion on top. When cold, cut into blocks.

MARSHMALLOWS

One and a half cups boiling water, 2 cups sugar, 2 tablespoons gelatine, 3 tablespoons glucose, 1oz. cornflour, 1oz. icing sugar.

Combine half the water with sugar and glucose and the other half with the gelatine. Heat, and when both mixtures have dissolved, combine and allow to cool slightly. Beat briskly until mixture increases in volume, becomes white, and starts to thicken. Pour into slab-tins which have been greased and dusted with cornflour and icing sugar.

Variations: Add various shades of food colorings to the mixture before completing beating.

After cutting into squares, toss in coconut that has been toasted or colored.

FRENCH JELLIES

Two ounces gelatine, 2lb. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pints cold water, lemon juice or any fruit essence to flavor, any desired coloring, castor sugar.

Soften gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of the water, add balance of water and sugar. Bring to the boil, cook steadily 20 minutes. Allow to become cold, color and flavor as desired. Pour into square tins rinsed with cold water. When set, turn out on to greased paper dusted with castor sugar. Cut into blocks, dust with castor sugar.

CHOCOLATE-COATED PEANUT CLUSTERS

One quarter-pound block dark semi-sweet chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shelled peanuts.

Melt chocolate in unbreakable bowl over gently boiling water. Remove from heat, add peanuts, and mix well. Drop a teaspoonful at a time on to waxed paper, cover with waxed paper, and set for about 12 hours in ice-chest or refrigerator.

Vary the flavors by using chopped ginger, raisins, coconut, or sultanas in place of the peanuts.



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FLOWER-POT can be painted in record time if you hold a taller tin inside it. The rim will not get smudged, it will be easier to turn the pot around, and you can avoid getting paint splashes on your hands.

Miss Precious Minutes gives— Hints to help the housewife

● Everyday homely tasks can often be made easier and quicker for the housewife. These time and labor saving hints will help to speed the daily chores.

ALWAYS write a description of the garment on the manufacturer's washing instructions that come with each new piece of clothing. These instructions can be kept in a file in the laundry and you can refer to them when doing the washing.

WHEN pressing a pleated skirt, dampen the cloth with a weak solution of gum arabic. The pleats will stay in position quite a long time when treated in this way.

TO prevent your cottons from fading, always wash blue materials in water that has two tablespoons of salt; add a teaspoon of alum to the water when washing green materials; and for brown materials, add two cups of left-over tea.

PUT jar rubbers and lids in a colander or in your frying-pan when you sterilise them before bottling fruit, etc. It is much easier to lift them from the boiling water when you need them.

GIVE your children a lot of fun next time you bake cookies. Make a cutter for each helper from a tin (be sure that both ends have a smooth, clean edge). You do the rolling and they can do the cutting out and sprinkle on toppings such as chopped nuts, coconut, and cinnamon.

IT is a good idea to attach a shoe bag to the back of the front seat of your car. It can hold the children's toys, comics, snacks, and all the odds and ends they like to take with them on a drive. This will keep the car tidy and the things will be easily within the children's reach.

PRACTICAL LAYETTE

ONE of the most important things to remember when planning a baby's layette is that all the clothes should be light but warm, porous, and non-constricting.

Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse, has designed a 12-piece layette which includes easy-to-follow patterns for 2 dresses, 2 nightgowns, 2 pairs of pilchers, a carrying coat, bonnet, matinee jacket, petticoat, cotton shirt, and rompers.

Each garment is simple to make and has tucks and pleats on the shoulders so it can be let out as baby grows.

The patterns are plain, so the clothing can be prettied up as much as you like with embroidery trim.

A large, illustrated instruction sheet for cutting out and making up the garments is included with each set of patterns.

You can obtain a set of layette patterns from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. The price is 3/6 (post free).

Please print names and addresses clearly.

Christmas contest for our readers

OUR contest for the best recipes for Christmas food and beverages is attracting many entries from readers. There is still time to send along your favorite recipe.

Prizes to be awarded in the contest are:

FIRST PRIZE (best recipe entered in the contest) £10
SECOND PRIZE £5
THIRD PRIZE £3

In addition we will pay £1 each for every other recipe we publish.

The contest will close on October 1.

The main prizewinners and other interesting recipes selected by the judges will be published in a special Christmas cookery feature in The Australian Women's Weekly early in December.

Send in your favorite Christmas recipe now. Address entries to "Christmas Recipe," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.



PLATTER OF NOUGAT TARTS decorated with pieces of glistening glace cherry. You can ring the changes by piping a swirl of whipped cream on each tart. See recipe below.

Prizes awarded for recipes

● Delicious raspberry tarts that are simple to make and melt in the mouth win the £5 prize in this week's recipe contest.

A CONSOLATION
Prize of £1 is awarded to a recipe for cod steaks poached in cider and served with an unusual sauce.

Spoon measurements are level.

NOUGAT TARTS

Pastry: Six ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3oz. shortening, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, milk or water.

Filling: Raspberry jam, 2oz. ground almonds, 2oz. coconut, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon milk, few drops almond essence, cherries.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in shortening. Add sugar, egg-yolk, and sufficient milk to make a firm dough. Roll out on lightly floured board to 1/4 in. thickness. Cut into circles, using fluted cutter. Line small patty-tins with pastry rounds.

Prepare filling: Place half a teaspoon jam into each pastry-case. Combine almonds, coconut, and sugar, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, almond essence, and milk; mix thoroughly. Spoon mixture into cases, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Decorate each tart with a piece of cherry.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Turner, 97 Vermont Rd., Launceston, Tas.

COD STEAKS WITH MUSSEL SAUCE

Four cod steaks, salt, pepper, 3oz. shortening, 1 pint dry cider, 1 pint fresh mussels (or use 1 tin prepared mussels), 1/2 lemon, 1 pint milk, 1oz. flour, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Arrange fish in greased ovenware dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper; dot with 1oz. of the shortening. Pour over cider, cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Remove paper, brown under grill. Scrub mussel shells thoroughly. Place in saucepan with boiling water to cover, add lemon juice, and boil until shells open, shaking pan frequently. Discard shells which do not open during boiling. Drain off liquor, reserving some for sauce. Remove mussels from shells, discard small black portion. Chop 4 of the mussels finely, strain fish liquor, add milk and sufficient mussel liquor to make 1/2 pint.

Melt remaining butter in saucepan, add flour, stir until smooth. Add liquid and stir until sauce boils and thickens. Season, add parsley and chopped mussels. Arrange cod on platter, pour sauce over. Garnish with whole mussels.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. McGuinness, 41 Stawell Street, Coburg, Vic.

FAMILY DISH

APPETISING curry made with veal steak is this week's family dish. It costs approximately 7/3 and serves five.

VEAL CURRY WITH ALMONDS

One and a half pounds veal steak, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 or 3 dessertspoons curry powder according to taste, 2 tablespoons chutney, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 2 1/2 cups stock or water, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 large onion, 3 tablespoons sultanas, 1 tablespoon currants, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons blanched almonds, cooked rice.

Trim steak, cut into 1 in. pieces. Melt fat, add veal, cook gently 3 or 4 minutes. Add flour and curry powder, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in chutney, tomato sauce, stock, or water, salt and pepper. Bring to boiling point, cover and simmer until meat is tender, 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 hours (or pressure-cook 15 minutes). Fry sultanas, currants, and thinly sliced onion in a little fat until fruit is plump and onion rings lightly browned. Fry egg, chop well. Serve curry in centre of large ring of cooked rice on hot serving-platter. Top with fruit and onion, then sprinkle with egg and finely sliced almonds.

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Baby's best sleeping position

Is just the one he likes best! After a meal, he may feel more comfortable lying on his right side, as this position helps digestion. Whatever position you put him in one time, vary it the next. He likes change. Make sure his mattress is firm, his sheet unwrinkled and he has no pillow.

BABY'S MANICURE is most likely to be successful if you give it when he's snoozing. Always use blunt-end scissors to

trim those tiny nails. **DOES BABY'S NOSE TURN UP** at vegetables, but he loves fruit? Then let him eat fruit at every meal for a while. Many fruits supply almost the same vitamins and minerals as vegetables. Heinz Baby Foods cover such a range of sun-ripened fruits — apples, pears, apricots, prunes, bananas and pineapple. By the time you've served them all to him he'll have quite forgotten he disliked vegetables.

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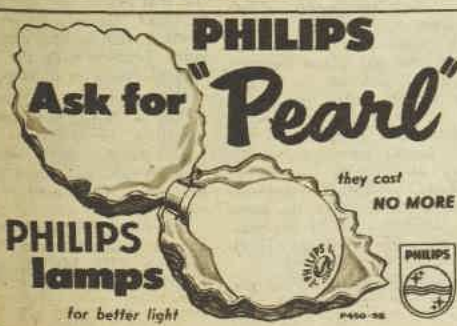
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baby's, and absolutely clear, and clean, and shining, like a light."

He glanced at her thoughtfully, then his eyes went to the brilliance of sky and mountain. "Flying so much, I suppose. Altitude, clean air. They're up in the air more than they're on the ground. Winged things always have eyes like that. Birds. And gods. And angels." He smiled at her. "And now, even pilots."

Curiously enough, she remembered that salmon-fishing trip in the plump little fishing scow as an exhilarating time. She was gay and yet relaxed, she could not account for it, she did not try. She was in and out, buffeted by the cold wind, soothed by the cabin's coffee-scented warmth.

"I feel as if I were floating in a vacuum," she said.

"You're aloft, all right," Thor said. "I hope."

"Are we going to Oogruk this summer?"

"Depends."

"Ross Guildenstern said that if he knew the date ahead of time he might wangle things so as to pilot us."

He looked at her thoughtfully. "Perhaps we'll put it off until next year."

"Oh, no!"

"Why are you so crazy about Oogruk all of a sudden?"

"I've always wanted to see it. It sounds fascinating." Then, naively, "Ross Guildenstern was born there. He knows everybody in Oogruk."

"That would make it more interesting," he said rather flatly. "Of course, I know Oogruk pretty well." He was silent. "We'll see."

Seattle said that Bayard Husack hadn't adjusted. They did not phrase it that way. As Seattle put it, "That young Seattle — Bay, they call him — hasn't taken hold since he came home."

He had returned from the war in late 1945, handsomer than ever, feminine Seattle agreed. And not a scratch on him, male Seattle added. But six years had gone by, he was thirty-one, and whatever it was that he had been supposed to take hold of had eluded him.

Bay's mother said to Dave Husack, in defence of their son, "He'll take hold in time."

Louise Husack loved her son blindly. Dave Husack loved his son, with reservations, and rejected this.

"Time! He's been playing around for six years now."

"He's at the office every day."

"Two hours for lunch. When I say I want him to go to Alaska for a few weeks, learn something about where all that dough comes from he spends on cars and boats and stuff, he says, 'No, thank you very much,' as if I'd made a joke."

"It's so wild and uncomfortable."

Whenever Dave took these matters up with his son, Bay listened in a polite but detached way which infuriated the older man. Dave, seated at his office desk at the end of the day, glared at his son.

"What do you want, anyway?"

"Not a thing, Dad."

"You ought to be married by now and have two, three kids and be in shape to run the business—if necessary. Which," he added hastily, glancing down at himself and flicking an imaginary speck off his coat sleeve, "it isn't. But if this doesn't interest you, as a job, what does? Name it. What would you like to do?"

The handsome head did not turn away from the window towards the older man. He spoke casually.

"I just told you. Not a thing. I know I ought to say I've been wanting to write a book, or go into politics, or take up ranching, or paint like all these disturbed ones, or

travel, or manufacture something, or go back to school and become a physicist. Everybody's a physicist. This business is all right; it's legitimate and successful; but there's no margin in it, no margin for error. It's like a bullfight. No matter how much he paws the ground and bellows, he's a dead bull before he sets foot in the ring. There's all that fish and timber and metal and stuff in Alaska, but no matter how much Gruening and the rest of them roar it's all yours. Of course, there's an art in it, as there is in every sport. And if the first torero doesn't kill the bull there's always a second. I guess I'm just not interested in being a bullfighter. I'm more the audience type."

Dave Husack's face was dangerously purplish.

"You've got a nerve talking to me like that. For a fellow who's so bored with the way his father gets it, you spend a lot of money. If you don't like money—"

"I do. I haven't said I didn't. I think it's great. I'm just not interested in the art of getting it, I suppose. I think money's fine."

Dave Husack's voice started low because he felt as if he were choking, but it rose triumphantly in volume.

"Why, you skunk, you! I've a good notion to sock you, big as you are, and I would, only now I think you're crazy. I think something happened to your head in the war, and you didn't tell us."

Bay shook his head; he rejected this equally. "No. I seem to be normal enough."

It was now that Dave Husack's voice rose to a bellow. "You rat! Standing there grinning and telling me you're normal—"

There was a sharp rap at the door. It opened.

"Come in," Bay called.

"Stay out!" Dave yelled.

The door opened wider now, and Dina Drake entered.

"They can hear you down as far as the fourth floor. There's quite a nice little crowd in the hall on this floor standing there letting the elevators go by."

"You keep out of this, will you!" Dave roared.

She ignored this. "Will one of you battlers drive me home? I mean home to your house. My car is busted and I promised Aunt Louise I'd come in at six." She was looking directly at Bay. "I promised to do the place-cards and the flowers for the dinner party."

Dave's face was contorted. "Dinner party. I'm not going to any dinner party."

"Yes you are, Uncle Dave." She placed a sheaf of papers on his desk. "And sign these." She placed a pen beside the papers. He seated himself heavily, he began to scrawl his signature as she picked up each sheet. "Drive me home, Bay?"

"Why not?" Bay said.

"Don't gush," she retorted. Dave Husack did not look up as his hand moved jerkily across paper after paper. "I'll go along with you, call Emilio and tell him not to come for me."

"He's probably started," Dina said quickly.

"I'll be gone."

He was as mercurial as a child, and as emotionally shallow. This girl could almost always distract him from the irritation of his angers, his problems. She knew this. He did not.

Ten minutes later the three were seated in Bay's car. Any casual observer would have seen three extraordinarily handsome people, relaxed, pleasure-bound. The girl sat between the two men, her knee pressed Bay's lightly, Dave's knee pressed hers heavily, the three had in common one thing. Seething frustration.

Dina Drake was the Husacks' official protégée, everyone in Seattle knew this. She's

Continuing . . . Ice Palace

from page 41

like a daughter to them, they had said in the beginning, because this was Louise Husack's repeated phrase.

"She's like a daughter to us, she couldn't be dearer if she were our own. Of course her mother and I were brought up almost like sisters in Kansas City, up to the very day I married Mr. Husack. She was my maid of honor. She married Ed Haver and they stayed right there in Kansas City to the day they died in that awful crash. Dina was in Hollywood—of course her real name was Dorothy Haver, but she changed it to Dina Drake when she wanted to get into pictures. They didn't appreciate her in pictures. I don't know why, with her lovely looks and all, but I guess it's all having pull, or worse. We kept in touch after the tragedy, she always called me Aunt Louise when she wrote. Then when she kept writing how tired she was,

So now she spent some hours weekly at the Husack offices, she was on hand to take Visiting Big Business Wives shopping or touring the city. She supervised Louise Husack's eternal dinner and luncheon parties.

Sometimes Dina even accompanied Dave on his business trips, now that Louise was more or less incapacitated. No one but Dina and Dave knew how pure in deed, at least, these business trips were. Dina was completely determined and relentless. Security was what she wanted.

If Dina, in her secretarial capacity, accompanied Dave on one of these West-East business trips, Dave always returned with a lavish gift for his semi-invalid wife.

"Brought you a little trinket, Lou," he would say. No one



and lonely, I asked her to come here and pay us a visit and she did.

"And now I don't know what we'd do without her. We fixed her up with a little apartment of her own and Dave got her to take a kind of secretarial course, and then after my little illness Dina began to kind of help out—pinch-hitting. Dave calls it—for me as hostess here at the house and even for Dave when he has to entertain business friends. She's like a social secretary and a business secretary and a daughter all rolled into one. She's got what Dave calls know-how. She's always there ready to pitch in and help. Dina's close-mouthed, too."

"Sometimes I think maybe too close-mouthed. She never told me she'd been married in Hollywood, it only came out when the fellow was killed in a car crash just like her mother and father's, it's as if she was haunted by tragedy. I hope not. She doesn't complain. Dina's no relation, but I always say, she's like a daughter to us."

IN the past year Louise Husack had ceased to repeat this oft-told tale. In the past year or two Seattle's eyebrows had gone higher and higher until they threatened the very hairline. Bay Husack was the most eligible bachelor in Seattle now that young Mort Caswell was married. Dina Drake may have been sweetness and light to the Husack household, but she rather antagonized the matrons and daughters and even the sons of the Husacks' social set.

She was, they admitted, lovely looking. She had enormous natural style. She did not make an effort to be more than barely polite to them. For this she had two reasons. She was concentrating with all her charm, intelligence, and ambition on Bay Husack. And she was scared to death of the memory of those months in Hollywood when she had known such insecurity and fear and cruelty as to mark her for life.

else ever called Louise Husack Lou. "They said in New York it was the thing, Dina helped me pick it out. I'm scared of those sales ladies, they could sell me anything, but not Dina. She knows."

The gift might be jewellery, a mink wrap, a cashmere coat soft as cream, lingerie, even occasionally a dress.

"Why, Dave! Louise would exclaim with a bad simulation of surprise as she lifted the treasure from its velvet or satin or tissue cocoon. "It's lovely, just perfectly exquisite!" A week, two weeks, perhaps a month would go by. There would be a secret session between Louise and her protégée. "Dina dear, I don't want to hurt Mr. Husack's feelings, or yours either, goodness knows, because you helped him pick it out, but I've got no use for these things. How would I look in a white mink cape!"

"Why, Aunt Louise, that fur looks lovely against your skin."

She was not altogether without humor, Louise. "Thanks, dear, but the important thing is, how does my skin look against that fur." She laughed ruefully at her own joke.

In another week or thereabouts Louise would venture, tentatively, to shift the gift to a more vernal background.

"David"—no one else called him David—"David, I just love that mink stole"—or sapphire-and-diamond clip, or alligator bag or French lingerie or dozens of pairs of filmy stockings—"but honestly, maybe it's my imagination, but I think it isn't right for me. Maybe Dina could wear them or exchange them . . . white mink with her black hair . . . all that jewellery in the bank vault I don't wear half of it, it just stays there. Dina wears those slinky black dresses so much, a good clip just sets the whole thing off."

Sometimes the quietly cynical and observant Bayard Husack wondered about Dina. She pursued him with the relentlessness of a prey-stalking tigress, but Bay never had said to her, I love you.

Now Dave Husack and Bay-

ard and his son, and Dina Drake, sat seething in the over-sized sports car on their way to Dave's house, which was his first substantial proof of stupendous financial success. It was as complete as Buckingham Palace, as the Taj Mahal, as Mount Rainier, as an anthill.

Louise Husack came towards them as the three entered the hall. Her face was alight and eager, like that of a child or a lonely woman. She was full of news.

"Well, I didn't know what had happened to you. I want to show you something, David, you too, Bay, guess who's coming here to school at Washington U. next autumn—Czar Kennedy's granddaughter! Here's his letter, he says she'd like a little apartment near the U., and would we kind of keep an eye on her, she's just a young girl, I'd like to write him. I'd just as soon she'd come and stay right here with us, all this room and it certainly would be lovely to have a young girl around the house."

"Heh, Mom," Bay said. "Just hold everything. We don't want a kid around the house next year—or any year."

"He sent a picture of her. Look. She isn't a kid. She's grown up."

Dina Drake, on her way to the dining-room, turned and joined the three. "In a parka I'll bet."

But she wasn't. "Say!" Bay exclaimed.

"I remember," Dave said. "Nice little kid. I saw her once when Czar brought her along for a meeting or something. When the meeting broke up—she'd been asleep through it—waiting there for Czar to finish—she said good-bye polite as you please, and then she looked at me as if she didn't like me. Real mean look, I mean."

"Do you think she'll stay here with you?" Dina asked.

Louise Husack followed Dina into the dining-room; she referred again to the letter in her hand. "It says here, no. Czar's letter says a little two-room apartment near the U.; she likes to be independent."

As she and Thor stood at the Baranof airport exit awaiting their plane's flight announcement, Chris saw him as he swiftly crossed the strip and ran up the loading stairway.

"There's Ross!" she exclaimed. "He got the run." She turned now to Bridie, who had just bustled up to join them. "Ross is going to pilot us as far as Oogruk. I just saw him go into the plane. He didn't even know last night. Isn't it wonderful!"

Bridie Ballantyne jerked her hat forward. "Maybe, if he keeps on flying. When I'm on a plane I don't want any pilot to be giving a floor show, visiting around spreading the charm and explaining the scenery and so on. Let them fly the plane and I'll find my own scenery."

The twin-engine plane was an ancient but respectable DC-3.

As Thor and Bridie and Chris entered the cabin they saw, without thinking it at all remarkable, that the seats had been removed along one side. This space was packed with the frozen skinned carcasses of moose mingling affably with the chilled passengers across the aisle.

To offset this slight informality, the old plane asserted her social position by equipping herself with the young and pretty stewardess Gerda Lindstrom, a pilot and a co-pilot, snacks served at practically all hours, somewhat cracked loud-speaker dissertations on the weather, the scenery, the history, and the natural phenomena of the Territory of Alaska.

It was too early in the season for the tourist tide. The plane was less than half filled.

There were a handful of construction workers, a half-dozen young men in Army uniform, and a middle-aged couple with greying hair and apprehensive faces. The woman wore dangling earrings, a blue coat, and a flower-bedecked hat. The man was plump, almost comical in a Basque beret, a city topcoat.

"I'm going to help Gerda with the coffee," Bridie announced, and bustled off like a friend at a neighbor's bridge luncheon. "She never gets it hot enough, anyway."

The middle-aged man in the Basque beret had been padding up and down the aisle peering through every window except that which belonged to his own seat. He now stopped beside Chris and Thor.

"How do you do, sir," he said, very formally.

Thor cheerfully returned the greeting as one who, for fifty years, has been addressed by strangers.

"You made this trip before?" the man asked.

"Yes. Many times."

"Is that right?" He seemed relieved at this. He raised his voice to address the woman of the flowered hat. "Irma, this gentleman here has made this trip a lot of times." He turned again to Thor. "You say it's all right?"

"You can relax and enjoy every minute of the trip," Thor assured him.

He looked out at the formidable landscape. "You live around here?"

"I live in Baranof."

The man extended his hand. "Polar is my name. Alwin Polar. My wife, Irma, back of you there."

"Storm. Thor Storm. This is my granddaughter Christine Storm."

"Happy to make your acquaintance," the man said. "We played Juneau Anchorage and Baranof, so that makes us old sourdoughs, I tell Irma. The Roller Polars our act is called, we do an act on roller skates, so the title isn't only catchy, it describes the act."

"No!" Thor exclaimed, stunned.

"We've toned it down a little the last few years. I don't whirl Irma by the heels any more like I used to."

Bridie mimed precariously up the aisle now, a laden paper plate in either hand. Thor stood up. "Bridie, give one of those to Mrs. Polar there, will you? And you keep the other and sit down beside her; she's never taken this trip before. Mr. Polar and I are going to have a chat."

For the first time in her life, perhaps, Christine felt deserted. Well, she thought, we'll be in Oogruk by four, and it certainly looks as if Bridie is getting her wish about not wanting to be entertained by the pilot. She stared out of the window at the blue and crystal universe. Bridie's voice chattering through the beat of the engines was like piccolo notes through drumbeats. Beat, beat, beat, beat, went the engines.

Last night Ross had said, I want to show you Oogruk, I specially want to show you Oogruk. The voices behind her ceased. She must have slept a little. Someone sat in the seat beside her; she opened her eyes instantly. It was only Bridie, who leaned close, her voice vibrant with the eagerness of one who imparts news.

"Those two," she confided. "They've lived the most interesting life. They're theatrical people, that's what she said. Would you think to look at them. They used to be in vaudeville."

The forward door opened, Ross Guildenstern came through. "Hi, Mr. Storm. Hi, Mrs. Ballantyne." He looked

To page 47

at Christine. "You want to come up front, take over for a while?"

"No, she don't!" Bridie trumpeted. "I'll get off if she does." They laughed agreeably at this timeworn joke. Bridie went on, "You want to chat with us, wait till we all get to Oogruk."

"That's what I wanted to know." He was still looking at Chris. "Where you going to be?"

"The Trading Post," Chris said. It was the first time she had spoken. "Is that right, Grampa?"

"Yes," Thor said. "Raffsky's Trading Post."

"It sounds rough," Chris said, happily, "and like old sourdough days."

Thor and Ross broke into shouts of laughter.

"What's so funny?" Chris demanded.

"You'll see," Ross said. "Look. After I drop you people at Oogruk I have to take these boys on up. I'll be back tomorrow morning, or maybe even late tonight. I've wangled it so I can stay a day and another night and fly you up to Barrow on the Wednesday run. I'd love to show you Oogruk and Barrow, too. I've got cousins all over the place, my grandmother lives in Oogruk, of course if you've got other plans—"

I am talking too much, he thought again, I always seem to when I'm talking to her, I wonder why, you know quite well why.

"I just want Christine to see something of this part of Alaska," Thor was saying. "Bridie, too, of course. September will be the end of it for two years, for Christine."

Bridie began to fidget and Ross grinned. "I'm going, Mrs. Ballantyne. But everything's under control, really. The copilot's up front." He looked at Chris, his face was serious and intense, out of all proportion, to the lightness of his words. "The Guildenstern tour tomorrow. See Oogruk with a Native. The Strange Customs and Habits. Fishing Through the Ice. Weird Dances."

"Not if you're going to be like that," Chris said.

"I won't." He was off, he shut the cockpit door, disappeared.

The interior of the plane was colder now. The cold seemed to cut through the closed door, the windows, the floorboards.

Christine touched Bridie's arm. "Bridie, I think we're beginning to come down. My ears."

Gerda Lindstrom's voice took on the tone of stewardess authority.

"Fasten your seat belts, please, we will be in Oogruk in about ten minutes. Fasten your seat belts, please."

There were a few young Eskimo loungers down at the airstrip waiting to see the plane from Baranof come in. Oogruk did not boast an airport building. There was only the strip. You stepped off the plane into another century. The little one-street Eskimo village squatted on the shores of Bering Strait. Oogruk never had seen a train. Oogruk boasted one automobile only. Oogruk travelled by dog sled or by aeroplane. The centuries met and mingled in Oogruk.

A station-wagon awaited the passengers. Standing apart with two local aeroplane company employees, Ross Guildenstern was checking his papers. Luggage was being unloaded. A slim young man stepped languidly out of the decrepit station-wagon. There was about him an indefinable but actual elegance, his skin was golden, he was wearing grey slacks and a fawn-solow pull-over cashmere sweater.

Ross, glancing up, saw him. He came swiftly to join the men who now were piling bags on the car top.

"Hi, Norman! Here, let me help with those." Wordless, the young man lifted a palm in greeting. "Mrs. Ballantyne, this is Norman Raffsky—Mrs. Bridie Ballantyne... Miss Christine Storm." Thor Storm joined the group now, he put a hand on Norman Raffsky's shoulder.

"Hello, Norman, my boy.

Continuing . . . Ice Palace

from page 46

There are two more passengers, they're not staying at your place, they're going to the Airline House, it's open early this year, isn't it?"

Norman fluidly transferred himself to the driver's seat, the Roller Polars, breathless, scrambled into the back, Bridie and Christine already were seated, Thor climbed in beside Norman Raffsky. Ross stuck his head in at the window at which Chris sat, he gestured towards the plane. "I'll be back tomorrow, sure, and maybe late today if I push it." He hesitated a second. "Norman's only eighteen," he said to no one in particular, his

If uncovered butter has absorbed other food flavors in the refrigerator, cut it into small pieces, cover with fresh milk, and leave it for an hour. Strain off the milk. The butter will be sweet again.

voice very low. He turned away abruptly, he ran swiftly back to the waiting plane.

The car started with a series of convulsive jerks, then they were off in a roar that subsided into a succession of snorts.

"Why did he say that?" Chris whispered to Bridie.

Bridie sniffed. "You know perfectly well why he said it."

They were nearing the huddle of houses and shacks, they skirted the shore. "Say!" Alwin Polar quavered from the rear seat, "this sure looks like the end of the world."

"Wait till you see Barrow," Thor shouted back, "you'll think this is Chicago. No offence, Norman."

But the others were not listening. Their faces were stamped with a look of bewilderment. The station-wagon seemed to be standing still. The world was rushing by.

"Wait a minute!" Bridie yelled.

"What's happening?"

Gently Thor said, "Stop a minute, Norman, will you?" The station-wagon shivered to a standstill. The world rushed by even faster than before. They were on the beach path, and Thor pointed towards the ice-packed water.

"Why, Bridie! And you, too, Chris. You ought to know. You've seen the spring break-up often enough. Here it's later and bigger and swifter. That's the ice going out. Now that we're standing still you can see it isn't the globe that's whirling. It's rushing down from the Arctic to the Bering Sea. Did you ever see a current like that? You never will, anywhere. If you were to hop one of those big ice plateaus whirling past us there you'd get a free ride to Nome in no time—if you stayed on."

Norman Raffsky started the car again, it leaped into the air like a bronco spurred.

The car rounded a slight curve and stopped before a neat white-painted two-story building.

In large black letters the sign painted on the front read:

RAFFSKY'S HOTEL

and

-TRADING POST

"But it isn't a trading post at all!" Chris protested. "It's as big as the Pole Star Hotel back home, and better looking. I thought it would be a log cabin, with wolves howling outside."

"You sound like a tourist, Christine," Thor said, almost crossly.

Bridie stepped gingerly out into the blinding late-June sunshine, the icy late-June air. She straightened her hat, wrapped her coat more firmly about her.

The Roller Polars' faces peered through the car window. "I wish we were staying here at this place," they pleaded. Norman threw the car into gear. "No room." Then,

over his shoulder to Thor, "Back with your bags in a minute." He drove on.

In the doorway of his vast store stood Isador Raffsky, trapper, fur trader, merchant. He had come from his native Poland at seventeen. He knew every infinitesimal Eskimo village in the Arctic. He had mushed a dog sled hundreds—thousands of miles. He had frozen and hungered, he had battled the blinding blizzards. His credit was sound from Point Barrow to New York.

He made a little bow now.

"Thor, my boy! Mrs. Ballantyne! After all these years you are here."

Thor spoke with serious formality. "Christine, this is my old friend Isador Raffsky. My granddaughter Christine Storm, I've brought her up here at last."

Isador Raffsky clasped his hands behind his back, he stood looking at Christine as one would survey critically a painting in a gallery.

Bridie had had enough of this drama. "Now, Isador, I want Chris to meet Mrs. Raffsky." She raised her voice to reach a woman who was standing behind the counter in a corner across the store. "Leah, I haven't seen you in—what is it now—anyway five years."

Mrs. Isador Raffsky was wrapping a hunk of Cheddar cheese, two cans of mushroom cream soup, a pound of hamburger, and a cellophane sack of hard candies.

Bridie bubbled on.

"My, you haven't changed a bit, Leah, not a line in your face. Chris is dying to meet you and the girls, where are they, anyway, I thought they'd be down at the airport."

Chris, here's Mrs. Raffsky wants to say hello to you. Say hello now to Leah Raffsky."

Christine stared, unaware that she was staring. One simply did not say hello to Mrs. Raffsky. By some inexplicable alchemy of the centuries Leah Raffsky's darkly luminous slanting eyes, her high cheekbones curving down to the delicately sensuous mouth, the carriage, the manner, all might have been copied complete from ancient Egyptian

royalty. Mrs. Raffsky was totally unaware of this resemblance. Now she inclined her head and smiled a little in acknowledgment of the jovial introductions. Christine, to her own discomfort, found herself babbling a bit. "Mrs. Raffsky, what a wonderful store! I didn't dream it would be anything like this. I thought it would be wolf skins and mukluks and bacon."

"Those we got, too."

Christine had been trained to observe. Now her eye, swiftly travelling the big orderly, close-packed trading post, was baffled. Modish dresses, whole hams, jewellery, bath towels, a turret lathe, ripe olives, white fox furs; potatoes, "Time" and "Life" magazines, sirloin steaks, frozen strawberries; shoes, chocolate cookies, lamps, pink plastic tables; frying-pans, double boilers, mukluks, gloves, bolts and screws. Impressed but disappointed, her baffled gaze turned towards Thor. Her expression was vaguely reproachful.

"This is the new Alaska," Thor said, as though she had asked him a question. "We knew the old one, didn't we, Isador? It's gone. This is your Alaska, Christine. Take over."

"Whoever's Alaska it is," Bridie retorted, "they can run it but I'd like to go up to my room."

With a gesture Leah Raffsky indicated that they were to follow her. As they ascended the stairs their bags awaited them in a neat row on the landing.

Christine had visualised bunks, prickly grey blankets, and oil lamps. The walls of this upper hall, wide and bright, were painted pink. On either side the open doors revealed neat bedrooms furnished in modern light wood, you glimpsed bedside lamps and pale blue coverlets and flowered chintz. The windows were tightly shut, but where they sprawled or paced, you heard the high grating snarl and whine of the Malemutes.

Leah Raffsky made a little

To page 53

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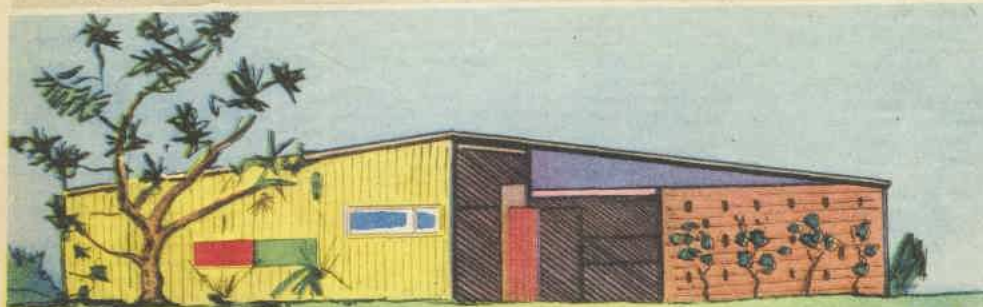
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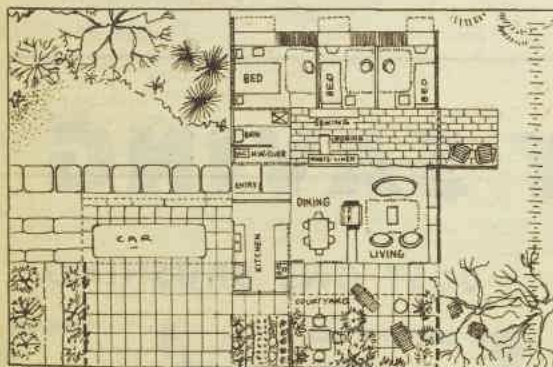
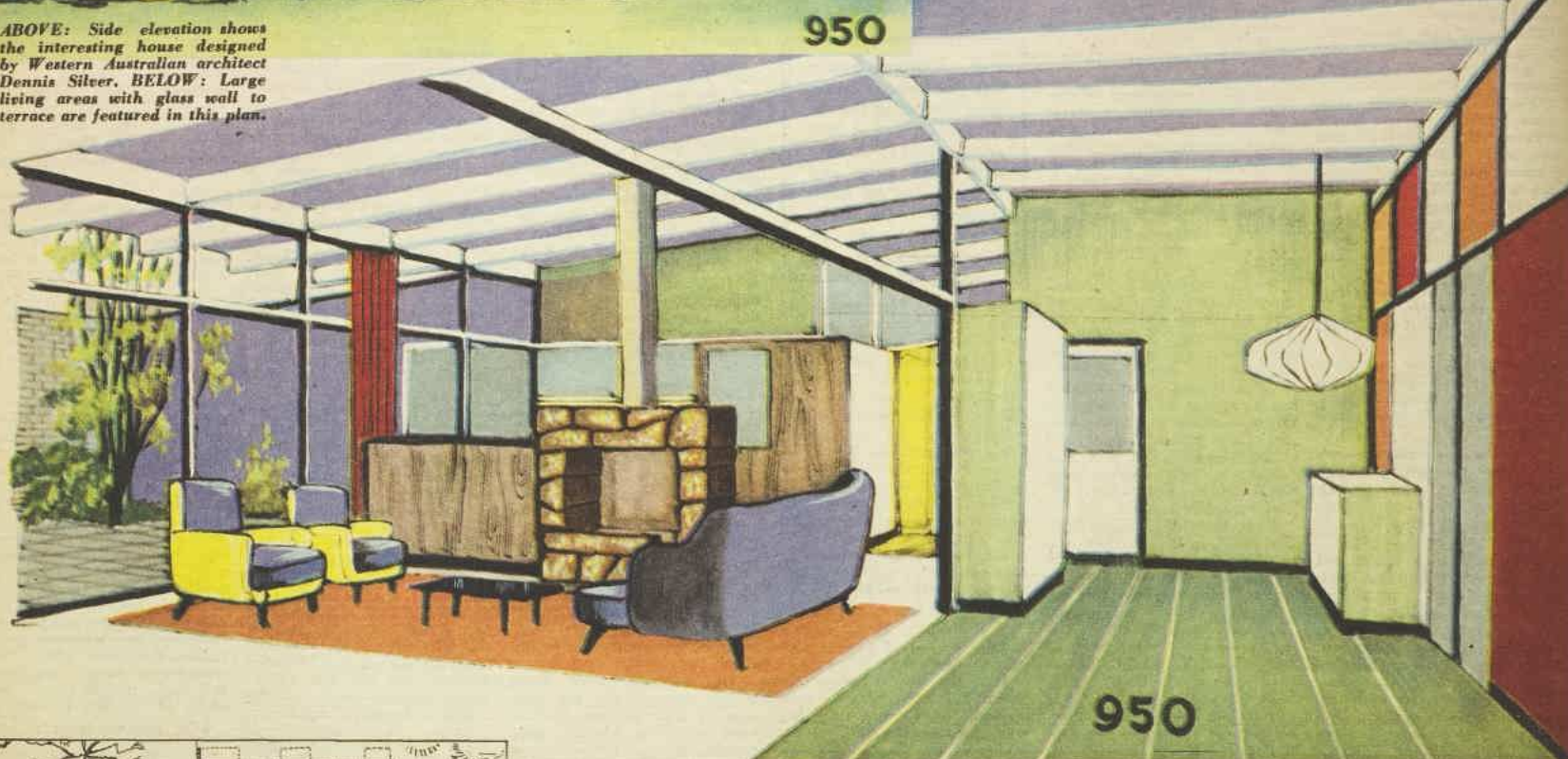
£500 WINNER FROM W.A.

Prize plans...

● Here are three prize-winning plans in The Australian Family Home Competition sponsored by Taubman's. First prize was £2000.



ABOVE: Side elevation shows the interesting house designed by Western Australian architect Dennis Silver. BELOW: Large living areas with glass wall to terrace are featured in this plan.



GROUND PLAN (above) gives details of the large areas available for family activities or entertaining in the home.

● With the design shown in the three pictures immediately above, architect Dennis Silver, of Western Australia, won a prize of £500 in the Australian Family Home Competition. It is a small, economical home.

THE emphasis in this design is on comfort—both for family living and for ease in entertaining.

The architect paid special attention to aspect and ventilation to ensure the household received the maximum sunlight in winter and plenty of cool breezes in summer.

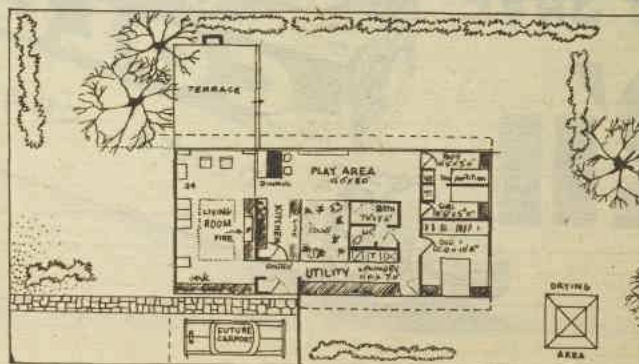
The house is divided by a central general-purpose room which flanks living and dining rooms. This combined area is wonderful for informal

entertaining, or can be divided by a door-high concertina screen for more formal dining.

High vertical louvers allow winter sunshine to penetrate on to the floor of absorbent quarry tiles in the general-purpose area. This floor extends out of doors to sun terrace, and its hard-wearing surface can be hosed to clean it.

The corrugated sheet roof on timber beams has a 5ft. overhang, protecting a second terrace. The exterior of the house presents an attractive appearance with timber, brick and glass combined successfully as the building materials.

ENTRY BY TWO VICTORIANS



ABOVE: North-west aspect of the house designed by Evan Walker and Rex James, Victorian winners.

LEFT: Ground plan of design. Courtyard adds to attractiveness and overall comfort of the house.

Bedrooms receive a cool south-westerly summer breeze through vent panels directly over the beds. Hoods over the windows eliminate direct sunlight. The children's rooms are grouped to permit future reorganisation.

An automatic washing-machine has been included in the kitchen layout of this plan, but this could be altered to suit local regulations.

The house is built on a 4in. concrete slab with a total area of 1095 square feet.

Low-cost houses for family living



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of house with a view into the spacious living-room. This plan won £2000 for K. Woolley and M. Dysart, of Sydney.

650

GRAND CHAMPION DESIGN

● On this page is shown the house that won first prize of £2000 in the Australian Family Home Competition. It was designed by Kenneth Woolley and Michael Dysart, of Sydney.

● A house with areas easily adapted to suit changing family conditions was planned by Melbourne architects Evan Walker and Rex James, who won £500 with the design shown at the left.

THIS Victorian plan, like the Western Australian plan, incorporates a glass-walled courtyard that brings extra light to the surrounding rooms.

It flows into a large play area so children can be observed through the glass even when the housewife is in the kitchen.

Living and work areas are grouped in one wing with the three bedrooms on the other side of the house, close to bathroom and lavatory. Bath, lavatory, and hand basin can be screened to allow separate use by three people, with complete privacy.

The bedrooms face east with the two children's rooms divided by a low removable partition. Each bedroom has built-in storage space and a pleasant outlook to the side garden.

A general-purpose utility area running along the southern wall receives sunlight from the adjacent courtyard, and would be a popular place for sewing or family hobbies.

The large play area can be adapted as an extra bedroom or as a studio, and dining can be transferred to the north end of the living-room for large-scale entertaining.

The floor of the living-room is dropped one foot below the level of the rest of the house.

The central position of the kitchen enables the housewife working there to control the whole house. It is near the front entrance, and a second door leads to living-rooms and children's play area.

Much use has been made of the areas close to the house for comfort in outdoor living. Sun-blinds recessed into overhanging eaves give shade. Screens and hedges are used for maximum privacy.

The area of the house, not including the court, is 1055 square feet.

It is built of timber-framed panels lined with asbestos or vertical boarding. The foundation is a concrete slab. A choice of roofing is possible.

THIS prize-winning design fulfils the aim of its two young designers to give their house an Australian character. The house follows new trends in contemporary building, combining a pleasing appearance with good interior design.

It is almost square in plan, with the roof sloping inward to a central court. Glass panels form the inner walls.

The courtyard can be treated in a variety of ways—paved, as a garden, or with a pool and tropical greenery.

This court is an outstanding feature in an excellent design. It provides extra light for the whole house and gives an illusion of increased space, especially in the living-rooms.

All rooms have cross ventilation from the court, and a breeze from any direction will blow through the house in hot weather.

The courtyard can be screened along two sides with light draw curtains to shut off the view of bedroom and bathroom doorways.

There are three bedrooms, each of generous proportions and each containing a built-in wardrobe.

An interesting treatment in the bathroom is walls of waterproof plywood finished in a natural veneer. The floor is tiled.

Plumbing is economical with bathroom, laundry, and kitchen together on the same outside wall.

A capacious linen cupboard is accessible from both hall and laundry.

The labor-saving design of its U-shaped working area makes the kitchen an efficient place for meal preparation. It has a built-in refrigerator and a modern breakfast-bar.

In the living-room there is ample space for formal dining, and with doors open to the terrace it could be a pleasant area for summer entertaining.

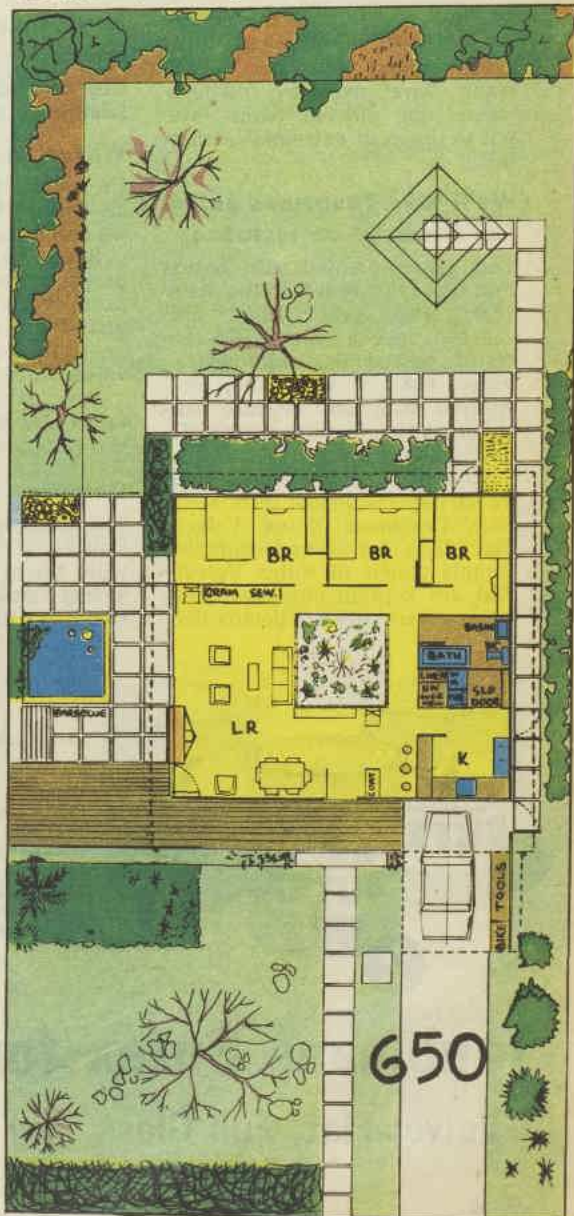
A fireplace with steel flue and hood can be adapted for any type of slow-combustion stove, or can be omitted if preferred.

Doors from the living-room open to a screened terrace and also on to the timber deck that extends across the front of the house. The screen could be tea-tree fencing, concrete blocks, pieced brickwork, or whatever medium suits the taste and pocket of the owner.

The house is built of timber frames and striated or plain asbestos cement panels. The internal walls are of gypsum plaster board, and the ceiling can be either natural veneer plywood or gypsum board.

The roof is asbestos cement. The design could be varied by sloping the roof outwards, and could also be adapted for a sloping site or turned to suit the best aspect.

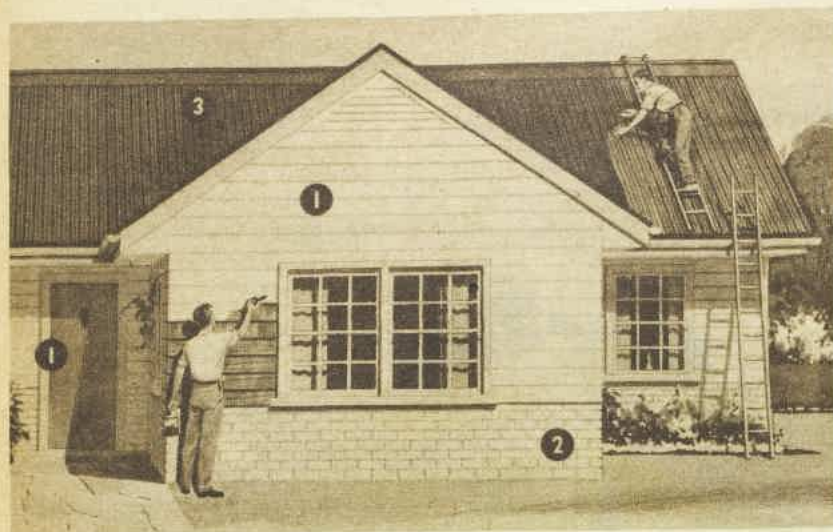
BELOW: Floor layout of the design shows excellent planning of living and sleeping areas. The three bedrooms are together, and living and work areas are well grouped.



Buy these plans at our Centres

● These plans and other prize-winning plans overleaf are on sale for £10/10/- per set at our Home Planning Centres. See addresses on page 51. Where any prize plan did not comply with local building regulations in any State, it has been altered to meet these rules.

Painting outside?



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Test panels painted with Butex Full Gloss (1) are left in the open year after year. They are checked once a month and the results passed on to our laboratories. Once a week they are sprayed with salt because salt air is another hazard an outside paint has to beat.

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Where to use them.

On weatherboard homes and on all outside timber and ironwork we recommend Butex Full Gloss.

Butex Velvet-Flat is specially prepared for all common brick, fibro, cement render and unglazed tile surfaces. Use it also on timber where you prefer a velvet finish.

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The 30 decorator colours in Butex Full Gloss match or harmonise with the 17 colours in Butex Velvet-Flat and the 9 decorator colours in Butex Roof Paint.



- (1) Taubmans Butex Full Gloss. A gallon covers 800 square feet.
- (2) Taubmans Butex Velvet-Flat. A gallon covers 500-600 square feet.
- (3) Taubmans Butex Roof Paint. A gallon covers 800 square feet.

Taubmans Butex for outside Velvet-Flat, Full Gloss and Roof Paint

TWO MORE PLANS YOU CAN BUY

● Here are two more interesting home plans that won £500 each in The Australian Family Home Competition. The house shown in perspective at the top of the opposite page and in the floor layout immediately below was designed by Kevin Hocking, of South Australia. The second design shown in perspective, opposite, and in the floor plan at the bottom of this page was designed by Brian Hodgen, of Queensland.

A HOUSE that blends harmoniously in a contemporary setting is the design of South Australian architect Kevin Hocking (see picture top right and floor layout below).

The plan is based roughly on twin rectangles, with the front entrance of the house common to both sections. Its total area, including carport and covered way, exceeds 1000 square feet.

The division of each rectangular section has been given much careful thought. Bedrooms, bathroom, and a large utility-play area make up one wing, with the living, dining, and kitchen space in the other portion. This functional planning makes the house very easy to run.

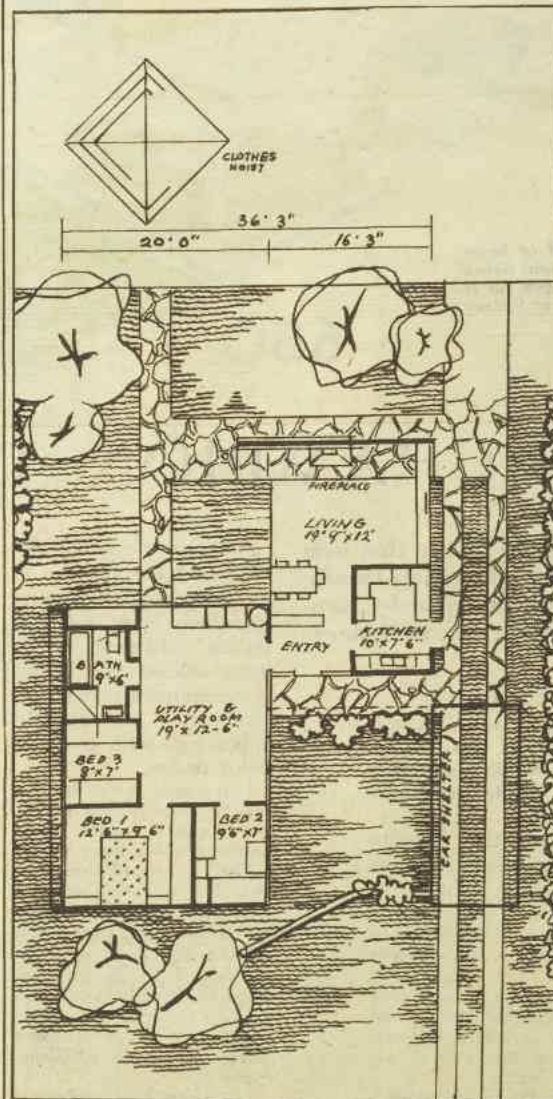
The kitchen is situated near the front entrance and is a room planned for efficiency. U-shaped bench-tops and built-in cupboards make it a labor-saving unit for the housewife. A side door is a convenient entry for tradesmen.

Flooring is of covered reinforced concrete. The walls are timber and the linings of double-sided foil insulation. Wall surfaces are of plaster hardboard and plywood. Large sections of the walls are of glass to give the rooms plenty of light and a feeling of great space.

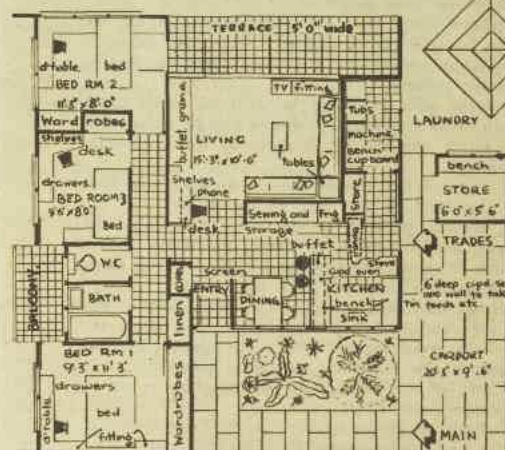
Spaciousness characterises this design. The ground plan shows the imaginative planning that has resulted in every square foot being utilised without cluttering.

The utility-play area is a wonderful extra in a house of approximately ten squares. Young children can be easily supervised here and many household tasks carried on meanwhile. It has useful cupboard space at one end of the 19ft. room.

Living and dining room is large and airy. Another attractive feature is the protected terrace reached through glass doors from the living-room. The stone paving extends across the rear of the house; this terrace would make a fine outdoor living area.



ABOVE: Floor layout of South Australian home shows the large, uncluttered areas in a house designed for contemporary living. Bedrooms and bathroom are conveniently grouped in one section.



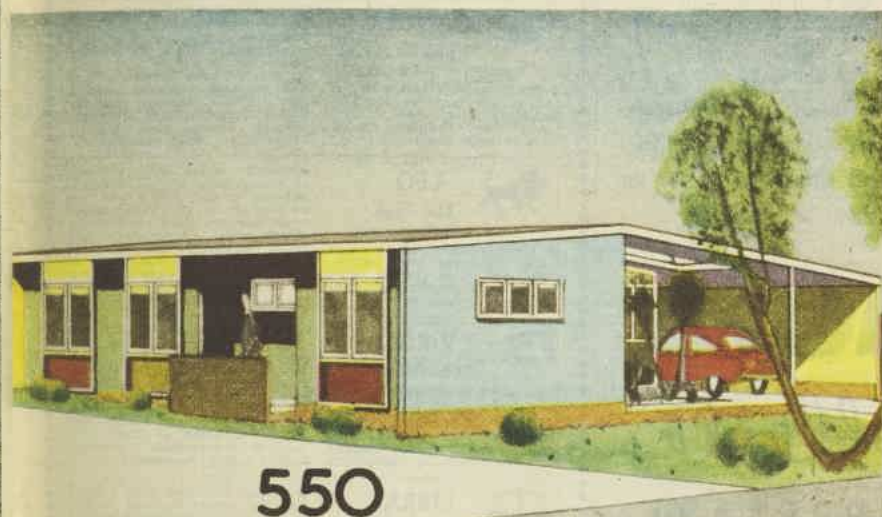
RIGHT: Ground plan of Queensland design. All bedrooms have an external door leading to balcony or terrace. The area of the house covers nine squares.

These won £500 each



850

DESIGN FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA. Side elevation of Kevin Hocking's house shows the carport at right and suggested wall screening the front entrance. A broken roof-line gives added interest to the modern styling of the exterior of this attractive house.



550

QUEENSLAND PRIZEWINNER. This is the perspective sketch of the house designed by Brian Hodgen. It is built on a level site. An alternative plan makes provision for a timber floor and stilt elevation. This would be suitable for the Queensland climate.

● Architect Brian Hodgen, of Queensland, designed the prizewinning house immediately above to suit a block of land which has an unimposing frontage but a back garden made attractive with lawns and trees.

BELIEVING that a housewife likes to see what is going on down the street even while she is working in the kitchen, he placed the kitchen in the front section of the house.

Adequate provision has been made for plenty of bench and cupboard space in the kitchen area, which is connected to the dining-room by a buffet bar that is handily placed for serving meals or for quick family snacks.

A great deal of the furniture is built in—a tremendous saving in costs.

The house is timber framed,

with exterior walls of tongue-and-grooved vertical timber sheeting to give a textured appearance. The interior treatment is varied from room to room to provide special wall interest.

Concrete has been used for flooring, but the design includes an alternative elevation with a timber floor.

The rectangular living-room is divided from the dining area by useful storage cupboards, and provision is made for a telephone desk in a central position.

The living area has a sweeping view through french doors to the rear garden. The doors open to the covered

terrace, which is protected by an extension of the roof.

Both carport—which includes a workroom for the handyman—and laundry can be reached from the kitchen. This is a well-planned room with built-in storage and adequate bench space.

A hall leads to the three bedrooms, which run along one side of the house. Bathroom and separate toilet are located between master bedroom and a second bedroom, both of them opening out on to a side balcony.

Shaped in a rough square, the house is roofed with timber and corrugated galvanised iron. There is a roof overhang of about 2ft. for weather control.

The house covers an area of approximately 975 sq. ft. The total area with carport is about 1095 sq. ft.

OUR HOME PLANNING CENTRES

THE prizewinning plans shown on these pages and on the two previous pages are all on sale at our Home Planning Centres. Fee for these prize plans is £10/10/- each, complete with specifications.

Our Home Planning Centres offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders. The standard plans we publish each week are available at the Centres. Fee is £7/7/- per full set.

Plans will be prepared specially to any reader's individual requirements or design.

Plans can also be ordered by mail from our Centres, which are established at the following stores:

CANBERRA: Anthony Horder's.
MELBOURNE AND GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

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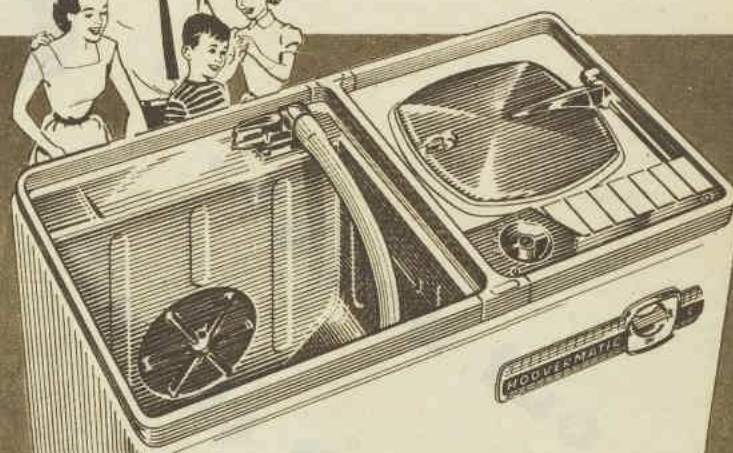
ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

SYDNEY: Anthony Horder's. Also at the Master Builders' Bureau at Miranda.

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Double rinse and spin-dry—all in one unit

No draining between loads! Just move your finished wash to the spin-dry compartment for double rinse and spin-dry while your next load washes. Safely, speedily, your wash is absolutely ready for the line!

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your whole family wash all washed,
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No more wringing—no hand rinsing—and the cleanest wash of all. With the Hoovermatic two-tub machine you handle wet washing only once—and that's when you simply move it from the washing tub to the spin compartment. There it is double rinsed and spin-dried without your touching it. And while it rinses, your speedy Hoover is washing a second load. You couldn't ask for a shorter wash day—or a better wash—for Hoover's patented pulsator action gives the cleanest wash of all.

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Magic

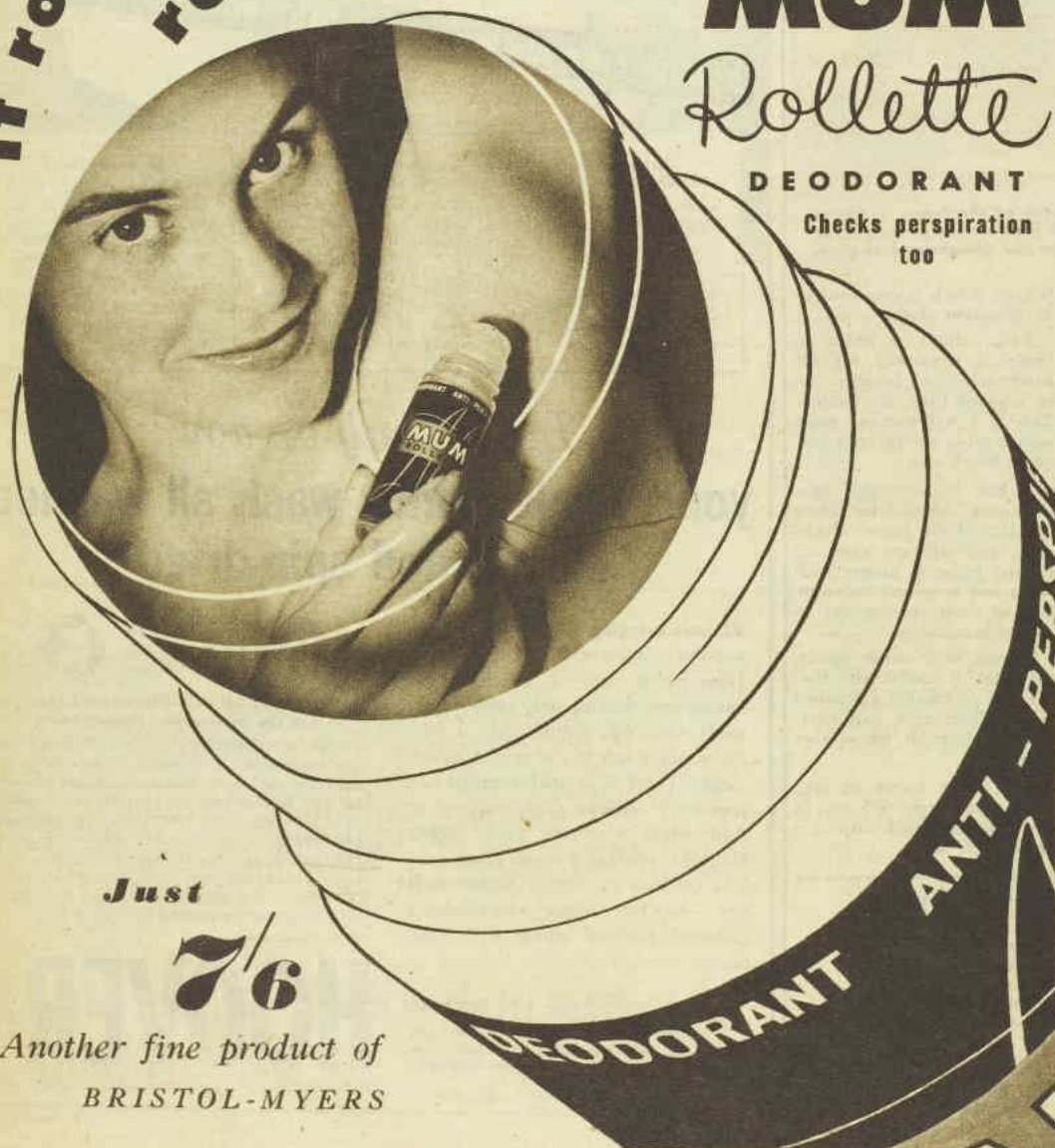


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AS I READ the STARS

By **EVE HILLIARD**
For week beginning September 29

ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, silver.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck through the opposite sex.

★ Good news comes to you through a total stranger of the opposite sex. A romantic adventure could have a permanent influence on your affairs. As one of a team you may win an award, or work on a successful enterprise. Your loved ones may contribute practical help towards one of your pet projects. Some of you act as peacemakers.

TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, grey.
★ Gambling colors, grey, violet.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Luck on the job.

★ If a voluntary worker, you are headed for a bigger effort than ever before. Some of you are on committees, others organise fund-raising. Results are good. The stars favor those looking for jobs, with pay and conditions to your liking. Romance blooms through casual daily contacts at place of work. Develop creative talent.

GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a game of chance.

★ If you enter a competition or tournament, you are under favorable aspects, especially if you yourself are taking an active part. In some instances, rivals become supporters. If a candidate for any office, the odds will be in your favor. Social standing may be enhanced through success in an undertaking which others sidestepped. Follow a hunch.

CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling color, white.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
★ Luck in your backyard.

★ Look around closely for fascination. If you're a gardener, you'll be happy working your own patch. If a flat-dweller, house plants absorb your time. A family relic comes to you and you turn it into an asset. A new neighbor brightens your day with a friendly gesture, or a good-looking young man recently arrived has social possibilities.

LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in a short trip.

★ Sudden moves, either at work or home, cause regret or worry. Nervous tension might lead you to say or do the wrong thing, or restlessness cause you to make a false move. A peculiar errand could, however, end in great satisfaction, bring you closer to an ambition, and clear the decks. A new love may appear where the old one still hovers.

VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in overcoming limitations.

★ Knowing what you want you work out ways to realize your ambitions. Or you may decide to compromise and settle for less. Homemakers, deciding to supplement income, discover new talents hitherto unsuspected. Young marrieds in many cases now realise a home of their own, leaving makeshift premises behind. New possessions thrill.

LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, blue.
★ Gambling colors, blue, white.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
★ Luck in the initiative.

★ Take the first step. Don't wait for others to come to you. If it's a new friendship, extend invitations, arrange outings. If it's a business matter, act quickly and positively. The hesitant and half-hearted will lose out. Partnership prospects, as well as personal relationships are excellent. The light shines and it's on you.

SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, black.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in the unexpected.

★ An unusual friend will make a suggestion that can be converted into a profitable business deal or a useful service. Whatever form it takes it will be to your advantage. Opportunities for gaining new ideas, changes in routine, broadening of scope in your interests occur this week. Be ready to act on them. Some are in love, but do not know it yet.

SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, green, gold.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck in popularity.

★ You are in demand, have many good friends who are eager for your company. Maintain these happy relationships by refusing to take sides, avoiding gossip, or going to extremes in your opinions. Accept no responsibility which you cannot discharge without neglecting other duties. These influences tend towards love affairs.

CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck in your career.

★ Prestige rises. Others may be attracted to you and seek your advice or help. Some of you will be asked to make a speech, receive an honor, or accept important responsibilities. Outside interests will consume every spare moment of your time. Your family may be critical of your frequent absences, yet proud of your achievements.

AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, pastels.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Luck in long-term planning.

★ If you sacrifice future goals for minor immediate gains you will be the loser. Move towards your objective by degrees. You will get results from systematic saving, early planning for travel or holidays, thinking ahead in your career, while improving skills and qualifications. If in love, gently guide the one you love best towards success.

PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, cream.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in a strong will.

★ Determination will be needed. You are called on to give moral support, provide strength which others lack. Take each problem as it arises, and if your beloved tries to pick a quarrel, a gentle answer will be needed to prevent an explosion. Clouds make the sunshine seem all the brighter when it comes. Spend leisure in quiet, constructive ways.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

gesture towards this room and that.

Chris and Bridie and Thor peered in. Bridie took over. "Now, Chris, if you want to take this one—it's the cutest. I'll take that one on the other side. Thor, which one you having?"

Thor was enjoying the look of incredulity on Chris' face. "Any one. They're all too luxurious for me; I'm not used to all this roughing it in the wilds of Alaska. Next year they'll probably have a television in every room." He swung the bags into the bedrooms and clumped down the stairs. When Bridie and Chris turned to speak to Leah Raffsky she had disappeared.

"What goes on here!" Chris demanded rather crossly.

From the far end of the long bright hall came the sound of muted music; there were girlish giggles and laughter and high young voices.

"It's the Raffsky girls!" Bridie said. "I was wondering. Come along, Chris." She rushed down the hall; Chris, following, saw her throw her arms about two girls in the doorway at the far end. "Chris, meet the two Raffsky girls; this one's Elinor and this one's Nancy."

"Hi!" the two said in unison.

"Why'n't you girls meet us at the airport? I looked for you, and downstairs in the store," said Bridie.

The Raffsky girls, in features, manner, and deportment, were like two nice plump upper Bronx girls you might see having an ice-cream soda at Schrafft's at five, now transplanted, inconspicuously, to the frigid wilderness of the Bering Sea.

"Mama doesn't like us to go down in the store much, except to help out, of course, when they're busy." Elinor's tone made plain that this arrangement was family battleground. "Or the airport, either."

"Something smells elegant!" Bridie called out. She had sauntered into the dining-room and had then vanished into the kitchen.

"Come on," the two Raffskys said happily, and linked arms with Chris. Friendly, outgoing as they were, Chris decided for a question or two even on such short acquaintance.

"Were you born here? I mean, have you always lived here? . . . Can anyone use these rooms? I mean, do the roomers or guests use this as a public room? I shouldn't think . . . Are there parties or . . . Where do you go to school . . .?"

The Misses Raffsky had no secrets from the world.

"We're going to school in Baranof next year. . . I love your dress, did you get it in Baranof or send to Seattle. . . we've invited some people for dinner tonight to meet you, we love company."

"Tonight!" Chris said, doubtfully.

"Ross can't make it back by dinnertime," Nancy said immediately, with the aplomb of a mind reader.

"How did you know he had planned . . . to get back?" Startled.

"Oh, everybody in Oogruk knows everything about everybody, it's the mukluk grapevine. There's two girls here from Philadelphia, they're coming for dinner, and their husbands are schoolteachers here, they're both Princeton men, the girls don't like it very well here, I think, but here their husbands earn about five times as much as they could in the States, they say they're going to try to stick it out for three years. . . . Lowell Aragrook is coming to dinner, too, he and his wife, he's in charge of all the Alaska reindeer herds up here, but he's been fishing for beluga. There's going to be

some Eskimo dancing especially for you. And . . ."

"Chris!" Bridie called from the kitchen. "Come and see this."

The Raffsky girls had propelled her into the kitchen—a kitchen that was modern, metallic, and pastel.

"Just throw your eyes over that, would you," Bridie said. Her gesture, as she indicated a mammoth cake—a Mount McKinley of a cake—amounted to a formal introduction. Iced in pink, with chocolate arabesques and pink flutings, it bore a message on its massive bosom. Welcome Thor, and Christine. "There wasn't room for another name," Nancy explained apologetically to Bridie. "We'll bake another cake tomorrow, just for you."

"Tomorrow! There's food enough right here this minute to last fifty people a week. A turkey in the oven the size of an ox. You must have every room filled and everybody coming for dinner."

"Roomers! We don't cook for roomers. This is a dinner party for our friends to meet you," Elinor said. "—and Ross Guildenstern if he gets back in time. Would you like a cup of tea or coffee now, dinner isn't until six. And a piece of cake." Then, as Bridie cast a look at the towering confection in the corner. "Not that one. That's for dessert with vanilla ice-cream and hot fudge sauce. Though maybe if I cut you a little bit of a slice now, from the side . . ."

"I'll wait," Bridie decided.

ROSS GULDENSTERN had not appeared at dinner. He had not come in during the evening. The evening lengthened to nine, to ten o'clock. Dinner finished, the women sat in the big pink sitting-room. The men had remained in the dining-room.

Chris drifted over to Bridie on the couch. She pitched her voice low for Bridie's ear.

"What do you suppose they're talking about in there?"

"Alaska?"

"Such old-fashioned behaviour. I feel like a harem inmate. I'd like to go in and hear what they're talking about."

"You're in Eskimo country."

The ten o'clock night sun glared boldly through the wall of plate-glass. From outside came sounds usually associated with daytime; the high voices of children, laughter, the yapping of dogs, the tattoo of a hammer pounding on wood. The Raffsky girls were handing round coffee for the third time since dinner. Chris found herself listening for the sound of an aeroplane in the clear Arctic air. She wandered over to the window that faced the water. Under that bright sky the beach path was busy as a boulevard. For Chris there was nothing remarkable about this activity during the summer-night hours. Baranof, too, tried to cram a year of sun and fun and work into two summer months.

Chris turned away from the window. She thought it would be fun to stroll down the beach. To stop and talk with the men and women and children.

Lowell Aragrook, the reindeer herder, was speaking as she glanced again towards the quietly conversational dining-room.

Oh, dear, what are they talking about in there, Chris wondered, with their heads close together? Impulsively, she walked into the dining-room, pulled up a vacant chair, and simply sat there.

The men stopped talking.

"Something you want, Christine?" Thor asked.

"Yes. I want to know what you're talking about."

Only Thor appeared not to be startled by this statement.

Continuing . . . Ice Palace

from page 47

The other men smiled uncertainly; or their faces hardened in disapproval. They were silent a moment. Bob Shelikov, Territorial Senator up from Klawock, became jocular in the political tradition. "You fixing to run for Territorial Congresswoman, Miss Christine?"

"Not just yet," Chris said, and as determinedly jocular as he. "But maybe by the time I'm old enough and know enough it'll be United States Congresswoman I can try for."

Bob Shelikov was one of the conservatives who contended that Alaska wasn't ready for Statehood. "Mmmm! Pretty girl like you will get married and have a family long before that, Miss Christine."

She sensed that Thor was displeased with her. But now he answered her question briefly and soberly.

"We were talking about something that wouldn't interest most women. You've heard it all a hundred times." He turned to the men. "You know, Christine was raised by two newspaper-publishing grandfathers. So political talk and Territorial arguments were her Mother Goose. Uh, let's see."

A hubbub in the sitting-room. "Ross!" shouted the Raffsky girls. He stood in the dining-room doorway; he was still in his pilot's uniform.

"Anybody want to see the Eskimo dances?"

Bridie had had enough of the pink sitting-room. "Sure do. Where?"

"At the Company Hall down the beach. In about half an hour." The room had come alive; there was movement and purpose. "I brought some passengers down with me from Barrow. Look, I've got to change. I'll see you there." He was off down the hall.

Half the company decided against joining in this festivity. Bob Shelikov wrapped it up neatly for the negative side when he said, "And, anyway, if you've seen one Eskimo dance you've seen 'em all." Certainly Bridie and Thor had seen these ceremonies countless times.

"Well, half an hour," Thor said now. "But I think we could do with a little sleep. Doctor Kramer's showing us through the hospital tomorrow, and you'll want to see the schools, and Father Gilhoolley has some magnificent ivory and wood carvings, and altar pieces. Then there's the dental clinic, too."

"Oh, Grampa, let's not be so worthy tomorrow—first thing in the morning, I mean." "What do you want to do?" "Just wander around and look at things and talk to the people on the beach."

"You'd think Ross Guildenstern was paying for this trip instead of your grandfather," Bridie said with considerable bite in her tone.

But Thor only asked mildly, "Just what have you got in mind, Christine? What do you want to do? This is your holiday, you know, not mine."

"She means, I suppose," Bridie explained, "that Ross Guildenstern's got some plan to show her around Oogruk. I can't see that it's any different from other Eskimo villages, only bigger."

"He was born here," Chris said defensively. "He said his grandmother lives here, and the aunt and uncle who brought him up after his parents died. He said he wants to show us around tomorrow morning. I don't know why he made such a point of it."

"I do," Bridie said grimly.

"Evidently you two are carrying on some kind of woman warfare that I don't understand. We'll see about half an hour of the dancing—after all, we've seen it all before, though not here. We'll

get some sleep. You do exactly what you want to do in the morning."

They were walking down the beach path. They could hear the Eskimo drums now. The door of the Company Hall was open. A group whose ages ranged from six to sixty clustered there. Periodically they were shooved away by someone inside; immediately they returned. The dark faces were merry and unresentful.

"Why don't they let them come in?" Chris wondered.

"Costs a dollar," Thor said, "each. Eskimos don't dance for nothing in the tourist season. They've caught on to civilisation, right enough. After the dance has really started they'll let these neighbors slip in free."

Arctic daylight at night streaming through the unshaded windows, combined with the artificial glare of electric bulbs overhead, gave to the room an effect half eerie, half sordid. At the far end of the long room the Eskimo drummers sat cross-legged on the floor, the great flat circle of their walrus-tissue drums spread before them. Their voices rose and fell in a chant timed to the beat of the drums. In the centre of the floor a group of men and women—twelve or more—were moving together in a slow, mystic dance which each individual dancer seemed, nevertheless, to be performing solo. Though the air of the room was close, the dancers wore fur and hooded parkas ornamented with intricate designs, and on their shifting feet were mukluks. The dancers were not, for the most part, young. A few perhaps were thirty or forty. Others looked seventy or more. Now and then a child of eight or ten would step into the rhythmically moving group.

"Hi!" There, to greet them, was Ross Guildenstern. He had changed from his pilot's uniform to khaki pants and leather jacket. "How about these seats? All right?"

"We're only staying about half an hour," Chris said, somewhat on the stately side. "Bridie's tired, and Grampa has a lot of plans for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow morning at nine you're starting out with me."

"Well, say!" boomed a familiar voice. "This is great! How are you making out?" It was Alwin Polar, of the Roller Polars, together with his gifted partner, still in the beflowered hat. But reason and the Arctic air had prevailed; she now wore over her pale blue coat a parka borrowed from the hotel guide. She and Bridie greeted each other like long-lost sisters.

Alwin Polar clapped a hand on Ross' shoulder. "Pardon me, ain't you the young fellow on the plane? The pilot on our plane?"

"Yes."

Polar looked intently at him, he stared at the faces of the dancers, the chanting drummers. "Say! I didn't know you were—uh—you look different," he finished, lamely. "It was the uniform, I guess."

Ross smiled his charming smile. "Same fella."

"They told us about this dance back there at the place we're staying. You run these dances?"

"No." Agreeably he went into a polite explanation. "Usually the dances don't start as early in the season as this because the tourists aren't here. They make a little money this way. So I rounded up an audience."

Now Thor, his tone kindly, his eyes amused, took up the impromptu explanation on a

more scholarly note. "Eskimos never used to dance for money. It started as a ceremony, they danced to express themselves. This kind of public entertainment came with the tourist trade. These dances act out a story. Every gesture of the arms, the head, the feet has a meaning. Every gesture follows the story the drummers are chanting."

"You mean they're saying something—those men there with the drums?" Polar turned to Ross. "You understand what they're saying? What's it mean?"

Ross was silent a moment, and Chris was startled by the curiously protective maternal feeling that surged through her as she looked at the merry upturned face, the laughing eyes.

"It sounds kind of foolish when you tell it, a literal translation. Well, this hunter went out to get food for his wife and his children, they had had no food for days because the man had been pierced weeks before by the tusks of a walrus when the man was on the sea in his kayak. And now as he walked towards the sea he saw a wolf, but as he prepared to kill the wolf, the wolf turned into a caribou with antlers, and it sped towards the water, and as it ran the hunter saw that the antlers were turning into tusks like those of a walrus and he knew then—" Ross broke off, his smile a little rueful. "Well, you get the idea."

One of the group down from Barrow touched Ross on

the shoulder. "Cap, you know how to do those dances? Yourself, I mean."

"Yes, some of them. I used to try to do them when I was a kid. You just follow the story as the singers tell it. This means wolf, see. And this means caribou. And this—"

He stepped forward then, and in a moment he had mingled with the dancers and was indistinguishable from them as they moved and turned, and gestured, and postured, children and ancients and those of middle years.

The next moment, to Bridie's horror and to her own surprise, Chris, too, stepped forward and joined the dancers. She kept her eyes on the dancer just in front of her, she raised her arm thus, she turned her head thus, she shifted her foot this way, that way, she, too, was almost indistinguishable among the shifting dancers except, perhaps, for the shining gold mass of her hair as her parka hood slipped back to her shoulders, and the brilliant shafts of the midnight sun pierced the weatherbeaten windows of the little Arctic village Eskimo hall.

Ross Guildenstern came down the beach path on the run.

Nine-thirty in the morning. He had said nine. As he ran the small fry of Oogruk trailed him like the tail of a meteor.

Bridie and Chris, too, were

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Pretty Wildflowers



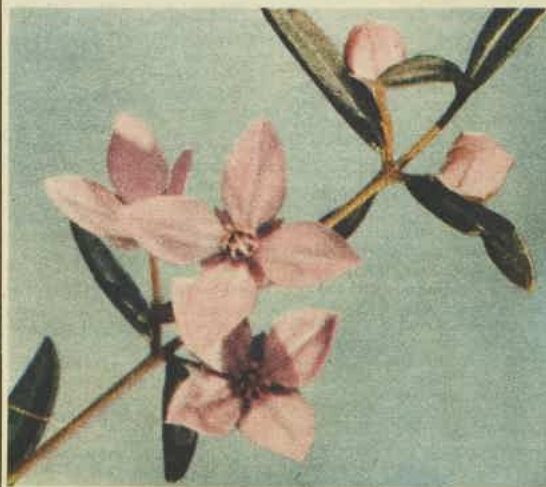
FRINGED VIOLETS (*Thysanotus tuberosa*), a delicate purple flower with yellow centres borne on slender stems about 1ft. tall in spring. Common in grasslands all over Australia and very easy to cultivate. Leaves are narrow and rather iris-like.

IF you are planning to plant wildflowers in your home garden, remember many of them are protected by law and cannot be removed from Crown land. The penalty is a fine. Most wildflowers suitable for home gardens are available from nurseries. Buy them now and transplant carefully into good-quality sandy loam or very well-drained heavier soils. Hundreds of varieties that respond well to backyard culture can be bought from nurserymen. A few of them are illustrated on this page, and others include waratahs, flannel flowers, blandfordias, hakeas, cassias, native heaths, and bottlebrushes. They are all hardy, drought-resistant plants that will improve the appearance of the home garden.

GARDENING



ABOVE: *Eriostemon myoporoides*, the long-leaf wax flower, bears white flowers and is a handsome, compact shrub, growing to 8ft. It likes fairly heavy soil and is a useful garden plant. It is one of the protected plants.



LEFT: *Boronia ledifolia* (Sydney boronia) is common in sandstone country surrounding Sydney. It has dark green, highly aromatic foliage and shell-pink flowers in profusion. It is easily grown and is a good cut flower. It blooms early in spring. Protected by law.



LEFT: *Grevillea rosmarinifolia* is not a very showy variety of this family, the flowers being small and usually borne on the ends of the stems. The plant is a small, very bushy shrub. More showy varieties are *Grevillea punicea* (deep red), *G. banksii*, *G. bauerii* (red and yellow), and *G. asplenifolia* (red flower).



RIGHT: *Thelymitra ixioideis*, a native ground orchid, has blue flowers. It grows about 20in. high and produces stems carrying many flowers. Above it is shown *Eriostemon lanceolatus*, usually found north of Newcastle, N.S.W. These two plants are protected by law.

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street Sydney.

The town seemed to be streaming towards the beach. Men, women, children, dogs.

Lowell Aragoork, glancing up from his task, called to him. "Heh, Ross, give us a hand." And flung at him the end of a long thick rope. The men at work with him in the water flung another rope and another and another curling towards other strong deft hands on shore. And now the three weirdly beautiful objects that

"Take hold here and pull,"

"If you'll come back in the autumn," Ross was saying.

He looked directly at Christine. "Grandmother lives alone because that's what she wants to do, and she works because that makes her feel she isn't a burden. In the old days, if food was too scarce in the winter, they sacrificed the old for the young. That isn't true now, but she remembers it, I suppose. Or maybe it's an atavistic thing. My uncle and his wife live near

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door here, and they look after her. She's almost blind, but she wants to be as independent as—well, as you want to be, I suppose, Chris."

Standing in the doorway, peering into the dim musty room, they saw Ross Guildenstern's ancient grandmother. She looked up brightly as they entered, her withered yellow face creased into a smile of a hundred wrinkles as she recognised his voice. She spoke his name.

The old woman sat on a board bed that was like a shelf in the wall. It was supported by wooden blocks at either end and it stood perhaps eighteen inches above the rough littered floor. Her head as she sat on this improvised throne was thrust a little upward and her chin a little forward, and her face wore the uncertain half-smile of the sightless or nearly sightless. The young man spoke to her in the language of her people and then she nodded and smiled in genuine happiness so that you saw the toothless gums. She raised one strangely agile seamed hand in greeting. Then the hands resumed the work on which she had been engaged.

She was making thread for the sewing of skins. The threads would hold together forever the wolf skins, the wolverine skins, the seal skins, the otter, the fox. For parkas for the men and women and children of the Arctic. Mukluks. Hooda. Gloves. Straps and things that held together the dog sleds. The thread was made of moose or caribou sinew, and it was the old woman's proud task to roll the strands so expertly together that they made the whole and unbreakable thread.

Ross Guildenstern leaned over the old woman and touched her cheek with his strong brown hand that bore the Air Force ring, and he murmured something to her in her own mysterious language. The withered mask lighted then with a little flickering flame of brilliance, so that for one moment between the young vital man with the vivid merry face and the indomitable old blind woman a curious resemblance sprang into being.

"Oh, Ross!" Chris said inadequately as they called their good-byes to the children and walked down the road.

"She's all right," Ross said, rather abruptly for him.

"It's dark in there, and stuffy, and it can't be healthy. Shouldn't she be in a comfortable place, and not working? And having things done for her? She's so old and feeble," Christine said.

"Grandma isn't really that old and she's as tough as that thread she's making. She's doing what she wants to do, she's earning her way, she loves it. To her it is a dream life.

Continuing . . . Ice Palace

[from page 55]

If you took it away from her she would die."

Caution told Bridie that there now had been enough of Ross Guildenstern's worthy family. "Now what? I'm beginning to be hungry, would you believe it, and not yet twelve! Your Grandpa'll be looking for us, Chris."

"No, he won't," Chris said, calmly, "and besides, how lost can you be in Oogruk?"

"I like to know where I'm going," Bridie snapped, "before I go."

Ross pointed to a turn in the rough path. "Right there. That hammering sound you hear is what we're headed for."

"I suppose that's your aunt, building a house," Chris said. "Not quite. But you're warm."

"Well, anyway, we're certainly seeing the native arts and crafts."

THOUGH Bridie's protective habit where Chris was concerned told her that this Guildenstern family tour had gone on long enough, Bridie was shocked by this display of bad manners. "I wouldn't call that polite, Christine Storm."

"Mrs. Ballantyne, ma'am, you're forgetting that my Grandmother Storm was part Eskimo, even if Grampa Thor never speaks of her, alive or dead. He clams up about her past and his past. In a way that makes me a kind of woman of mystery, doesn't it? I hope."

Ross shook his head. "You're as mysterious as a glass of clear spring water."

She found this infuriating. "You seem quite pleased with yourself today."

"Protective coloration," he said.

Now what are they talking about, Bridie wondered, fuming.

Ross' uncle and aunt were working in the cluttered yard of their weather-beaten house on the road behind the beach path.

Ross threw more charm than was absolutely necessary, Chris thought, into the introduction.

"Hi, Aunt Angeline! . . . This is my aunt, Mrs. Asakluk. . . . Over there working on the boat. . . . Frank Asakluk. Hi, Frank! . . . Mrs. Ballantyne. . . . Christine Storm, they're up from Baranof to see the sights."

Frank Asakluk waved a hammer at them, gaily, he went on building his boat, but he did not come forward. Angeline Asakluk smiled a welcome at them.

"Angeline is quite a girl," Ross announced, cheerfully, "She isn't really my aunt, you

know. Frank's my uncle, Angeline's his second wife. Angeline used to teach at the Native Service school, that's how she happens to talk so pretty, eh, Angie? Frank's English isn't so hot." Beneath the casual cheerfulness of his tone there was defiance and a kind of exhibitionistic bravado. "Where's Lorena?"

"She's away, she's taking the business and sten course in Fairbanks. The business school. She's going to be a secretary."

"That's great!" He glanced across the yard at the open door of the house, he looked up and down the road. "Where's Rolf? I thought he'd be here."

"He was here a minute ago." Her smile became mischievous. "Rolf! Rolf!" she called but not loudly.

"Rolf!" Ross shouted. Angeline laughed aloud then and pointed to where her husband stood busy with his boat. Over the rim of the trestled boat's edge a red sombrero rose above a pair of black eyes.

"Hi, Rolf!" Ross shouted again. "Come here."

Over the boat's side there clambered a boy of perhaps six, he dropped agilely to the ground and ran towards Ross. A handsome compact child, the olive of his cheeks was tinted with pink, he was in full movie-cowboy regalia—sombrero, plaid shirt, chaps, high-heeled boots. He carried two toy guns in a holster that was studded with large red, green, and yellow stones, and as he ran towards the group he pulled out the guns.

"Why, it's Hopalong Asakluk!" Chris said, falling into the spirit of the thing.

"Stick 'em up!" yelled the boy, a gun in either hand. Obliviously feigning terror they raised their hands high over their heads, the boy clicked the weapons ferociously and stuttered an uh-uh-uh-uh far back in his throat in what he hoped was the sound of a rapid-fire gun.

"I don't think he ought to play with guns, Angie," Ross said, though he still held his hands over his head. "I hate to see kids play with guns."

Then he stooped, picked up the boy, and held him high, but the small booted feet beat a tattoo in remonstrance against this infantile treatment and Ross set him hastily down.

"Sorry, old boy," Ross said. He laid a hand gently on the child's shoulder. His eyes were on Christine. "Chris, this is my son Rolf. He was named after my father."

To be continued

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ROUGH CAIRN REMINDER OF ROMANCE

Continuing: The Story Of Peter Townsend

from page 7

It was not generally known outside the Royal Family that King George was always a short-tempered man. When he began to ail, he became testy.

Nobody, apart from the Queen, could soothe the King or ease his suffering better than Princess Margaret and Peter.

The Christmas of 1951 was spent by the King and his family, as always, at Sandringham. It was to be the last.

Peter was at Sandringham, too. Although deeply distressed by the King's health, they were nevertheless happy days for Peter.

The King was planning a health trip to South Africa. Peter was to go to South Africa immediately after Christmas to choose a house for the King and the Queen and Princess Margaret.

AT Christmas there was much talk about the plans, the voyage on the Vanguard that had taken them to South Africa in 1947, and where would be the best place for the King to stay.

Peter was just back from this tour, when, on the morning of February 6, 1952, Royal valet James MacDonald went to his master's room and found King George dead—he had died in his sleep.

Princess Margaret showed more distress than any other member of her family. In her grief she turned to the Church.

Like many men who have faced death a hundred times, Townsend, too, is a deeply religious man. He is a student of the Bible and often quotes it to his friends and his enemies to admonish them.

His knowledge and belief,

revealed in talks with Princess Margaret, gave her strength and comfort. He became almost her sole companion, spending evenings with her when the sad Queen Mother had retired.

Apart from her natural sorrow, her father's death significantly affected Margaret's life in another way. After her sister married she lived at Buckingham Palace, while Elizabeth and Philip lived in Clarence House. The accession of Elizabeth led to Margaret's withdrawal to Clarence House.

By NORMAN BARRYMAINE

On the King's death, Townsend was immediately appointed extra equerry to the new Queen, but it was not surprising to Court circles when it was learned that he was to become Comptroller of the Queen Mother's new home.

Townsend became the key figure in the move to Clarence House.

He talked for hours with the Queen Mother and the Princess about color schemes and furniture. Margaret wanted a large airy suite with pink as the motif.

When the move took place, Peter left his office at the Palace and moved into a bare apartment in a small house in the mews behind Clarence House.

Already all Britain was discussing the Coronation in the following year. It was, therefore, not surprising that on December 20, 1952, a para-

graph in the newspapers slipped by almost unnoticed.

It read: "Group-Captain Peter Wooldridge Townsend, an extra Equerry in waiting to the Queen, was granted a decree nisi in the Divorce Court yesterday on the grounds of misconduct by his wife Cecil Rosemary."

"Mr. John Adolphus de Laszlo, an export merchant, was cited as co-respondent. Group-Captain Townsend was awarded costs and given custody of the two children."

Townsend was a long while deciding to bring this action against his wife, although he had not been living with her

for many months before the King died.

Rosemary and the two children left Adelaide Cottage towards the end of 1951, but Peter lived there until the spring of 1953.

He did not wish the Court to be embarrassed, but the King understood and was sympathetic and so was the Queen Mother.

It made no difference to her feelings towards him when the decree was granted. She confirmed Peter as Comptroller of her Household.

IN February, 1953, two months after the divorce, Rosemary married de Laszlo, the son of a well-known portrait painter.

Now Townsend was with the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret almost constantly. He often had lunch or dined with them. Clarence House was now his home.

Everyone at the Court was too busy with the Coronation to notice the development in the relationship between Townsend and Margaret.

Margaret's name had been linked romantically with 31 eligible young men, but scarcely anyone outside the Royal circle, and even some members of the family, were

aware that the couple were in love.

Perhaps it was because they were used to seeing them around together for so many years. It may have been because he was first a married man, and then a divorced one, and considered ineligible.

It is almost certain that the King knew of Margaret's love for Townsend long before he died. There is the story that one night Margaret and Townsend returned from a late party to the Palace.

At the foot of the stairs Margaret asked Peter to pick her up and carry her upstairs.

Townsend demurred. Margaret said, "That is a command, Peter."

The command was obeyed, but halfway upstairs one of her shoes fell off. As they were laughing, the King appeared on the landing in his dressing-gown. Townsend put Margaret down. Frank explanations followed, but the King was not deceived.

It may be asked: Why did the King permit his daughter to continue spending so much time with his equerry? The answer must be found in the fact that the King was a very sick man and Princess Margaret and Townsend were among the few who could soothe his jagged nerves.

When did they realise they were in love? It is possible, and I think probable, that the Princess was in love with Peter Townsend long before he fell in love with her.

I do not think, even after his own marriage had broken up—and this was long before divorce proceedings—that Peter ever saw himself as a suitor for the Princess.

The time when they both knew they were in love with each other was no doubt in 1952, during the Court's summer holiday at Balmoral.

Those long days were perhaps the happiest they have ever been permitted to have together.

In the years before Elizabeth's marriage, Townsend often accompanied the Princesses on their early morning rides. As the years went by, estate workers noticed how Margaret tended to drop back and ride alongside



PRINCESS IN MOURNING. Princess Margaret showed deep distress at the death of her father, King George.

Townsend while Princess Elizabeth went ahead. After Elizabeth married, Peter and Margaret rode alone.

Today there is very little left at Balmoral to remind people of Peter Townsend except an old coat. It was for a while being worn by one of the kitchen boys.

But there is another story the romantic Deeside Scots people love to tell.

Margaret and Peter liked to ride to the top of a hill in sight of Balmoral.

At the summit, while the horses rested, they sat on the heather and looked at the lovely hills, each one capped by a stone cairn erected by Queen Victoria in commemoration of marriages and other family events.

Peter and Margaret often talked of these cairns, and the romantic association pleased them both.

The villagers say that in the summer of 1952 they were sitting on this hill when Margaret, perhaps almost as a dare, put the first stone of a new cairn.

Peter, to please her, followed suit. Then it became a habit, a game. Each day the first one to reach the top of the hill placed another stone.

So, today, on a heather-covered hill where there is nothing to remind a man or woman of the complications of the world, there is a rough cairn, 3ft. high, built by a princess and an airman.

That was in the summer of 1952. It was not until April, 1953, that Peter Townsend and Princess Margaret decided to marry.

Immediately this decision was made—and they were fully aware of all the complications—they took independent action.

Peter Townsend went to the Queen's secretary, Sir Alan Lascelles, and told him that

he and Princess Margaret wished to be betrothed. Townsend expressed his willingness to leave the Court if his continued presence was an embarrassment to the Queen and the Queen Mother.

Simultaneously, Princess Margaret asked her sister for permission to marry the Group-Captain, and told her mother she was in love with Peter.

If the Queen, the other members of the Royal Family, and Court officials had not been preoccupied with preparations for the Coronation when Princess Margaret and Townsend told them of their wish to marry, a different course of action might have been taken.

AS it was, the Queen tried temporarily to sidestep the issue.

The Queen was very sympathetic towards her sister. She had not forgotten how, after falling in love with Prince Philip, her father had hesitated for more than a year before giving his consent.

During these months of anguish and apprehension, Margaret had always reassured her sister that all would come right.

The Queen consulted Sir Alan Lascelles. His advice was clear-cut:

The Queen, as temporal head of the Church of England, could not give her consent under the provisions of the Royal Marriages Act of 1772 to Princess Margaret marrying a divorced man. He urged that Townsend leave the Court and be given an appointment abroad.

The Queen demurred. She felt that this would be treating her sister too harshly.

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DIVIDED LIFE: Above, Peter Townsend with the Royal party watching Olympic horse trials. Foreground, the Duchess and Duke of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, Queen Elizabeth, Princess Margaret. Right, with Rosemary.

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THE Queen counselled her sister to be patient. Perhaps she felt that her sister's love for Townsend was only a passing infatuation.

However, she had to tell Princess Margaret that, whatever she wished, it was impossible for her to give her consent to the marriage.

That meant the Princess had to wait more than two years until she was 25 and free from requiring the monarch's approval of whom she married.

Meanwhile, Sir Alan Lascelles had taken the initiative in consulting Sir Winston Churchill, then Prime Minister.

Sir Winston asked his Attorney-General, Sir Lionel Heald, to prepare a full report on the constitutional position, and informally seek the reaction of Commonwealth countries to the marriage.

Sir Winston shared Sir Alan Lascelles' view that it would be disastrous to the monarchy at the beginning of a new reign for the Princess to marry Townsend — a divorced man (although the innocent party) from an obscure family and with little or no money. This might be regarded as the Victorian approach.

He, too, thought that it would be better if Townsend left the Court, especially as he was now part of the household of the Princess' mother, and so spending much time in Clarence House.

But neither Sir Alan nor Sir Winston could ignore the wishes of the Queen, so they did not press for Townsend's removal from the Court.

THUS matters were left until the Coronation. But Princess Margaret insisted to her sister, to her mother, and the other members of the Royal Family that she was determined not to renounce her love for Townsend and that a way had to be found through the legal tangles for her to marry him.

As for Townsend, if separation between him and the Princess had been the wish of the Queen, he would have accepted without demur. But separation was not asked.

Less than a fortnight after the Coronation, the Townsend-Margaret story burst in the British Press. On the morning of June 15, 1953—the day after a sensational Sunday paper article had appeared—Sir Alan and Commander Richard Colville, the Queen's Press secretary, went to the Queen with a copy of the newspaper.

They said it was now impossible to stop the British Press from discussing the matter. Only one course of action was open: Townsend must be given a post abroad.

Still the Queen hesitated. This time Sir Alan had an all-powerful weapon: publicity adverse to the Crown.

That afternoon he asked Sir Winston to use his influence with the Queen to secure Townsend's "exile" from London. Sir Winston agreed to raise the matter at his normal weekly audience with the Queen the next day.

At this meeting Sir Winston was in a stronger position than when the matter had been discussed previously.

Sir Winston had had informal talks with all members of his Cabinet, and he also had discussed the problem with the Commonwealth Prime Ministers, who were in London for the Coronation and for a Commonwealth conference.

Sir Winston summarised the situation:

- Cabinet was unanimously against the marriage.
- If such a marriage were proposed after Princess Margaret was 25, and free from control of the Queen, Parliament would

Continuing...

THE STORY OF PETER TOWNSEND

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be unlikely to agree to it unless the Princess renounced her right of succession for herself and any heirs of the marriage, and unless she gave up her income under the Civil list.

● This would require a special Act of Parliament, and under provisions of the Statute of Westminster, similar Acts of Parliament would have to be passed by Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

In preparing his memorandum, Sir Lionel had consulted the Commonwealth Prime Ministers, and found that some—particularly Canada—were apprehensive about altering the Royal line of succession.

Canada argued that the line had been altered when King Edward VIII abdicated to marry the twice-divorced Mrs. Simpson; that to alter it again within 25 years could only be harmful to the British monarchical system.

her consent to the marriage. She was willing to wait—and so was Townsend—until she reached the age of 25.

She also accepted the proposal that Townsend should be given a post abroad. But she would not agree to an appointment which could be interpreted as banishment.

A period of separation was insisted upon and accepted by the couple. It was strictly adhered to. This requirement—again rather Victorian in approach to the problem—came from Sir Winston to the Queen.

At the time of these discussions between the Queen and Princess Margaret, preparations were being made for the Queen Mother and the Princess to visit Southern Rhodesia in July for the centenary celebrations of the birth of Cecil Rhodes.

Townsend was given a choice of three posts: one at Far East Headquarters in Singapore, in Johannesburg, and Air Attache in Brussels.

Brussels was the obvious choice. Townsend had two young sons in England. It was natural for him to wish to see them during their school holidays.

Also, as no restriction had been placed on Peter communicating with Margaret by letter or telephone, Brussels offered every advantage.

The Queen and the Queen Mother did not object to an arrangement whereby the Princess and Peter could communicate with each other.

They did not object to Margaret's demand that Townsend should come to London from time to time to see her after the first year.

This he did. Elaborate "cloak-and-dagger" arrangements were made for his trips.

turned from Rhodesia before Peter took up his appointment.

The next day Townsend flew to Northern Ireland with the Queen and Prince Philip.

The following day, while he sat with the Queen and the Prince at a civic luncheon in Belfast, Buckingham Palace announced that Group-Captain Townsend had been posted to the British Embassy in Brussels as Air Attache.

The idea of Townsend accompanying the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to Northern Ireland came from the Queen herself, although it did not meet with the full approval of court officials.

But the Queen felt it was a public gesture of faith in her sister and the airman suitor, who had been a member of the Royal household for nine years.

When the Royal Party arrived back at London Airport from Belfast, Townsend was the last to leave the aircraft.

The Queen was already standing by the door of her car when he came down the gangway. She turned and walked a considerable distance across the tarmac to smile warmly and shake his hand.

Thus ended Peter Townsend's life at court.

THE Queen Mother broke the news to Princess Margaret. Outside their hotel at Umfolozi in Southern Rhodesia, the hot African sun shone harshly. Inside the Royal suite there was a distressed Princess. Group-Captain Townsend had already left London for Brussels.

What a hard task it must have been for the Queen Mother to have sought that one moment when they were away from the pomp and pageantry so that she could tell her daughter that a man called Peter would not be waiting for her when they got back to London.

The moment was found. It was the manner of his going that fretted the Princess, not the fact that he would have to go. Margaret knew that before she left London.

A promise had been broken—a promise that Townsend would not leave until she returned from Africa. The actual parting had come with all the sudden bright-sharp thoroughness of a guillotine. Margaret had not expected it.

Townsend had not broken faith. He had protested without avail against his leaving before the Princess returned to London. When the news was told to her by the Queen Mother, Margaret flew alone to Government House in Salisbury. She immediately telephoned her sister. She telephoned Peter Townsend.

The Queen cannot be held responsible for what happened. It was the formidable organisation of the Palace moving quickly and surely when the occasion warranted.

So speedily were the arrangements made that not even Sir Christopher Warner, the British Ambassador in Brussels, was sent a courtesy message hoping that he did not object to the appointment.

In Salisbury an official statement was issued: "Princess Margaret had a heavy cold."

A heart specialist was called and gave her sedatives.

There was surprise at the circumstances in which she had been brought back to Salisbury. The 12-mile route to the Kentucky Airport was closed to the public. Traffic was delayed. All available police—off-duty men as well—were brought in to close the road.

The Governor, Sir John Kennedy, sent an aide to Ken-

tucky airfield to wait for the Princess. It was all an elaborate feat. Princess Margaret's plane landed at Belvedere Airport on the other side of the city.

Local editors were asked to "play down" her cold. The crew of the Southern Rhodesian aircraft were forbidden to say anything about what happened on the flight.

The Royal tour progressed, but the Queen Mother travelled alone. For 48 hours Princess Margaret stayed in bed.

On the day they were reunited the Princess first went to Communion. It was a subdued but officially "quite well" Princess who hugged her mother and kissed her. They were both misty-eyed.

The rest of the Royal programme was fulfilled and crowds that lined the African streets stared at the Princess long and curiously.

When the family returned to England and to Clarence House there was no material evidence that Peter Townsend had ever been there—just a couple of old jackets which he had given to the footman for his off-duty wear.

For 28 months in Brussels, Peter Townsend was under the pitiless magnifying glass of world publicity, forced to endure it, unable to speak.

He had to live within himself—a lonely life in the friendly city of Brussels.

Princess Margaret had agreed to marry him when she was 25. About this he could not speak. As he once said in an all-revealing sentence: "The word must come from somebody else."

At first Brussels society wanted to lionise him, and showered him with invitations, but he was interested only in self-effacement.

He decided that he would go only to the social functions necessary for him to attend as Air Attache.

He might have buried himself in hard work, but his post—it has now been abolished—was almost a sinecure.

His staff was one flight-sergeant. There was a rather dilapidated black car for transport.

A few days after arriving in Brussels, he went to his first social outing—a dance given by the Ambassador. He stayed until after midnight, but ignored a dozen of Belgium's most beautiful debutantes.

Already he feared having his name linked with any other woman, and many attempts were made to do so.

WHEN Townsend left London, the "exile" was to be for one year, but Margaret agreed with her sister that he should remain in Brussels until she was 25.

It became even more necessary for Townsend to occupy himself fully. He decided to master French. He studied it for more than a year, and now he speaks it fluently.

Always being fond of horse-riding, he decided to improve his standard and take part in show jumping. He joined the Etrier Belge, Belgium's famous riding club.

By now he had set up his own home—a pleasantly furnished, £36-a-month apartment at the fashionable end of Avenue Louise. It was quite a small flat—a living-room that served as a lounge and dining-room, two very small single bedrooms, and a modern kitchen.

On his desk in a corner, where no one but he could see it, was a leather folder of snapshots of the Princess.

His life was simple. Often it was thought he was unnecessarily aloof from the embassy social life.

He was not really trying to avoid people simply because of gossip, but because he prefers a quiet life.

At the end of a year in Brussels, the standard of



CHURCH. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, said: "Christian marriage is indissoluble."



STATE. The Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, said: "Cabinet is unanimously against the marriage."



PRINCESS MARGARET. A promise had been broken while she was with the Queen Mother in South Africa.

If it was made easy for a member of the Royal Family to contract out of the succession, it might prove just as easy to make a king or queen of some person who was not in line. If the hereditary principle were accepted, it must not be tampered with.

The Queen was impressed by these arguments, and promised to give immediate consideration to Townsend leaving London. But first she must discuss the situation with Princess Margaret. She did not wish to hurt her feelings.

Some months earlier the Queen had sought the advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher.

He said that Christian marriage was indissoluble, and that the Canon Law of the Church of England did not permit the remarriage of divorced persons while the wife or husband of the former marriage was still alive.

The Queen, therefore, as the Temporal Head of the Church, could not sanction her sister's marriage to Group-Captain Townsend.

After talking to the Prime Minister, the Queen again discussed the problem with the Archbishop.

Then she talked with Princess Margaret. Townsend was barely consulted.

As the result of the discussions between the Queen and her sister, the situation was speedily crystallised.

Princess Margaret made it quite clear, both to the Queen and her mother, that she had every intention of marrying Peter Townsend.

She accepted the position that her sister could not give

Townsend was to accompany them. It was now agreed that he should not go.

This change, of course, was a great disappointment to the Princess. She had been looking forward immensely to the tour. One concession, however, was made to her: Townsend should not be posted abroad until she returned from Africa.

The problem of finding a post for Townsend overseas was handled by the Prime Minister personally. He gave instructions to the Air Minister, Lord de Lisle, that there must be no delay.

To my knowledge he came to London and visited the Princess in Clarence House at least a dozen times. Further, they were able to talk to each other frequently on the telephone.

Arrangements for Townsend's departure from London moved along much more speedily than either the Princess or Peter had expected.

The Princess and her mother left London Airport on June 29. Peter was not there. They had said farewell in private at Clarence House. They would still have a few more days together in London when she re-

THE STORY OF PETER TOWNSEND

Townsend's horsemanship had improved enormously. He decided to take up racing, and until he left Belgium was riding in gentlemen's races two or three times a week all over Europe.

He took his racing as seriously as he has done everything else in life. Every morning he was up at dawn, and rode "work" at the stables of Belgian trainer, Alfred Hart.

He watched his weight, and often ran in the woods to waste for a race.

Early in 1955, Princess Margaret toured the Caribbean. When the Princess returned to London, Townsend took a fortnight's leave, but remained in Brussels. At that very moment another Sunday newspaper reported: "Soon Margaret will make her choice."

This was sufficient to fill Brussels hotels with reporters from all over the world. Townsend, for the first time, found himself besieged in his flat.

On the Tuesday, having consulted the Princess on the telephone, and Sir Christopher Warner, Townsend decided to break his silence.

He told reporters: "I am sick of being made to hide in my apartment like a thief."

Asked if he was to marry the Princess, he replied: "I obviously cannot answer this because it involves more people than myself. I came to Brussels because the position was becoming impossible for both of us, especially for her."

I remember how gay Peter was during this period—like a man released from an invisible leash. This gaiety was not solely connected with his decision to come out of hiding.

It was spring. The Royal Family had done everything they could at that moment.

The Archbishop of Canterbury had warned the Princess that the Church could not marry her to a divorced man; Sir Winston Churchill had exhorted her to remember the sad story of her "Uncle David" (the Duke of Windsor).

If people thought that the sun and the pomp of a Royal Tour to the Caribbean would make the Princess change her mind, they were disillusioned.

The moment the Princess was back in Clarence House she picked up her green telephone and called Townsend in Brussels. She still intended to marry him.

For the rest of the spring and summer, Townsend busied himself with his office duties, his riding, and racing. He now felt confident that his long period of waiting would have a happy ending.

At that time there were anonymous letters threatening Peter's life. They were sent to the Belgian Minister of War.

The Belgian police believed that the letters had a political origin. Townsend was given an armed bodyguard.

Outside the Avenue Louise apartment there was a day-and-night guard of uniformed policemen.

By the middle of August the world Press was headlining August 21, Margaret's 25th birthday, as the day "she can marry whom she pleases."

The day passed with the Royal Family at Balmoral and Townsend on holiday in Belgium with his sons.

Early in September Townsend flew to London for the European Air Attaches' Conference at the Air Ministry and the Farnborough Air Show.

Even then he did not see Princess Margaret, who was still at Balmoral. But there were many telephone conver-

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sations, the couple arranging for their meeting in October when Peter was to have leave.

On Saturday, October 1, the Prime Minister, now Sir Anthony Eden, flew north with Lady Eden for a weekend at Balmoral.

Sir Anthony's visit to Balmoral was important. The Queen now knew that her sister had definitely decided to marry Townsend.

Although there had been many informal discussions two years earlier, when Sir Winston Churchill was Prime Minister, the meeting with Sir Anthony was the first formal discussion.

The Queen talked over the problem on the Saturday evening alone with Sir Anthony before dinner. After dinner, the Prime Minister talked with Princess Margaret.

Sir Anthony made the position of Cabinet clear.

Under the Royal Marriage Act of 1772, Princess Margaret, now 25, merely had to give notice in writing to the Privy Council of her intention to marry Group-Captain Townsend.

If Parliament did not object within one year, the wedding could take place.

If the Princess wished to retain her Royal status, however, the marriage would be opposed by the Government, and resolutions would be tabled in both Houses of Parliament.

The Prime Minister recognised that the Government resolutions might not be carried, but he was confident that they would be.

Even if there were defections in his own party, many Socialist M.P.s might support the Government. Further, the Government's views were supported by the Commonwealth Governments.

WHAT was the alternative? Lawyers considered that if the Princess abdicated her rights of succession, Parliament virtually would forfeit its right to object, since it would be objecting to the marriage of a private person.

Therefore, if the Princess was to marry Group-Captain Townsend, said Sir Anthony, it would be necessary to ask Parliament to pass a Bill, the terms of which would:

- Deprive Princess Margaret and her issue of all rights of succession to the throne.

- Deprive her of her right to function as a Counsellor of State, which she with other members of the Royal Family exercises when the sovereign is incapacitated or during a long absence from the country.

- Deprive her of the £6000 which she receives under the Civil List, and £15,000 a year which she would receive on marriage.

Nor did the Prime Minister think it practical that at first Princess Margaret and her husband should live in England. He did not suggest that the couple should be permanently exiled, as has virtually happened to the Windsors.

Sir Anthony had more to say.

Whichever course was chosen, he felt it his duty to state that some irreparable damage would be done to the standing of Royalty.

In this he had the full support of the Marquess of Salisbury, Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House of Lords.

It is my information that Lord Salisbury had hinted to the Prime Minister that if the Princess decided she wished



to marry Group-Captain Townsend and a Bill of Renunciation (as it was likely to be called) were necessary, then he might feel compelled to resign from the Government.

If he did not resign, he, as Leader of the House of Lords, would be responsible for the passage of the Bill through the House.

Lord Salisbury, as a High Anglican, felt that by asking Parliament to pass such a Bill, it was condoning action which the Queen, as head of the Established Church, could not approve, and which the Church itself could not accept.

It must have been a great shock for the Princess to find herself ranged against such a formidable opponent; an opponent, as a friend said, "with 450 years' experience behind him," and whose ancestor had sent Mary Queen of Scots to the block.

No doubt Sir Anthony made the most of Lord Salisbury's attitude. Knowing Lord Salisbury, he could not ignore the threat of resignation.

Events later proved that Lord Salisbury could and did resign on another issue without causing a ripple in politics.

Princess Margaret, having got over the initial shock at the combined attitude of the two statesmen, showed more determination than ever to marry Townsend. The Princess has great courage.

Nor had she long to wait. On October 12 the gayest Princess Margaret that Scotland had seen all summer left Balmoral.

On October 12, Group-Captain Townsend was leaving Brussels.

Friends of the Royal Family had been alerted, as well as friends of Princess Margaret, to provide the couple with hospitality while they reached their decision.

At that moment there was not much doubt about the answer. Townsend had a confident smile when he arrived in London. The Princess looked wonderfully happy as she drove to Clarence House.

This, however, was only the beginning of 19 days of tension. What had begun as a simple and sentimental story of a Princess in love was to become a crisis that deeply involved institutions close to the heart of every Englishman: the crown and the Established Church.

On that crisp autumn morning of their first public meeting since Townsend's exile, it seemed so easy. Let Margaret

simply renounce her rights to the succession, then she would be free.

Soon it was seen that it was not so simple.

Nevertheless, tailed by hordes of reporters and photographers all day, Townsend's happy anticipation was apparent. At 6 p.m. he drove to Clarence House and entered a small door marked "Household Officers."

Half-an-hour earlier the Queen Mother had driven through the main gates after landing at London Airport from Scotland. She was not present at this meeting.

The Queen Mother was against the proposed marriage. With her daughter she used the argument that Margaret's father would have opposed it.

It was painful to the Queen Mother to take this attitude. She had always been fond of Townsend, and she knew her late husband's feelings for him.

She also knew her daughter's duty. She was more rigid in her attitude than the Queen.

Townsend left Clarence House that night by the same back door, but afterwards he either used the garden entrance through St. James' Palace or drove through the main gates. Townsend was now the Princess's suitor.

On Friday afternoon the Princess and the Group-Captain left London to spend the weekend at Allanby Park, the Berkshire home of Major and Mrs. John Wills.

AT the same time Buckingham Palace issued a statement expressing "the hope that the Press and public will extend to her Royal Highness their customary courtesy and co-operation in respecting her privacy."

It was a forlorn hope. The interpretation political commentators made of this announcement was that only official formalities had to be completed for the betrothal to be announced.

The Saturday at Allanby Park was spent simply.

During the morning the Princess, in tweeds, and Townsend, in a grey sweater and slacks, strolled in the gardens where the Queen and Prince Philip walked and had picnics before their marriage.

They walked through the rose garden to the lake. After dinner Margaret played the piano. Peter lounged in an armchair.

There was not very much serious talk. Margaret was



SADNESS and strain were very evident in the faces of Princess Margaret (above) and Peter Townsend (left), as the Princess decided to place duty before love.

content to spend her first full day with Townsend for years.

The next day realities crowded in. The Princess drove to Windsor Castle for the morning service. Afterwards she chatted for more than half an hour with the Queen Mother.

After dinner the Princess and Townsend must have begun to consider seriously their position. Could they go through with the marriage in the face of family, Church, and political opposition?

Doubts crept into the minds of both. But the decision must be the Princess'. If she wished marriage—as she had repeatedly said she did for two years—then he would be a very happy man.

Was their love, however, strong enough to overcome all obstacles?

When they went to their rooms that night the position was unchanged. The marriage was still on.

There followed in the next few days a series of private dinner-parties—the Princess and Townsend being the guests of intimate friends of Margaret.

The hostess and host were in each case a little unusual, but not more so than this method of courtship someone in the Royal Family had devised.

Townsend was either drinking sherry alone with the Princess at Clarence House or eating with her in other people's houses.

One wonders why he was not invited to dinner at Clarence House by the Queen Mother. One cannot help asking: How could two persons faced with such a dilemma reach a sane decision in such an atmosphere and under such conditions?

One can almost feel embarrassed for their dinner hosts discreetly withdrawing from the drawing-room to give the couple half-an-hour to themselves.

Tuesday was a key day in the crisis. The Queen had returned to Buckingham Palace from Balmoral.

In the afternoon, the Cabinet met for two hours. Lord Salisbury was present.

Cabinet was against the marriage, but if the Princess insisted on it there would have to be conditions.

The Princess did not need to offer terms. Under the Royal Marriage Act she need only give notice in writing to the Privy Council of her intentions. It would then rest with Parliament during the next year to veto the marriage if it wished.

The Chief Whip, then Mr. Buchan-Hepburn, who had been asked for his views on the feelings of M.P.s, said there would be hostility to the mar-

riage if the Princess insisted on retaining her Royal status.

It was possible, therefore, that resolutions against the marriage would be passed in both Houses.

Ministers agreed this situation had to be avoided at all costs, because the public would interpret it as a clash between politicians and the Crown.

The minimum terms acceptable would be for the Princess to renounce her rights of succession and on her marriage waive her claim under the Civil List of £15,000 a year.

Townsend and Princess Margaret met again that afternoon. Then a gay and smiling Margaret went to a cocktail party at Claridges.

Meanwhile, Sir Anthony Eden had driven to Buckingham Palace, and in a 90-minute talk told the Queen of his Cabinet's views and stressed the attitude of Lord Salisbury.

Sir Anthony then put the terms of marriage if Princess Margaret refused to withdraw.

It is beyond question that the Queen had always known, since her sister first announced her love for the Group-Captain, that the only hope of a marriage was on the terms set out by the Prime Minister.

Now the Queen had to choose between her duty and her love for her sister. There was no doubt which course she would follow.

The next day the Princess and Townsend did not meet—for the first time since they returned to London.

That night the Princess accompanied the Queen, Prince Philip, and the Queen Mother to Lambeth Palace for the rededication of the bomb-damaged palace chapel.

Afterwards the Royal Party dined with the Archbishop of Canterbury and more than 50 bishops.

It was a coincidence, of course, that in the middle of trying to decide whether she should contract a marriage that would be disapproved by the Church, the Princess should meet the highest dignitaries of the Church.

On the Saturday evening Townsend again spent an hour or so alone with the Princess at Clarence House. This was a vital meeting. The next day the Princess was to spend with the Queen and Prince Philip at Windsor Castle.

After lunch on Sunday the Queen and her husband sat and talked with Margaret before a log fire in the green drawing-room of the Victoria Tower.

This was the first time during the crisis—and it was to be

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NEVER WAS THERE A PRETTIER WAY TO GREET SPRING

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the last—for the three to discuss alone the family problem.

It is safe to conjecture it was agreed that if the Princess married Townsend, it should be a civil marriage. I have always understood the Princess assured her sister that such a ceremony was also Peter's wish.

It was further agreed that Parliament should be asked to pass a Bill which would strip the Princess of all her Royal obligations and that she would forfeit her income under the Civil List.

The latter created complications. How were the couple to live after marriage?

The Princess is not a rich woman in her own right. She inherited money from her grandmother, Queen Mary, and her father. But her income would not have been sufficient for the couple to live on the scale to which Margaret was accustomed.

The Queen had to tell her sister that Townsend was a Royal Air Force officer dependent largely on his service pay and allowances. He had been trained for no other job.

If he married the Princess, it might be embarrassing for both of them if he stayed on in the Air Force. What would he do if he retired from the Service? Further, it seemed difficult to see how the couple could live in England—at least for some time—after their marriage.

It is my belief that on the next day, when Townsend again spent 90 minutes alone with the Princess at Clarence House, he began to have doubts about the wisdom of the marriage.

Had he the right to ask the Princess, born of Royal estate, to give it all up and become an ordinary woman?

Would their love be strong enough to endure the years of strain that would be imposed upon them by the restrictions under which their marriage took place?

Would not the Princess in time feel that their marriage offended her religious conscience?

On that day "The Times" had published its now famous editorial which ended: "The matter is, in the last resort, one to be determined solely by Princess Margaret's conscience. Whatever the judgment of that unsparing tribunal, her fellow-subjects will wish her every possible happiness—not forgetting that happiness in the full sense is a spiritual state, and that its most precious element may be the sense of duty done."

That Monday night there was no final decision. But the Princess, too, was undoubtedly beginning to waver.

She could only hope that if she married outside the Church, the Church itself might in time be forgiving.

The Archbishop of Canterbury had written: "If I do not find myself able to forbid good people who come to me for advice to embark on a second marriage, I tell them that it is their duty as conscientiously as they can to decide before God what they should do."

The alternatives were hard and clear. The hour had come for a painful choice.

The hour was 6 p.m. on the Wednesday of the second week of Townsend's visit.

Together they agreed, and recognised that the marriage was not in the best interests of the Crown and the Princess.

They were deeply in love with each other, but the obstacles seemed insurmountable. As "The Times" said, the decision had to be the Princess', but Townsend undoubtedly helped her reach it.

At the end of 90 minutes the marriage was off. If this distressed couple were near to tears it would not be surprising. After a few minutes, the Queen Mother was asked to join them. They told her of their decision.

THE STORY OF PETER TOWNSEND

[from page 61]

That night, when all the Royal Family went to a State dinner at the Portuguese Embassy, the Queen knew that Princess Margaret had chosen the path of duty.

But, even if the Princess and Townsend had made the decision so many had prayed for, there were conditions.

The Princess insisted on issuing a communique to make it clear to the world that she loved Group-Captain Townsend. Further, she insisted that she and Townsend should spend one more weekend in a friend's house before they parted.

The latter proposal was agreed to and it was further agreed that the ideal family for them to stay with should be Lord Rupert Nevill and his wife—friends of both the Royal Family and Townsend—at Uckfield in Sussex.

The battle over the statement by the Princess, however, was to continue for many days.

The next afternoon, Princess Margaret drove to Lambeth Palace to see the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Dr. Fisher, supposing that the Princess was coming to consult him, had all his books of reference spread around him, carefully marked and cross-referenced.

When the Princess entered his library, however, she said in words worthy of Queen Elizabeth I: "My Lord Archbishop, you may put away your books. I have made up my mind already."

That night Princess Margaret helped the Queen to entertain the President of Portugal by sitting through a performance of "The Bartered Bride," in which a soprano sang to a forbidden lover, "Nothing in the world will ever part us."

Next day began the last weekend, on which Princess Margaret had insisted.

TOWNSEND drove to Eridge Castle, the home of the Marquess of Abergavenny, near Tunbridge Wells. It had been arranged that he should sleep at the castle and visit the Princess during the day.

He drove to Uckfield for dinner on the Friday evening, and after the meal he and the Princess were left alone to consider the terms of the statement she wished to issue.

Until the early hours of the morning the two talked about the wording of the communique. Sentences were scribbled on pieces of paper, only to be torn up.

By the time that the draft was complete it was too late for Townsend to go back to Eridge Castle. It was arranged that he should not leave Uckfield House over the weekend.

This was a more sensible arrangement, it was felt, because the whole of the estate was cordoned inside by police and outside by reporters.

On the Saturday afternoon, after the Princess and Townsend had walked hand-in-hand in the garden during the morning, Captain Oliver Dawnay, the Queen Mother's private secretary, arrived at Uckfield to receive the draft communique.

He came as more than a messenger. He was instructed to make a last-minute attempt to persuade the Princess not to issue a statement.

The Princess was adamant.

Dawnay drove back to London, but he was back again on Sunday afternoon. This time he was instructed to secure the deletion of one word.

Margaret had insisted on the inclusion of a sentence that read: "I have been strengthened by the unflinching support and

devotion of Group-Captain Townsend."

Dawnay said it would be better if the word "devotion" were omitted.

Margaret dug in her toes. It is even said that she threatened to reverse her decision and marry Townsend unless the communique was issued exactly as she and the Group-Captain had drafted it.

The palace bowed to her wishes.

That Sunday evening, I understand, the Princess made a promise to Townsend which explains so much of what has happened since. She played the piano to him. Then they talked.

The Princess said she was too deeply in love with him ever to marry anyone else. That was why she was insistent that her statement should make this abundantly clear.

There is no reason to believe that Townsend accepted such a promise. It would not have been fair of him to ask her to remain unmarried.

To prove this, he left England for two years. Such an act was to give her complete freedom, and he could not then be accused of in any way interfering in her life.

The Princess agreed it was better that he went away to satisfy public opinion. But it would not alter her feelings towards him, nor would it alter her intention not to marry anyone else.

The following afternoon came the statement: "I would like it to be known that I have decided not to marry Group-Captain Townsend."

Townsend spent a few more days at Uckfield House. Then, with a chill rain spreading gloom over Lydd airport, he supervised the loading of his car on an air freighter.

Half an hour later he was gone from England, and the world thought the romance was over.

In Brussels he found the futility of his job even more insupportable. He decided to resign from the R.A.F. and try to drive round the world.

I saw Townsend many times during the months he was preparing for his journey.

Several times he saw the Princess in London, although news of his visits never reached the Press. In fact, on his last day in London he spent some hours at Clarence House.

It was some 18 months later that Peter phoned me from Algiers on the last leg of his world trip. He suggested I fly there for a talk.

The man I shook hands with in Algeria was a very different man from the pale, strained man I had farewellled at the start of his journey.

He was bronzed and fit. His eyes had a new alertness and there was a determination about him I had not seen since those far-off Battle of Britain days. He was full of enthusiasm about the future.

From questions he asked it seemed to me that a marriage between himself and the Princess was again in the air. He talked about the law and what was likely to be the attitude of the Press, Parliament, and the people.

But when he told me he planned to go to London as soon as he ended his journey at Brussels, I challenged the wisdom of such tactics.

I said that in my opinion many people would misconstrue such a hasty visit; that it would spark off tremendous newspaper publicity; and that this might be used by some members of the Court against him and

even against the Princess. He was not to be deterred.

As I flew home, I became more and more convinced that it would be harmful for Peter to see the Princess while the Queen and Prince Philip were on a State visit to Holland.

As soon as I arrived in London I telephoned Peter's lawyer. He agreed with me.

We decided that he should try to dissuade Peter when he reached Brussels.

The lawyer spoke to him on the telephone on Monday morning. Peter explained that his meeting with the Princess had been arranged some days earlier, and, he understood, with the full knowledge of the Queen, who did not object.

I met Peter on his arrival in London on the Wednesday. He told me he was to see the Princess that afternoon.

Did I think he could get into Clarence House without being seen? I said that if he went in by the main gates, secrecy was impossible.

I told him that he was already being followed by reporters and photographers, and it was my guess that already others were waiting outside Clarence House.

He was not to be deterred. Peter spoke to the Princess by phone shortly before four o'clock, and it was decided that the visit should take place, whatever the repercussions.

What transpired at this first meeting for 18 months can only be a matter for conjecture. I do not think that marriage was discussed.

They had too much else to talk about. In a sense, they had to get to know each other all over again. Also this meeting was to be the first of many, if their plans were to work smoothly.

Next morning the London newspapers were a shock to the Princess and Peter, but they were an even greater shock to the Royal Family and the Court officials.

During the morning Peter spoke to the Princess on the telephone, then drove to see his lawyer. Peter, the lawyer, and I lunched together.

They asked me if I thought a statement from Peter would stop the publicity. I had to say frankly that in my opinion it would not, but that it could do no harm.

So I sat at my typewriter and wrote (after much discussion) the 29 words which were issued by Peter's lawyer at three o'clock—one hour before it had been planned for Peter to go again to Clarence House. The statement read:

"There are no grounds whatever for supposing that my seeing Princess Margaret in any way alters the situation declared specifically in the Princess' statement in the autumn of 1955."

THE purpose was to quieten the Press, placate Court officials who were hostile to Peter seeing Margaret, and remind the world of the Princess' decision in 1955.

The previous night in The Hague a Court spokesman had told reporters accompanying the Queen that Her Majesty knew before she left London that Townsend would be seeing her sister.

But what officials said "on the record" and what they said "off the record" were different stories. The burden of the statements "off the record" was that the Queen did not know and that both the Princess and Townsend were being "stubborn" and "naughty."

What was going on in The Hague had immediate repercussions in London.

When Peter spoke to the Princess on the telephone that afternoon to ensure that the gates to Clarence House were open so that he could drive in without being photographed, he was astonished to learn that his proposed visit was "off."

The Princess told him she felt it would be wiser not to meet again until the Queen returned to London.

That night he sent her four dozen red roses.

Next day the Princess left London on a two-day visit to Germany. Peter felt that it was better he also should leave London immediately to visit his mother in Somerset.

But unofficial reports to the Press about Court irritation over the meeting continued.

ON Sunday the Princess flew back to England from Germany and went straight to the Royal Lodge, Windsor. The Queen drove from the castle and had tea with her.

Immediately after tea, Margaret telephoned Peter. She told him that she had been persuaded not to see him again during this visit to England, but that the Queen had agreed to the principle of future meetings. They talked for nearly an hour.

The next evening, without any further meeting, Peter flew to Brussels. There he waited a few days for his sons to join him for their Easter holidays. After two weeks he brought them back to England and joined me in Sussex.

The timing of his return was deliberate. The Princess, on her Caribbean tour, was not due back in London until the following Wednesday. At dinner we talked for a time about the future, and where it would be best for him to live. He wanted to stay in England where he would be near the Princess, and so, he felt, be free to meet her whenever they wished without undue publicity.

I said that it was necessary for everyone to get used to seeing him around, and for him to be allowed to "merge into the landscape." Meanwhile, I thought the best place for him to live was with his mother in Somerset.

He had his book to write, which would take him six months. This book is the key, in Peter's opinion, to his future career.

He enjoys writing, and believes (others share this view) that he has a talent for it. It would in many ways be an ideal career for him.

Peter agreed with me that perhaps Somerset was the most suitable retreat for writing. He also agreed that it would be unwise to see the Princess at Clarence House as soon as she returned.

A day or so later he went to his mother. From Somerset he talked on the telephone with the Princess after her homecoming, and she invited him to lunch with herself and friends on the Sunday at Royal Lodge, Windsor Park. He did; without any newspaper knowing.

After lunch he went back to Somerset.

A week went by without another meeting being arranged. The couple then decided to try one at Clarence House, and see if it could take place without publicity. It was arranged for six o'clock on the Monday.

Once again the news leaked out. Fleet Street was now fully alerted, and Peter began to have doubts about the wisdom of remaining in England. He bluntly said: "They will never leave me alone. I cannot write under such conditions."

There is no doubt that he and the Princess wanted to continue their friendship. If they discussed marriage, they obviously could reach no definite conclusions.

I think an important new element had entered into the matter. Peter realised that the Princess was fulfilling her role splendidly. The Caribbean tour had proved that.

People were talking of her as "Britain's Ambassadors" in the same way as they had talked 30 years earlier of the Prince of Wales.

If she married him, how could she give all this up?

Peter went to Clarence House next evening with his decisions made.

Any question of marriage would have, to wait until he had finished his book. Meanwhile, he must be free to see the Princess when and where he wished.

But publicity in the morning newspapers had aroused the same reactions in the Court. During the day new pressures were brought to bear on Margaret.

When Peter went to Clarence House that evening, his entrance was seen. He left unnoticed by a side door at 7.30 p.m.

At 12.30 a man drove a car out of the main gates of Clarence House. The reporters assumed it was Townsend.

"Peter Dines with the Princess," said the papers next day.

Next day, too, "Tribune de Geneve," an important Continental newspaper, stated: "An engagement may be announced soon."

Buckingham Palace traditionally does not deny newspaper reports. This story provided the palace with an excuse to act.

At midday on the Wednesday morning the Queen drove from Buckingham Palace to Clarence House to see her sister. Princess Margaret did not resist her sister's proposal that an official denial—an unprecedented act—be made of the "Tribune de Geneve" story.

That evening a statement was issued from Buckingham Palace:

"The report in the 'Tribune de Geneve' concerning a possible engagement between Princess Margaret and Group-Captain Peter Townsend is entirely untrue."

"Her Royal Highness' statement of 1955 remains unaltered."

This statement did not say that the friendship was at an end, nor did it entirely rule out the possibility of a future marriage.

Before the statement was issued, the Princess telephoned the text to Peter, then in Somerset with his mother. He agreed that issuing it was in their best interests.

But he felt more strongly than ever that it would be better for them both if he went back to the Continent to write his book. The Princess could only agree.

They made no plans to meet again.

Peter spent the night with me in Sussex. The next morning, at dawn, we said good-bye as he left for Brussels—his fourth voluntary exile from Britain.

There may be occasional meetings in the coming months. Peter's success as a writer could influence events.

The fact remains, however, that none of the fundamental obstacles to their marriage has been overcome—or shows any prospects of being overcome.

In fairy stories the gallant knight slays the dragon, rescues the princess, marries her, and they live happily ever after.

I predict, alas, that this will not be the ending of the story of Peter Townsend.

Associated Newspapers Ltd., 1958. Reproduction in whole or in part strictly forbidden.

Triplets who made history!



The arrival of Canberra's first triplets in March made A.C.T. history. Thomas, Robert and Michael French have made life busier for Mummy, too!

With five other little ones to care for (the eldest only seven), Mrs. L. F. French of Narrabundah, Canberra, is on the go from morn till night. As for the washing... "Well", says Mrs. French, "with this big family, washing's always piling up".

How does Mrs. French cope? "I have to wash every day — but with Rinso to help, it's no problem", she says. "And I'm always proud of my Rinso-bright whites and coloureds."

Here's a tip from Mrs. French — "Whether you use a copper or a washing machine, Rinso gives best results every time". Richer, softer Rinso suds are so thorough — yet so gentle you can count on them to keep your hands soft and pretty, always.



With Mrs. French's new washer came a packet of Rinso — and from it comes washing as crisp and fresh as a Canberra morning itself!

BRAND-NEW BRIGHTNESS WITH RINSO'S RICHER, SOFTER SUDS

Seven out of ten Australian housewives, like Mrs. French hang out a Rinso-bright wash every washday!



RINSO IS THE ONLY PRODUCT RECOMMENDED BY THE MAKERS OF ALL WASHING MACHINES

They're shaking the Hollywood stardust

The day of the synthetic Hollywood movie queen, with her false eyelashes, painfully limited vocabulary, adopted children, and her love of overdressing for a glittering premiere, is almost over.

SHE is being replaced by young women such as actresses Hope Lange, Joanne Woodward, and Diane Varsi.

These "new-type" stars marry young, have babies while doing university courses, and zealously guard their private lives.

They are the despair of the old-guard studio bosses, and the delight of the young, adventurous directors who know that Hollywood has never had so much new, exciting talent.

Bosses' horror

Their male counterparts are such actors as Anthony Perkins, Anthony Franciosa, Don Murray, and Paul Newman.

All of these have, at one time or another, horrified studio bosses by publicly criticising the old Hollywood glamor-star tradition, refusing to attend studio publicity junkets and other "unstarlike" activities.

Joanne Woodward attended the Academy Award presentations and collected her Oscar wearing a dress she had made herself.

Though she and her husband, Paul Newman, can afford to rent six cars —

all convertibles and all different — Joanne made all the soft furnishings for their Hollywood home.

Hope Lange refused to have any more publicity pictures taken by the studio photographers.

"Every time I've sat, the pictures have been so retouched that I've hardly known myself," she said.

"They've looked exactly like everyone else. Is it any wonder I

would rather have my pictures taken privately?"

Hope, whose first big role was Selena in "Peyton Place," and who is married to Don Murray, says in defence of the new-style stars:

"We honestly aren't trying to be difficult or hard to handle, we just want to do our films, then be allowed to be ourselves.

"The misunderstandings come when the studio executives try to build up actors

HOPE HATES studio politics, cocktail parties, and flattery, all of prime importance in the lives of the old "movie queens."

and actresses of today in the traditions of yesterday."

Since "Peyton Place," Hope has made "The Young Lions" and "In Love and War."

Now awaiting the birth of her second baby, she must decide if she will remain in Ireland (where Don is making "Shake Hands With The Devil") or fly back to the U.S. for her confinement.

Private lives

Murray agreed to co-star with James Cagney in this Marlon Brando production when Tony Perkins dropped out because of his "Green Mansion" commitments.

Don's previous film, not yet released, was the dramatic Western, "These Thousand Hills."

Some bright soul thought it would be nice (and good publicity) if the Murrays' small son, Christopher, were to appear in a scene in the film.

Murray's answer was a firm "No." Christopher was part of the private life he and Hope, and other young stars, go to so much trouble to keep private.

When 20th Century-Fox (to whom they are under contract) failed to take up its option on Romain Rolland's book "Jean Christopher," Hope and Don bought the picture rights.

Don says he wants to make the film later on location in Europe and will play the title role himself.



TYPICAL of Hollywood's new-style, anti-glamor stars are Hope Lange and her husband, Don Murray. They are more interested in good performances than in the trimmings of movie stardom.

Film-Fan-Fare
Conducted by Ainslie Baker

PINEWOOD GOES TO SEA

Aussies get plums in new 'Doctor' comedy

● A Siamese angel stood at my elbow with her halo primly straight. And when I wouldn't move, she touched me lightly with her wand and said, "Excuse, please."

SHE stalked on to the set and I saw that in her heaven, anyway, they don't wear long, flowing robes. But they have awfully nice, long legs.

The scene was an Australia-bound liner, first-class dining saloon, and the occasion a hilarious fancy-dress ball.

For Pinewood has decided to go lavish and is making a very full-dress comedy—"The Captain's Table."

It's from the pen of the celebrated Richard Gordon, who wrote all the "Doctor" series books, which as films have proved to be one of the Rank Organisation's best-selling lines.

Lavish is the word. On the day I walked on to the Pinewood set it had been converted into a replica of the vast first-class saloon of a luxury liner and was swarming with more extras at the dining tables than you could cram into a theatre.

I do not wish to be there when some front-office

accountant has his first sight of the studio wage bill.

But it didn't seem to worry Jack Lee, who's directing the film—and making something of a specialty of screen subjects connected with Australia.

Australians are prominent in the cast of this new Pinewood comedy.

They have recruited Bill Kerr and June Jago for top-feature roles alongside stars

**From
BILL STRUTTON,
of our London
office**

John Gregson, Donald Sinden, Peggy Cummins, and Nadia Gray.

Bill Kerr and June Jago play a wealthy Australian husband and wife returning home. As V.I.P.s they have a seat at the captain's table.

Bill is a gusty, life-and-soul-of-the-party type—the kind of comedy role in which he

has become a top-billing name in England.

He leads an exhausting life in comedy—and yet puts on weight with it.

Said Bill, beaming, patting his waistline, "As soon as I'm through at the studios I'm into my car and tearing up to London—to my dressing-room at the Victoria Palace."

"I'm doing a comedy show with Jack Maynard there. Then at weekends I have a new radio series, 'The Flying Doctor,' to broadcast. I play the pilot of the plane."

"Luckily I'm not also doing my piece in the comedy show 'Hancock's Half-hour' or I'd be really stretched. That's being repeated over the air on recordings at the moment."

"That show is put together quicker than any I've ever been on. We all roll up to the studio at five-thirty on a Sunday afternoon, look at the scripts, run through it once."

"Then we go out for a few jugs, come back, and we're on the air right away."

"I've had so much radio and stage work that I have only done intermittent filming lately. But this one's mountains of fun—and I'm looking forward to more."

One of the reasons why "The Captain's Table" is mountains of fun is that director Jack Lee decided to import all the beautiful girls he could find.

It makes the ship look pretty and it has cheered up the passengers immensely.

Donald Sinden, for instance, as the ship's first officer, has a tableful of gorgeous girls leaning round him provocatively or flapping their eyelashes his way.

When the cameras stop, rolling, Donald remains seated right where he is, a beatific smile on his face.

Filming on Stage B has even drawn the stars from the neighboring sets to watch from the sidelines.

Peter Finch was there watching. He'd come over to see Bill Kerr. That's what he said.

A cavalcade of beauties wove its way through the mass of onlookers and on to the set and all conversation round me abruptly ceased.

June Jago is pretty decorative herself—in a Paris gown, glittering diamond necklace, piled hairdo, and an air of expensively groomed sophistication.

Said June, "I was coming home from New York and 'The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll' there—the long way round, via England."

"Then they asked me to play this feature part and, of course, I stayed."

"The nearest I got to putting my foot on a boat for home was boarding the Orsova at Tilbury while it was turning round."



AUSTRALIANS Bill Kerr and June Jago enjoy a joke with English comedian John Warner (right) on the set of "The Captain's Table," a new Rank comedy. Bill and June play a husband and wife described as "Australian millionaires—but vulgar."

New Film Releases

★★ THIS IS CINERAMA
Extravaganza in Technicolor, Cinerama. Plaza, Sydney.

THE first of the Cinerama entertainments, shown on its huge, deeply curved screen, provides a novel, popular-style entertainment with moments of unsurpassed thrill and scenic beauty.

Unfortunately, it is also sometimes tedious, inartistic, unimaginative, and has glaring technical imperfections that are (in this case) still to be ironed out.

But the opening roller-coaster sequence is a winner, and, with parts of the air tour of the North American continent, gives promise of what rich and remarkable screen entertainment the new process can provide.

Future programmes will almost certainly contain material of a more consistently high standard, as this was the pilot or pioneer programme of a process.

In a word . . . NOVELTY.

★ THE SCAMP

Wide World melodrama, with Colin Petersen, Richard Attenborough, Dorothy Alison. Esquire, Sydney.

IT'S too bad that the English independent film interests which had the initiative to sign up Colin Petersen after his debut in "Smiley" didn't also have the foresight to engage competent filmmakers to work on his picture.

It's a low-budget production, and it looks it. Even

the vastly experienced Attenborough is so infected by the general lack of professionalism that he sometimes acts like a recruit from a village dramatic society.

Colin saves what is left of the day with his own irrepressible, heart-warming portrayal of a small boy in trouble.

Cruelly photographed, Dorothy Alison makes only a limited impression as the unenthusiastic wife of the schoolmaster (Attenborough) who is determined to save Colin from a bad father.

Terence Morgan and Jill Adams do rather better in the roles of the boy's father and stepmother.

A frank tear-jerker, the film is enlivened occasionally by some remarkably accurate small-boy dialogue delivered in an unmistakably Australian accent.

In a word . . . COLIN'S.

★ MADAME DU BARRY
French period comedy, with Martine Carol, Andre Luguet. In Technicolor. English sub-titles. Savoy, Sydney.

IN their approach to this treatment of the rise and decline of Louis XV's last favorite, the film's makers have caught something of the period's light-hearted cynicism.

Handsomely mounted and costumed, the picture provides a frank insight into the dangers and rewards of procuring for a king's pleasure, and little else.

Carol is a mannered, fetching Du Barry, still with something of her girlish freshness when, via shop counter, an

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

interview with a highly favored Madam, and the plotting of courtiers, she reaches the King's bedchamber.

Having attained it, and having been approved, the new favorite still has to be presented at court before she can claim the officially recognised benefits of her position, or her discoverers their royal rewards.

The film's most amusing moments are concerned with Du Barry's eventual triumphant arrival at Versailles.

Luguet plays the ageing Louis with a straightforward dignity and restraint in a film without sentiment or compassion.

In a word . . . CYNICAL.

Movie news

BURT LANCASTER, recently turned producer, is taking advantage of another of his talents. A former circus aerialist, he will set up a complete aerial circus at Pacific Ocean Park, Santa Monica, the new multi-million dollar amusement centre. As if he couldn't get enough excitement that way, Burt is trying to sign English-negro "hot" singer Shirley Bassey for a film role.

AROUND Hollywood they're questioning the wisdom of casting handsome young John Gavin ("A Time To Love and a Time To Die") as Lana Turner's love interest in "Imitation of Life." It is felt that the young actor, at the beginning of a promising career, will not exactly benefit by being in a film with the trouble-prone Lana.

Flower Show

● Geraniums, with indoor plants and succulents, are now among the most popular and fashionable flowers, says Miss Elsie Pert, President of the Floral Art Section of the Royal Horticultural Society.

MEMBERSHIP of the section has more than doubled in the past three years, but the biggest influx has been to the geranium section.

A record number of spectators, as well as entrants, is expected for this year's Royal Horticultural Society floral exhibition in the Lower Town Hall, Sydney, on October 10 and 11 during the Waratah Festival.

The scene will be magnificent. Displays and exhibits will be grouped round a centre "island" 50ft. long, rising nearly to the ceiling, and massed with wildflowers and tropical plants grouped round waterfalls.

Prizes will be presented by The Australian Women's Weekly for a decorative floral competition open to all affiliated societies of the Royal Horticultural Society.

Competing societies may choose six decorative units from these 12 classes of arrangements:

1. Representing a theme.
2. For a foyer.
3. For a dining-table.
4. Modern.
5. Period, other than modern (period to be named).
6. Showing Eastern influence.
7. Foliage.
8. With one flower or floret.
9. In a silver container.
10. Basket of flowers (stems in water).
11. Container of mixed spring flowers.
12. Bowl of flowers, not more than 9in. high, arranged for all-round effect.

First prize in this section will be a £30 trophy. Second prize, 20 guineas. Third prize, 12 guineas. Fourth prize, eight guineas. Plaques recording the awards will also be presented to the four prizewinning groups.

The Australian Women's Weekly will also give 10 guineas and a five-guinea trophy for the best individual arrangement among the group entries.

Each entry will be allotted space 10ft. by 2ft. 6in., and there is no limit to height for the exhibits.

Entries should be sent to Mr. G. Parkes, 50 Twin Road, North Ryde (phone WW1156), by October 3.

FILM PREVIEW



THE NUN'S STORY



AUDREY HEPBURN, as the new Sister Luke.



PETER FINCH, as friendly Dr. Fortunati.

Rigors of shooting on location were not spared Audrey Hepburn, seen here knee-deep in an African river, with director Fred Zinneman (right) beside her.

... bound by her vows, she sought to conform.

THE STORY

BASED on Kathryn Hulme's widely read fictionalised biography of the 21-year-old Belgian girl Gabriele Van der Mal, who became a nun, and after 15 years returned to the world, Warners' "The Nun's Story" was made on location in the Belgian Congo and in Rome. Australian Peter Finch co-stars with Audrey Hepburn, and another Australian, Dorothy Alison, has a major supporting role.



In the market-place of Stanleyville, Belgian Congo, Audrey, taking a stroll in off-duty hours, stops for a talk, and attracts some local attention.



A film scene showing Audrey as Sister Luke, working in the African hospital dispensary as assistant to Dr. Fortunati (Peter Finch).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 1, 1958

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But Disprin dissolves in seconds to become a solution in your stomach. No irritation of the stomach lining occurs. And Disprin is far less acid. That's why Disprin is the safe, fast way to relieve headache and pain.

You'll find your doctor will recommend Disprin, too.

PERIOD PAINS

Disprin at such times is a blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack in your handbag.

SAFE FOR CHILDREN

Because Disprin dissolves and is far less acid it is much safer for children. It can easily be given as a drink.

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For Headaches, Feverishness, Nerve Pains, Colds, Chills, 'Flu.

Reckitt & Colman (Australia) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Division), Sydney

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Television programmes in Australia are better than those in Hawaii and are far better produced and presented, Mr. Ken Hall, chief executive of TCN, Channel 9, said recently.

MR. HALL, who has just returned to Australia from Hawaii, said the rate at which Australian TV had grown and its technical excellence and quality of programmes had amazed American TV experts.

"I am not only referring to Channel 9," Mr. Hall said. "I refer to the three channels, 9, 7, and 2. They have done a wonderful job."

Mr. Hall said Sydney channels had about five times as many live shows as did the three channels in Hawaii.

"Only about four to five hours a week are telecast live from Honolulu," he said, "against about 25 hours a week from each of the three channels here."

Mr. Hall denied statements that Channel 9 would soon stop their popular live show, "The Bobby Limb Late Show," (Mondays, 10 p.m.)

"There is absolutely no truth in this," he said. "It is a very good show and enjoys high ratings. We have no intention of taking it off."

Mr. Hall said Channel 9 was constantly searching for new Australian talent.

"We want good acts of all kinds," he said, "comedians, variety acts, off-beat singers."

Mr. Hall said the Federal Government had done a wonderful service to Australia in deciding to allot TV licences to two commercial channels in both Brisbane and Adelaide.

"Two channels mean keen competition, and keen competition develops TV, means better programmes, better viewing. The Cabinet has made a wise and far-seeing decision."

IN the last month, two live telecasts of dancing occasions by Channel 2 have been good viewing.

The first was the Spring Dance Festival at the Sydney Town Hall. It was organised by Joe Loves for the Australian National Dance Association together with the Australian Dance Profession. It was really something.

There were masses of young things all got up regardless in pretty dance frocks or black ties, all very friendly and happy.

They danced all kinds of intricate steps with a kind of dedicated air, and friendliness pervaded the telecast, which

was compered by Channel 2's James Dibble.

One of the fascinating aspects of the telecast was Mr. Dibble's metamorphosis from an unemotional news reader to a friendly character obviously interested in the dance.

In fact, Mr. Loves introduced him as Jim Dibble once and later in the telecast spoke of him as Jimmie Dibble.

Following the Spring Dance Festival, the telecast of the Elizabethan Ball could have been named "How the Other Half Lives."

Life was very real and earnest as a collection of the Elizabethan Theatre's well-wishers danced solemnly before the TV cameras.

Mr. Dibble was once more among those present doing an excellent job as comper. On this occasion, though, he was strictly James.

MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who was the subject for an "At Home" programme recently on Channel 2, when he and the B.B.C. cameras took viewers through his home and gardens, is more honest than most people on TV.

So many ingratiating comperes end their sessions with "Good-night, and thank you for having me at your place," that it was refreshing to hear Mr. Churchill say blandly, "Good-night, to those people curious enough to watch."

"AUSTRALIAN WALK-ABOUT" (Channel 2, Sundays, 8 p.m.) is a series of 13 half-hour TV films made by Charles and Elsa Chauvel specially for the B.B.C. in association with the A.B.C. I imagine English televiewers will love it.

What a shame that it only shows the way so few Australians live.

It gives the impression, so

far, that Australia is inhabited by kangaroos, koalas, and platypuses, or else made up of desolate plains with isolated properties, flying doctors, and children who learn their lessons by radio.

So far, the Chauvels, after a quick sweep round Sydney and the harbor, have driven from Sydney to Broken Hill, via the Healesville Animal Sanctuary in Victoria. In all those miles televiewers haven't seen a single settlement, town, or city.

Broken Hill (population 33,500) apart from the School of the Air was bypassed with a picture of a handful of tin roofs.

A friend of mine who saw it said, shaking her head, that the English would have exactly the same picture of

Australia as she has of South Africa.

"South Africa to me," she said, "is just miles and miles of grass plains with a herd of giraffe running across it and clumps of natives in ostrich plumes dancing incessantly."

WAY behind the times, I have just caught up with the fact that one of my favorite men, Marshal Matt Dillon (James Arness) of "Gun-smoke" (Channel 9, 9 p.m. Sundays) and Peter Graves of "Fury," the popular juvenile Western, soon to be back on the Channel 7 screen, are brothers.

Both brothers go on record saying they just love television. They're making money out of it hand over fist, or perhaps I should say, hand over gun.

Peter reckons he makes as much as Garbo used to, and James is said to be the highest-paid Western star on TV.



WESTERN HEROES
James Arness (right) and Peter Graves (left) are brothers — in life as in TV stardom. With Peter are Fury and Bobby Dimond.



They share a beauty secret . . .

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The milder your soap the prettier your skin. And Pears is the mildest of soaps . . . mild and so pure you can see right through it. Each tablet is matured for 14 full weeks to make sure of its mildness . . . to ensure the perfect blending of its delicate oils. That's why regular Pears care makes your skin clearer, smoother, younger-looking. Buy Pears Soap today, for baby, for you . . . for everyone at your place.



Let's make Pears a family affair !

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4977.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make man's shirt. Sizes SM, M, and OS. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



F4976



F4977

F4979.—Cool, bare-shouldered, late-day dress and matching bolero. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. organza and 3½yds. 36in. taffeta. Price 4/6.

F4976.—Prettily styled summer dress with a guipure lace flower bodice trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6 to 6½yds. 36in. material, and 1½yds. guipure lace flowers. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 3/9.



F4979

F4980.—Scoop-necked, summer, one-piece, daytime dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4981.—Neatly tailored, button-through, one-piece dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 2-3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4978.—Attractive one-piece dress, especially designed for striped cotton or rayon. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



F4978



F4980



803

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 803.—SUNDRESS AND BOLERO. Bare-shouldered sundress and matching bolero are obtainable cut out ready to make in check cotton gingham. The color choice includes pink and white, blue and white, brown and white, red and white, lilac and white, and green and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 29/3, 36 and 38in. bust, 41/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

No. 804.—TEA-TOWELS. The tea-towels are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is multi-striped white linen, the stripes are in blue, lemon, red, and green. Size 20 x 22in. Price 5/9 each, postage 6d. extra. Set of three, 16/9. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 805.—TULIP LUNCHEON SET. The set is obtainable cut out ready to make, and clearly traced to embroider on cream-and-white Irish linen, and in sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes—place-mats 15 x 15in.; cup-and-saucer, 5 x 5in. Eight-piece set, including four place-mats and four cup-and-saucer mats, 16/9. Postage and registration 2/5 extra. Twelve-piece set, consisting of six place-mats and six cup-and-saucer mats, 22/3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra. Serviettes to match, 11 x 11in., 1/9 each. Postage 4d. extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

803

804

805

806

No. 806.—MATERNITY SKIRT AND CONTRASTING JACKET.

Smart maternity skirt with a back fold is obtainable cut out ready to make in Burdek. The color choice includes junior navy, Bismarck-grey, and black. The maternity jacket cut out ready to make is obtainable in a printed poplin finished with a white poplin collar.

The color choice includes white printed on blue, rose-pink, avocado, green, and grey. Skirt: Sizes 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 35/9. Postage and registration 3/6 extra. Jacket: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 27/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 29/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.



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W5



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GREASE LIKE NOTHING ELSE CAN!**



Thick gravy was poured on this dish and let stand for 10 minutes until it hardened.



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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is anxious to bluff the alien scouts from the planet Cyni II into thinking mankind would not easily be overcome by them. This alien race has plans to capture the world and use it as a second base for their own civilisation. The weird little people

have weapons of breathtaking power, so Mandrake must demonstrate that humans have mental powers even stronger than the aliens' weapons. By hypnosis, he appears to move a range of mountains, and this feat greatly impresses the two scouts. NOW READ ON:



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By RUD



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TEENA by Linda Terry



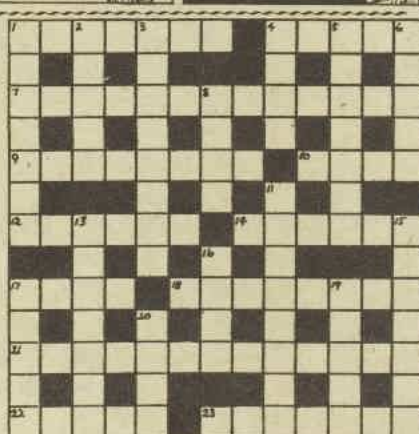
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Ivan too gives an enthusiastic celebration (7).
- Country surrounded by the noisy Rialto (5).
- The road for their progress is laid down (6, 7).
- A sailor to blunder with an insect when wandering from the right way (8).
- He was and still is venerable (4).
- Dirge with the amen in the middle (6).
- Great French romantic poet (6).
- Song with a marked swing (4).
- Vain Lear (Anagr., 8).
- You may call it a primitive air mail (7, 6).
- Draw up an outline of a doctor at the stern (5).
- Penetrates, mostly rivulets (7).



Solution of last week's crossword



Solution will be published next week

DOWN

- Garment above everything (7).
- To fish in a corner (5).
- In rag not uninstructed (8).
- 'Twixt the cap and the lip (4).
- The outside refers to mid-shipmen (7).
- Ale is in the church (5).
- Noisy tea? No! Just a blow (4).
- Higher grade, though ripe and sour (8).
- Disease ending in an air (7).
- Half a score of insects as dwellers (7).
- Two in a rip (4).
- May be frock, boot, or drink (5).
- The highest standard of perfection (5).
- Aromatic plant as perfect as when first produced (4).

THONGS ARE THE THING THIS SUMMER!



KAYSER THONG-TOE

15 DENIER NYLONS

Kayser introduce to Australia Thong-Toe 15 denier nylons. Thong-Toes feature a divided toe panel specially designed for your little heel thong shoes and sandals. Full-fashioned for perfect fit and reinforced where the thong passes between the toes, for longer wear, Kayser Thong-Toe nylons are a must for you this season.

New and exciting KAYSER Thong-Toe nylons, the most comfortable nylons ever, come in four fabulous shades.

13/11

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Just a few drops of Marveer...and in one effortless operation you have both cleaned and polished...imparting a lustrous new look to all woodwork. But that's not all —

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